THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A° D! 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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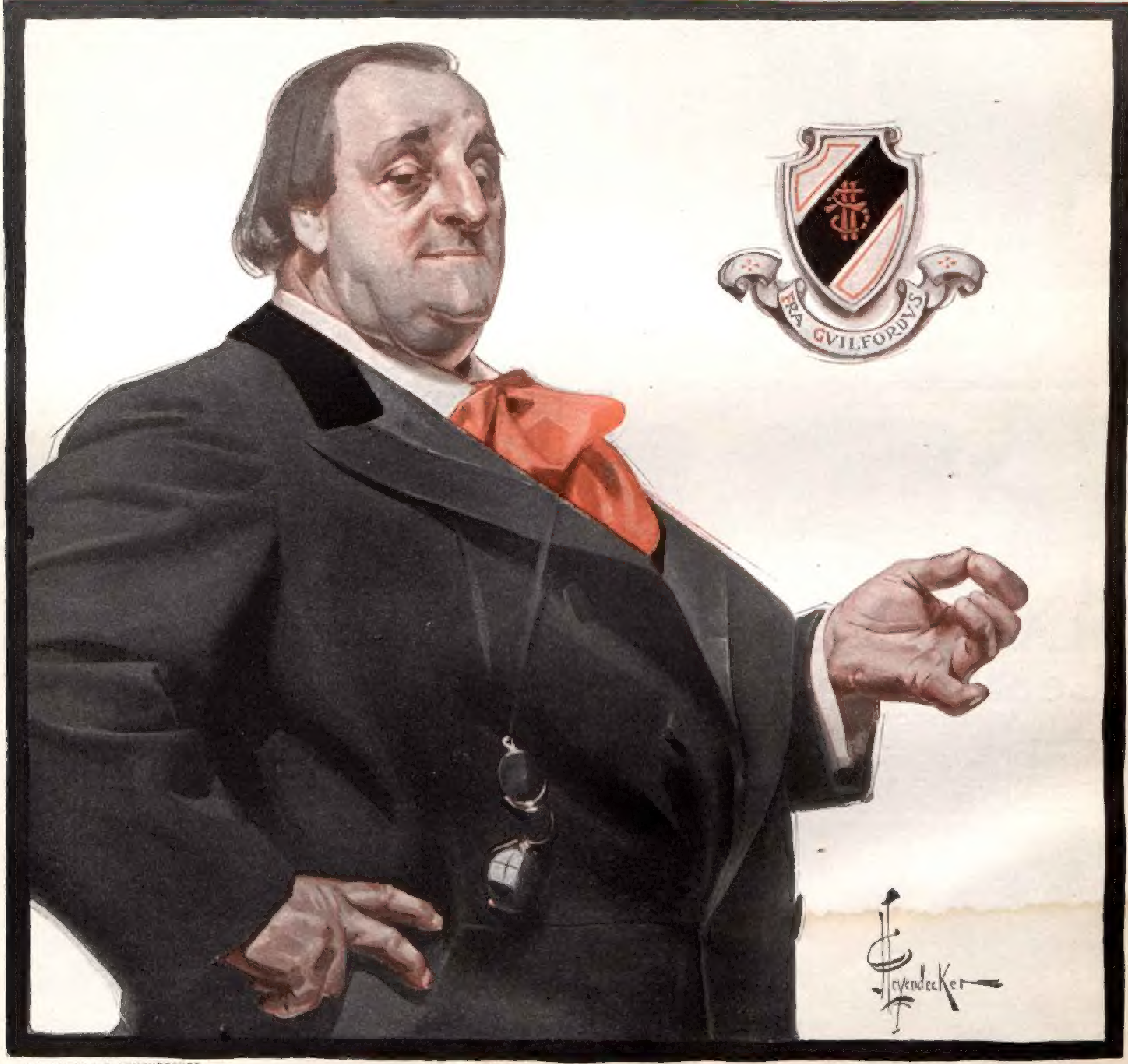
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DRAWN BY J. C. LEYENDECKER

IOLE

BY ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

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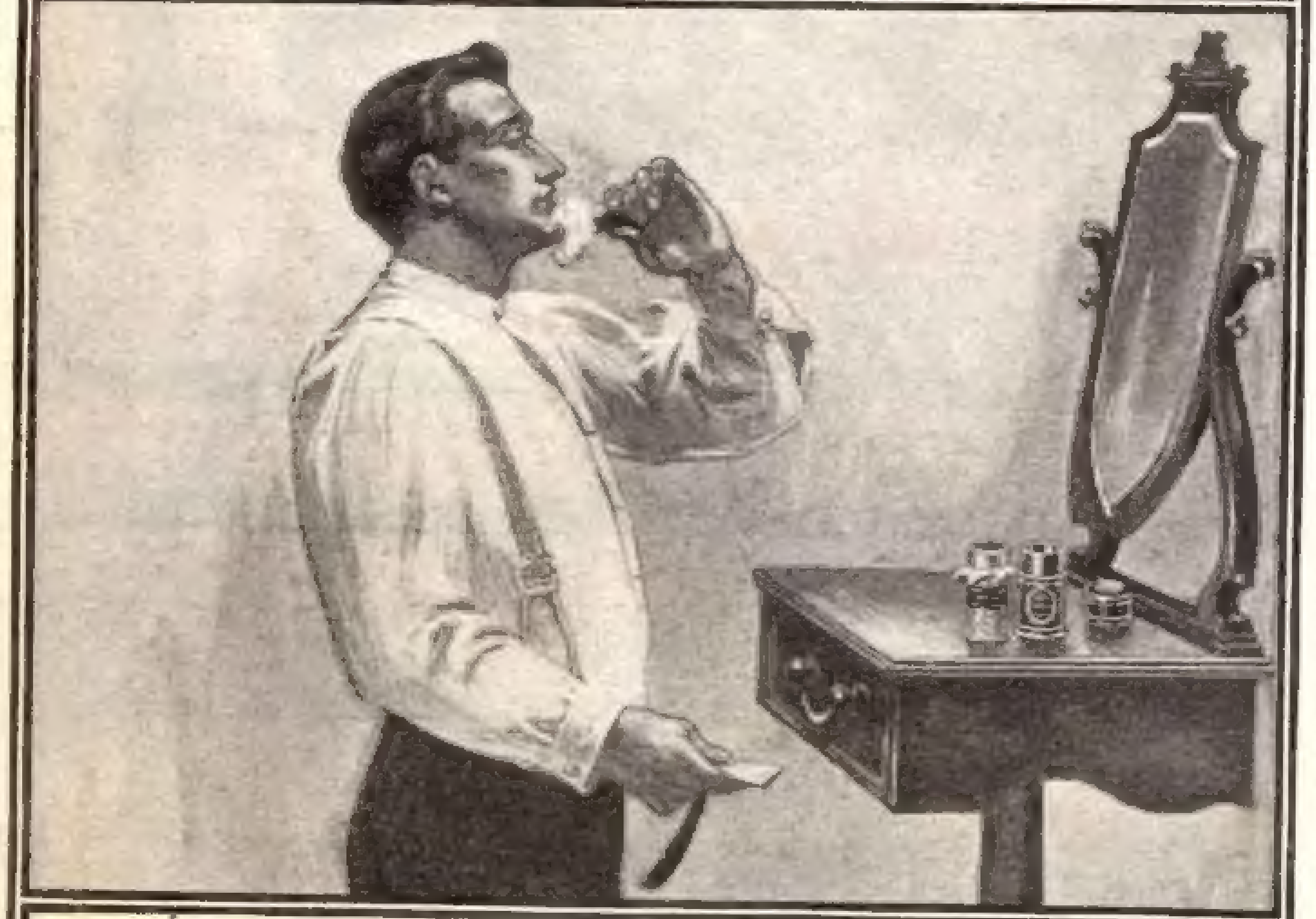

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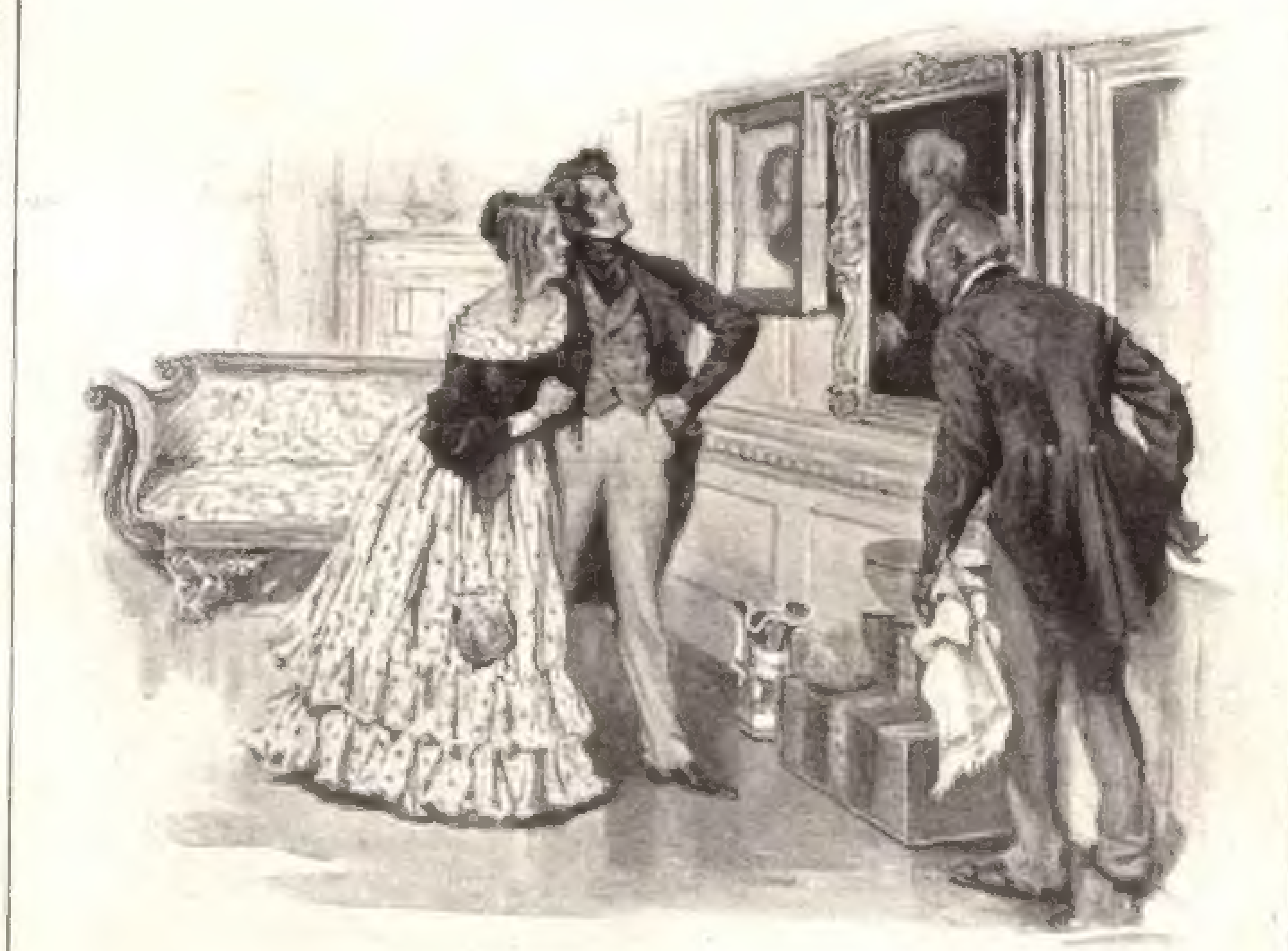

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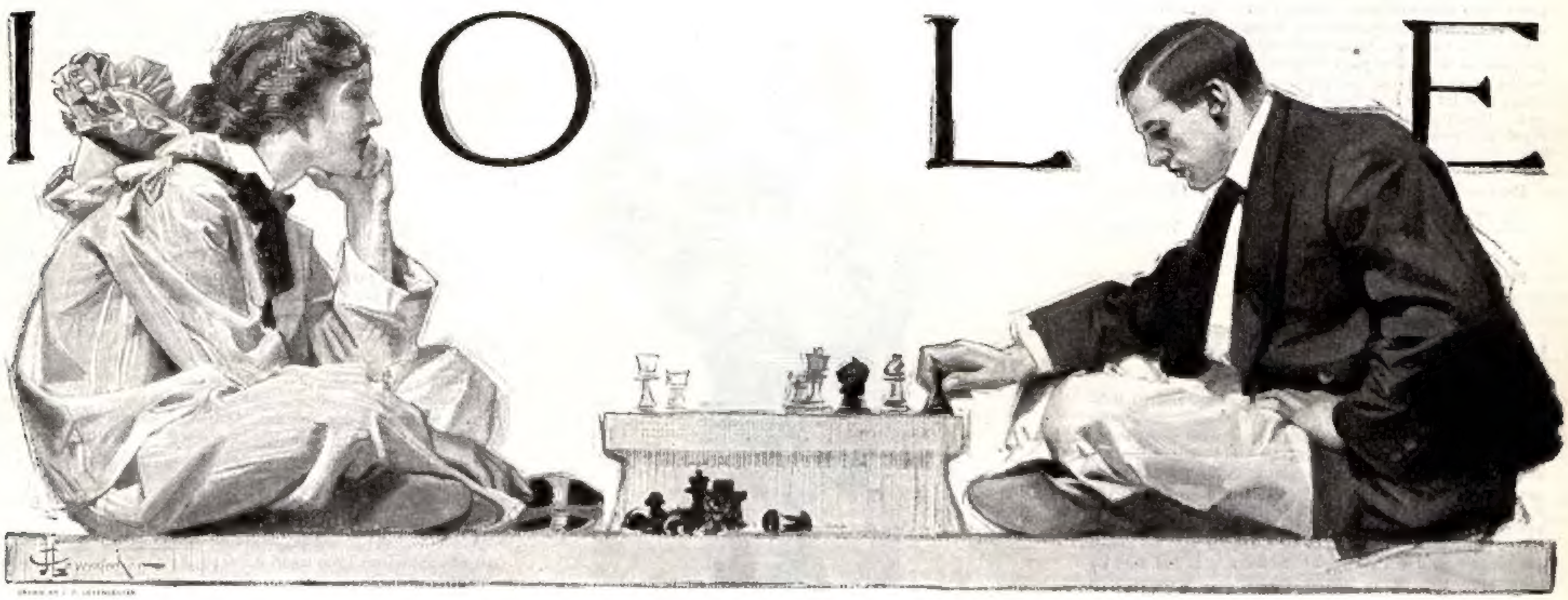


DRAWN BY J. C. LEYENDECKER

A Story of a Business Man Beautiful

BY ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

I AIN'T never knowed no one like him," continued the station agent reflectively. "He made us all look like monkeys, but he was good to us. Ever see a ginuine poet, sir?"

"Years ago one was pointed out to me," replied Briggs.

"Was yours smooth shaved, with large, fat, white fingers?" inquired the station agent.

"If I remember correctly, he was thin," said Briggs, sitting down on his suit-case and gazing apprehensively around at the landscape. There was nothing to see but low, forbidding mountains, and forests, and a railroad track curving into a tunnel.

The station agent shoved his hairy hands into the pockets of his overalls, jingled an unseen bunch of keys, and chewed a dry grass stem, ruminating the while in an undertone:

"This poet come here five years ago with all them kids, an' the fust thing he done was to dress up his girls in boys' pants. Then he went an' built a humpy sort o' house out of stones and boulders. Then he went to work an' wrote pieces for the papers about jay-birds an' woodchucks an' goddesses. He claimed the woods was full of goddesses. That was his way, sir."

The agent contemplated the railroad track, running his eye along the perspective of polished rails:

"Yes, sir; his name was—and is—Clarence Guilford, an' I fust seen it signed to a piece in the Uiticy Star. An' next I knowed, folks began to stop off here inquirin' for Mr. Guilford. 'Is this where Guilford, the poet, lives?' sez they; an' they come thicker an' thicker in warm weather. There wasn't no wagon to take 'em up to Guilford's, but they didn't care, an' they called it a lit'r'y shrine, an' they hit the pike, women, children, men—'speshil the women, an' I heard 'em tellin' how Guilford dressed his kids in pants an' how Guilford was a famous new lit'r'y poet, an' they said he was fixin' to lecture in Uiticy."

The agent gnawed off the chewed portion of the grass stem, readjusted it, and fixed his eyes on vacancy.

"Three year this went on. Mr. Guilford was makin' his pile, I guess. He set up a shop an' hired art bookbinders from York. Then he set up another shop an' hired some of us 'round here to go an' make them big slabby art-chairs. All his shops was called "At the sign of" somethin' 'r other. Bales of vellum arrived for to bind little dinky books; art rocking-chairs was shipped out o' here by the carload. Meanwhile Guilford he done poetry on the side an' run a magazine; an' hearin' the boys was makin' big money up in that crank community, an' that the town was boomin', I was plum fool enough to drop my job here an' be a art-worker up to Rose-Cross—that's where the shops was; 'bout three mile back of his house into the woods."

The agent removed his hands from his overalls and folded his arms grimly.

"Well?" inquired Briggs, looking up from his perch on the suit-case.

"Well, sir," continued the agent, "the hull thing bust. I guess the public kinder sickened o' them art-rockers an' dinky books without much printin' into them. Guilford he stuck to it noble, but the shops closed one by one. My wages wasn't paid for three months; the boys that remained got together that autumn an' fixed it up to quit in a bunch.

"The poet was sad; he come out to the shops an' he says, 'Boys,' sez he, 'art is long an' life is dam brief. I ain't got the cash, but,' sez he, 'you can levy on to them art-rockers an' the dinky vellum books in stock, an,' sez he, 'you can take the hand-presses an' the tools an' bales o' vellum, which is very precious, an' all the wagons an' hosses, an' go sell 'em in that proud world that refuses to receive my message. The woodland fellowship is rent,' sez he, wavin' his plump fingers at us with the rings sparklin' on 'em.

"Then the boys looked glum, an' they nudged me an' kinder showed me front. So, bein' elected, I sez, 'Friend,' sez I, 'art is on the bum. It ain't your fault; the boys is sad an' sorrerful, but they ain't never knocked you to nobody, Mr. Guilford. You was good to us; you done your damdest. You made up pieces for the magazines an' papers an' you advertised how we was all cranks together here at Rose-Cross, a-lovin' Nature an' dicky-birds, an' wanderin' about half nood for art's sake.

"'Mr. Guilford,' sez I, 'that gilt brick went. But it has went as far as it can travel an' is now reposin' into the soup. Git wise or eat hay, sir. Art is on the blink.'"

The agent jingled his keys with a melancholy wink at Briggs.

"So I come back here, an' thankful to hold down this job. An' five miles up the pike is that there noble poet an' his kids a-makin' up pieces for to sell to the papers, an' a sorrerin' over the cold world what refuses to buy his poems—an' a mortgage on to his house an' a threat to foreclose."

"Indeed," said Briggs dreamily, for it was his business to attend to the foreclosure of the mortgage on the poet's house.

"Was you fixin' to go up an' see the place?" inquired the agent.

"Shall I be obliged to walk?"

"I guess you will if you can't fly," replied the agent. "I ain't got no wagon an' no horse."

"How far is it?"

"Five mile, sir."

With a groan Mr. Briggs arose, lifted his suit-case, and, walking to the platform's edge, cast an agitated glance up the dusty road.

Then he turned around and examined the single building in sight—station, water-tower, post-office and telegraph office all in one, and incidentally the abode of the station agent, whose duties included that of postmaster and operator.

"I'll write a letter first," said Briggs. And this is what he wrote:

ROSE-CROSS P. O.,
June 25, 1904.

Dear Wayne: Do you remember that tract of land, adjoining your preserve, which you attempted to buy four years ago? It was held by a crank community, and they refused to sell, and made trouble for your patrols by dumping dye-stuffs and sawdust into the Ashton Creek.

Well, the community has broken up, the shops are in ruins, and there is nobody there now except that bankrupt poet, Guilford. I bought the mortgage for you, foreseeing a slump in that sort of art, and I expect to begin foreclosure proceedings and buy in the tract, which, as you will recollect, includes some fine game cover and the Ashton stream, where you wanted to establish a hatchery. This is a God-forsaken spot. I'm on my way to the poet's now. Shall I begin foreclosure proceedings and fire him? Wire me what to do.

Yours,
BRIGGS.

Wayne received this letter two days later. Preoccupied as he was in fitting out his yacht for commission, he wired briefly, "Fire poet," and dismissed the matter from his mind.

The next day, grappling with the problem of Japanese stewards and the decadence of all sailormen, he received a telegram from Briggs:

"Can't you manage to come up here?"

Irritated, he telegraphed back:

"Impossible. Why don't you arrange to fire poet?" And Briggs replied: "Can't fire poet. There are extenuating circumstances."

"Did you say exterminating or extenuating?" wired Wayne. "I said extenuating," replied Briggs.

Then the following telegrams were exchanged in order:

(1)

What are the extenuating circumstances?

WAYNE.

(2)

Eight innocent children. Come up at once.

BRIGGS.

(3)

Boat in commission. Can't go. Why don't you fix things?

WAYNE.

(4)

How? BRIGGS.

(5)

(Dated NEW LONDON.)

What on earth is the matter with you? Are you going to fix things and join me at Bar Harbor or are you not? WAYNE.

(6)

As I don't know how you want me to fix things, I cannot join you. BRIGGS.

(7)

(Dated PORTLAND, MAINE.)

Stuyvesant Briggs, what the devil is the matter with you? It's absolutely necessary that I have the Ashton stream for a hatchery, and you know it. What sort of a business man are you, anyhow? Of course I don't propose to treat that poet inhumanly. Arrange to bid in the tract, run up the price against your own bidding, and let the poet have ten thousand if he is hard put. Don't worry me any more; I'm busy with a fool crew, and you are spoiling my cruise by not joining me. WAYNE.

(8)

He won't do it. BRIGGS.

(9)

Who won't do *what?* WAYNE.

(10)

Poet refuses to discuss the matter. BRIGGS.

(11)

Fire that poet! You've spoiled my cruise with your telegrams. WAYNE.

(12)

(Marked "Collect.")

Look here, George Wayne, don't drive me to desperation. You ought to come up and face the situation yourself. I can't fire a poet with eight helpless children, can I? And while I'm about it, let me inform you that every time you telegraph me it costs me five dollars for a carrier to bring the dispatch over from the station; and every time I telegraph you I am obliged to walk seven miles to send it and seven miles back again. I'm mad all through, and my shoes are worn out, and I'm tired. Besides, I'm too busy to telegraph. BRIGGS.

(13)

Do you expect me to stop my cruise and travel up to that hole on account of eight extenuating kids? WAYNE.

(14)

I do. BRIGGS.

(15)

Are you mad? WAYNE.

(16)

Thoroughly. And extremely busy. BRIGGS.

(17)

For the last time, Stuyve Briggs, are you going to bounce one defaulting poet and progeny, arrange to have survey and warnings posted, order timber and troughs for hatchery, engage extra patrol—or are you not? WAYNE.

(18)

No. BRIGGS.

(19)

(Received a day later by Mr. Wayne.)

Are you coming? BRIGGS.

(20)

I'm coming to punch your head. WAYNE.

II

WHEN George Wayne arrived at Rose-Cross Station, seaburnt, angry, and in excellent athletic condition, Briggs locked himself in the waiting-room and attempted to calm the newcomer from the window.

"If you're going to pitch into me, George," he said, "I'm hanged if I come out, and you can go to Guilford's alone."

"Come out of there," said Wayne dangerously.

"It isn't because I'm afraid of you," explained Briggs, "but it's merely that I don't choose to present either you or myself to a lot of pretty girls with the marks of conflict all over our eyes and noses."

At the words "pretty girls" Wayne's battle-set features relaxed. He motioned to the Pullman porter to deposit his luggage on the empty platform; the melancholy bell-notes of the locomotive sounded, the train moved slowly forward.

"Pretty girls?" he repeated in a softer voice. "Where are they staying? Of course, under the circumstances a personal encounter is superfluous. Where are they staying?"

"At Guilford's. I told you so in my telegrams, didn't I?"

"No, you didn't. You spoke only of a poet and his eight helpless children."

"Well, those girls are the eight children," retorted Briggs sullenly, emerging from the station.

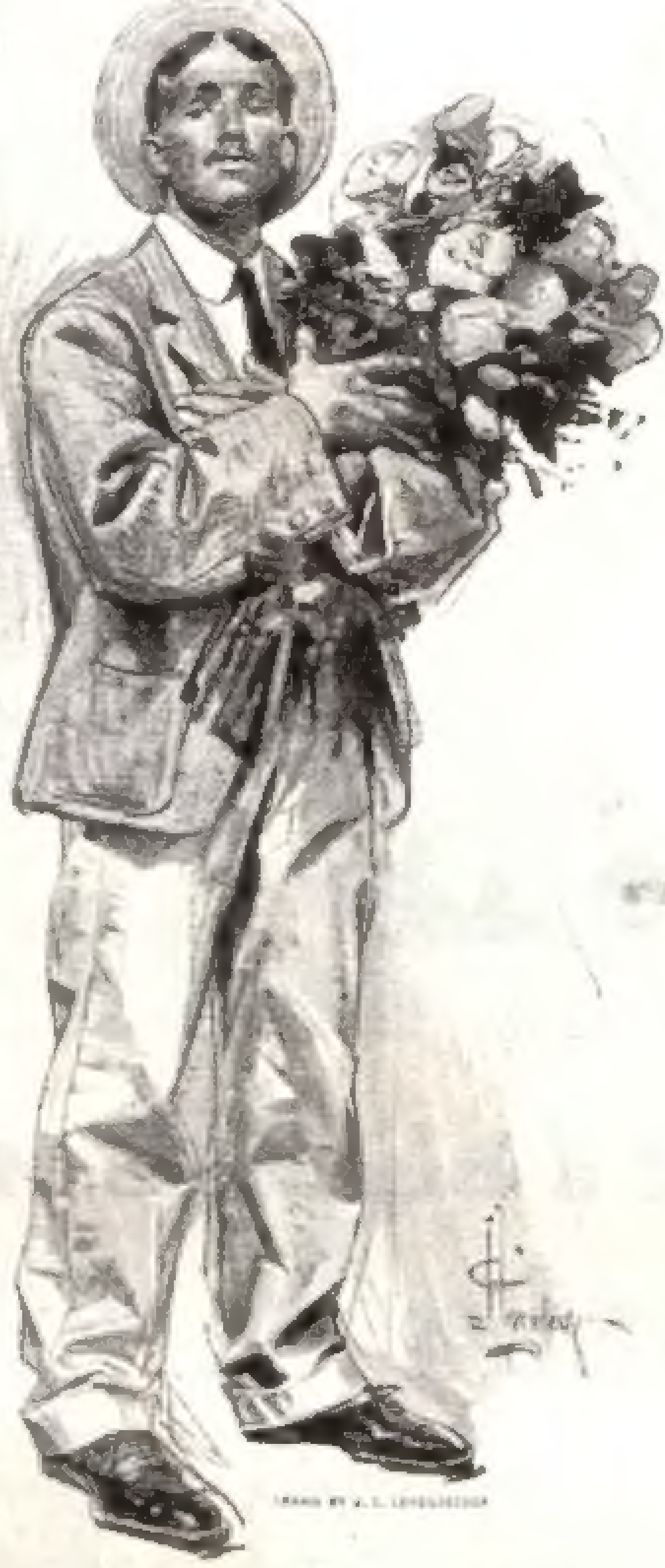
"Do you mean to tell me——"

"Yes, I do. They're his children, aren't they—even if they are girls, and pretty." He offered a mollifying hand; Wayne took it, shook it uncertainly, and fell into step beside his friend. "Eight pretty girls," he repeated under his breath. "What did you do, Stuyve?"

"What was I to do?" inquired Briggs, nervously worrying his short blond mustache. "When I arrived here I had made up my mind to fire the poet and arrange for the hatchery and patrol. The farther I walked through the dust of this accursed road, lugging my suit-case as you are doing now, the surer I was that I'd get rid of the poet without mercy. But——"

"Well?" inquired Wayne, astonished.

"But when I'd trudged some five miles up the stifling road I suddenly emerged into a wonderful mountain meadow. I tell you, George, it looked fresh and sweet as Heaven after that dusty, parching tramp—a mountain meadow deep with mint and juicy green grasses, and all cut up by little rushing streams as cold as ice. There were a lot of girls in pink sunbonnets picking wild strawberries in the middle distance," he added thoughtfully. "It was picturesque, wasn't it? Come, now, George, wouldn't that give you pause?—eight girls in pink pajamas——"



"HURRY, MAN! SHE IS WAITING FOR ME IN THE GARDEN"

"What!!!"

"And sunbonnets—a sort of dress reform of the poet's."

"Well?" inquired Wayne coldly.

"And there was the 'house beautiful,' mercifully screened by woods," continued Briggs. "He calls it the house beautiful, you know."

"Why not the beautiful house?" asked Wayne, still more coldly.

"Oh, he gets everything upside down. Guilford is harmless, you'll see." He began to whistle Fatinitza softly. There was a silence; then Wayne said:

"You interrupted your narrative."

"Where was I?"

"In the foreground with eight pink pajamas in the middle distance."

"Oh, yes. So there I was, travel-worn, thirsty, weary, uncertain——"

"Cut it," observed Wayne.

"And a stranger," continued Briggs with dignity, "in a strange country——"

"Peculiarity of strangers."

Briggs took no notice. "I drank from the cool springs; I lingered to pluck a delicious berry or two, I bathed my hot face, I——"

"Where," demanded Wayne, "were the eight pink 'uns?"

"*Toujours* in the middle distance. Don't interrupt me, George; I'm slowly drawing closer to them."

"Well, get a move on," retorted Wayne sulkily.

"I'm quite close to them now," explained Briggs; "close enough to remove my hat and smile and inquire the way to Guilford's. One superb young creature, with creamy skin and very red lips——"

Wayne halted and set down his suit-case.

"I'm not romancing; you'll see," said Briggs earnestly. "As I was saying, this young goddess looked at me in the sweetest way and said that Guilford was her father. And, Wayne, do you know what she did? She—er—came straight up to me and took hold of my hand, and led me up the path toward the high-art house which is built of cobblestones! Think! Built of cobble——"

"Took you by the hand?" repeated Wayne incredulously.

"Oh, it was all right, George! I found out all about that sort of innocent thing later."

"Did you?"

"Certainly. These girls have been brought up like so many guileless speckled fawns out here in the backwoods. You know all about Guilford, the poet who's dead stuck on Nature and simplicity. Well, that's the man and that's his pose. He hasn't any money, and he won't work. His daughters raise vegetables, and he makes 'em wear bloomers, and he writes about chippy-birds and the house beautiful, and tells people to be natural, and wishes that everybody could go around without clothes and pick daisies——"

"Do *they?*" demanded Wayne in an awful voice. "You *said* they wore bloomers. Did you say that to break the news more gently? Did you!"

"Of course they are clothed," explained his friend querulously; "though sometimes they wade about without shoes and stockings and do the nymph business. And, George, it's astonishing how modest that sort of dress is. And it's amazing how much they know. Why, they can talk Greek—*talk* it, mind you. Every one of them can speak half a dozen languages—Guilford is a corker on culture, you know—and they can play harps and pianos and things, and give me thirty at tennis, even Chloripe, the twelve-year-old——"

"Is that her name?" asked Wayne.

"Chloripe? Yes. That bat-headed poet named all his children after butterflies. Let's see," he continued, telling off the names on his fingers; "there's Chloripe, twelve; Philodice, thirteen; Dione, fourteen; Aphrodite, fifteen; Cybele, sixteen; Lisa, seventeen; Iole, eighteen; and Vanessa, nineteen. And, Wayne, never have the Elysian fields contained such a bunch of wholesome beauty as that mountain meadow contains all day long."

Wayne, trudging along, suit-case firmly gripped, turned a pair of suspicious eyes upon his friend.

"Of course," observed Briggs candidly, "I simply couldn't foreclose on the father of such children, could I? Besides, he won't let me discuss the subject."

"I'll investigate the matter personally," said Wayne.

"Nowhere to lay their heads! Think of it, George. And all because a turtle-fed, claret-flushed, idle and rich young man wants their earthly Paradise for a fish-hatchery. Think of it! A pampered, turtle-fed——"

"You've said that before," snapped Wayne. "If you were half decent you'd help me with this suit-case. Whew! It's hot as Yonkers on this cattle trail you call a road. How near are we to Guilford's?"

An hour later Briggs said: "By the way, George, what are you going to do about the matter?"

Wayne, flushed, dusty, perspiring, scowled at him.

"What matter?"

"The foreclosure."

"I don't know; how can I know until I see Guilford?"

"But you need the hatchery——"

"I know it."

"But he won't let you discuss it——"

"If," said Wayne angrily, "you had spent half the time talking business with the poet that you spent picking strawberries with his helpless children I should not now be lugging this suit-case up this mountain. Decency requires few observations from *you* just now."

"Pooh!" said Briggs. "Wait till you see Iole."

"Why Iole? Why not Vanessa?"

"Don't—that's all," retorted Briggs, reddening.

Wayne plumped his valise down in the dust, mopped his brow, folded his arms, and regarded Briggs between the eyes.

"You have the infernal cheek, after getting me up here, to intimate that you have taken the pick?"

"I do," replied Briggs firmly. The two young fellows faced each other.

"By the way," observed Briggs casually, "the stock they come from is as good if not better than ours. This is a straight game."

"Do you mean to say that you—you are—seriously——"

"Something like it. There! Now you know."

"For Heaven's sake, Stuyve——"

"Yes, for Heaven's sake and in Heaven's name don't get any wrong ideas into your vicious head."

"What?"

"I tell you," said Briggs, "that I was never closer to falling in love than I am to-day. And I've been here just two weeks."

"Oh, Lord——"

"Amen," muttered Briggs. "Here, give me your carpet-bag, you brute. We're on the edge of Paradise."

III

"BEFORE we discuss my financial difficulties," said the poet, lifting his plump white hand and waving it in unctuous waves about the veranda, "let me show you our home, Mr. Wayne. May I?"

"Certainly," said Wayne politely, following Guilford into the house.

They entered a hall; there was absolutely nothing in the hall except a small table on which reposed a single daisy in a glass of water.

"Simplicity," breathed Guilford—"a single blossom against a background of nothing at all. You follow me, Mr. Wayne?"

"Not—exactly——"

The poet smiled a large, tender smile, and, with inverted thumb, executed a gesture as though making several spots in the air.

"The concentration of composition," he explained; "the elimination of complexity; the isolation of the concrete in the centre of the abstract; something in the midst of nothing. It is a very precious thought, Mr. Wayne."

"Certainly," muttered Wayne; and they moved on.

"This," said the poet, "is what I call my den."

Wayne, not knowing what to say, sidled around the walls. It was almost bare of furniture; what there was appeared to be of the slab variety.

"I call my house the house beautiful," murmured Guilford with his large, sweet smile. "Beauty is simplicity; beauty is unconsciousness; beauty is the child of elimination. A single fly in an empty room is beautiful to me, Mr. Wayne."

"They carry germs," muttered Wayne, but the poet did not hear him and led the way to another enormous room, bare of everything save for eight thick and very beautiful Kazak rugs on the polished floor.

"My children's bedroom," he whispered solemnly.

"You don't mean to say they sleep on those Oriental rugs!" stammered Wayne.

"They do," murmured the poet. The tender sweetness of his ample smile was overpowering—like too much bay rum after shaving. "Sparta, Mr. Wayne, Sparta! And the result? My babes are perfect, physically, spiritually. Elimination wrought the miracle; yonder they sleep, innocent as the Graces, with all the windows open, clothed in moonlight or starlight, as the astronomical conditions may be. At the break of dawn they are afield, simply clothed, free limbed, unhampered by the tawdry harness of degenerate civilization. And as they wander through the verdure," he added with wrapt enthusiasm, "plucking shy blossoms, gathering simples and herbs and vegetables for our bountiful and natural repast, they sing as they go, and every tremulous thrill of melody falls like balm on a father's heart." The overpowering sweetness of his smile drugged Wayne. Presently he edged toward the door, and the poet followed, a dreamy radiance on his features as though emanating from sacred inward meditation.

They sat down on the veranda; Wayne fumbled for his cigar-case, but his unnerved fingers fell away; he dared not smoke.

"About—about that business matter," he ventured feebly; but the poet raised his plump, white hand.

"You are my guest," he said graciously. "While you are my guest nothing shall intrude to cloud our happiness."

Perplexed, almost muddled, Wayne strove in vain to find a reason for the elimination of the matter that had interrupted his cruise and brought him to Rose-Cross, the maddest yachtsman on the Atlantic. Why should Guilford forbid the topic as though its discussion were painful to Wayne?

"He always gets the wrong end foremost, as Briggs said," thought the young man. "I wonder where the deuce Briggs can be? I'm no match for this bunch."

His thoughts halted; he became aware that the poet was speaking in a rich, resonant voice, and he listened in an attitude of painful politeness.

"It's the little things that are most precious," the poet was saying, and pinched the air with forefinger and thumb and pursed up his lips as though to whistle some saccharine air.

"The little things," he continued, delicately perforating the atmosphere as though selecting a diatom.

"Big things go, too," ventured Wayne.

"No," said the poet; "no—or rather they *do* go, in a certain sense, for every little thing is precious, and therefore little things are big!—big with portent, big in value. Do you follow me, Mr. Wayne?"

Wayne's fascinated eyes were fixed on the poet. The latter picked out another atom from the atmosphere and held it up for Mr. Wayne's inspection; and while that young man's eyes protruded the poet rambled on and on until the melody of his voice became a ceaseless sound, a vague, sustained monotone, which seemed to bore into Wayne's brain until his legs twitched with a furious desire for flight.

When he obtained command of himself the poet was saying, "It is my hour for withdrawal. It were insincere and artificial to ask your indulgence——"

He rose to his rotund height.

"You are due to sit in your cage," stammered Wayne, comprehending.

"My den," corrected the poet, saturating the air with the sweetness of his smile.

Wayne arose. "About that business——" he began desperately; but the poet's soft, heavy hand hovered in midair, and Wayne sat down so suddenly that when his eyes recovered their focus the poet had disappeared.

A benumbed resentment struggled within him for adequate expression; he hitched his chair about to command a view of the meadow, then sat motionless, hypnotized by the view. Eight girls, clad in pink blouses and trousers, golden hair twisted up, decorated the landscape. Some were kneeling, filling baskets of woven, scented grasses with wild strawberries; some were wading the branches of the meadow brook, searching for trout with grass-woven nets; some picked early peas; two were playing a lightning set at tennis. And in the centre of everything that was going on was Briggs, perfectly at ease, making himself agreeably at home.

The spectacle of Briggs among the Hamadryads appeared to paralyze Wayne.

Then an immense, intense resentment set every nerve in him tingling. Briggs, his friend, his confidential business adviser, his indispensable *alter ego*, had abandoned him to be tormented by this fat, saccharine poet—abandoned him while he, Briggs, made himself popular with eight of the most amazingly bewitching maidens mortal man might marvel on! The meanness stung Wayne till he jumped to his feet and strode out into the sunshine, menacing eyes fastened on Briggs.

"Now wouldn't that sting you!" he breathed fiercely, turning up his trousers and stepping gingerly across the brook.

Whether or not Briggs saw him coming and kept sidling away he could not determine; he did not wish to shout; he kept passing pretty girls and taking off his hat, and following Briggs about, but he never seemed to come any nearer to Briggs; Briggs always appeared in the middle distance, flitting genially from girl to girl; and presently the absurdity of his performance struck Wayne, and he sat down on the bank of the brook, too mad to think. There was a pretty girl picking strawberries near by; he rose, took off his hat to her, and sat down again. She was one of those graceful, clean-limbed, creamy-skinned creatures described by Briggs; her hair was twisted up into a heavy, glistening knot, showing the back of a white neck; her eyes matched the sky and her lips the berries she occasionally bit into or dropped to the bottom of her woven basket.

Once or twice she looked up fearlessly at Wayne as her search for berries brought her nearer; and Wayne forgot the perfidy of Briggs in an effort to look politely amiable.

Presently she straightened up where she was kneeling in the long grass and stretched her arms. Then, still kneeling, she gazed curiously at Wayne with all the charm of a friendly wild thing unafraid.

"Shall we play tennis?" she asked.

"Certainly," said Wayne, startled.

"Come, then," she said, picking up her basket in one hand and extending the other to Wayne.

He took the fresh, cool fingers, and turned scarlet. Once his glance sneaked toward Briggs, but that young man was absorbed in fishing for brook trout with a net! Oh, ye little fishes! with a *net!*

Wayne's brain seemed to be swarming with glittering pink-winged thoughts all singing. He walked on air, holding tightly to the hand of his goddess, seeing nothing but a blur of green and sunshine. Then a clean-cut idea stabbed him like a stiletto: was this Vanessa or Iole? And, to his own astonishment, he asked her quite naturally.

"Iole," she said, laughing. "Why?"

"Thank goodness," he said irrationally.

"But why?" she persisted curiously.

"Briggs—Briggs——" he stammered, and got no further. Perplexed, his goddess walked on, thoughtful, pure-lidded eyes searching some reasonable interpretation for the phrase, "Briggs—Briggs." But as Wayne gave her no aid, she presently dismissed the problem, and bade him select a tennis bat.

"I do hope you play well," she said. Her hope was comparatively vain; she batted Wayne around the court, drove him wildly from corner to corner, stampeded him with volleys, lured him with lobs, and finally left him reeling dizzily about, while she came around from behind the net, saying, "It's all because you have no tennis shoes. Come; we'll rest under the trees and console ourselves with chess."

Under a group of huge silver beeches a stone chess-table was set imbedded in the moss; and Iole indolently stretched herself out on one side, chin on hands, while Wayne sorted weather-beaten basalt and marble chessmen which lay in a pile under the tree.

She chatted on without the faintest trace of self-consciousness the while he arranged the pieces; then she began to move. He took a long time between each move; but no sooner did he move than, still talking, she extended her hand and shoved her piece into place without a fraction of a second's hesitation.

When she had mated him twice, and he was still gazing blankly at the mess into which she had driven his forces, she sat up sideways, gathering her slim ankles into one hand, and cast about her for something to do, eyes wandering over the sunny meadow.

"We had horses," she mused; "we rode like demons, bareback, until trouble came."

"Trouble?"

"Oh, not trouble—poverty. So our horses had to go. What shall we do—you and I?" There was something so subtly sweet, so exquisitely innocent in the coupling of the pronouns that a thrill passed completely through Wayne, and probably came out on the other side.

"I know what I'm going to do," he said, drawing a notebook and a pencil from his pocket and beginning to write, holding it so she could see.

"Do you want me to look over your shoulder?" she asked.

"Please."

She did; and it affected his penmanship so that the writing grew wobbly. Still she could read:

(Telegram)

To Sailing Master Yacht Thendara, Bar Harbor:

Put boat out of commission.
I may be away all summer.
WAYNE.

"How far is it to the station?" asked Wayne, turning to look into her eyes.

"Only five miles," she said. "I'll walk with you if you like. Shall I?"

IV

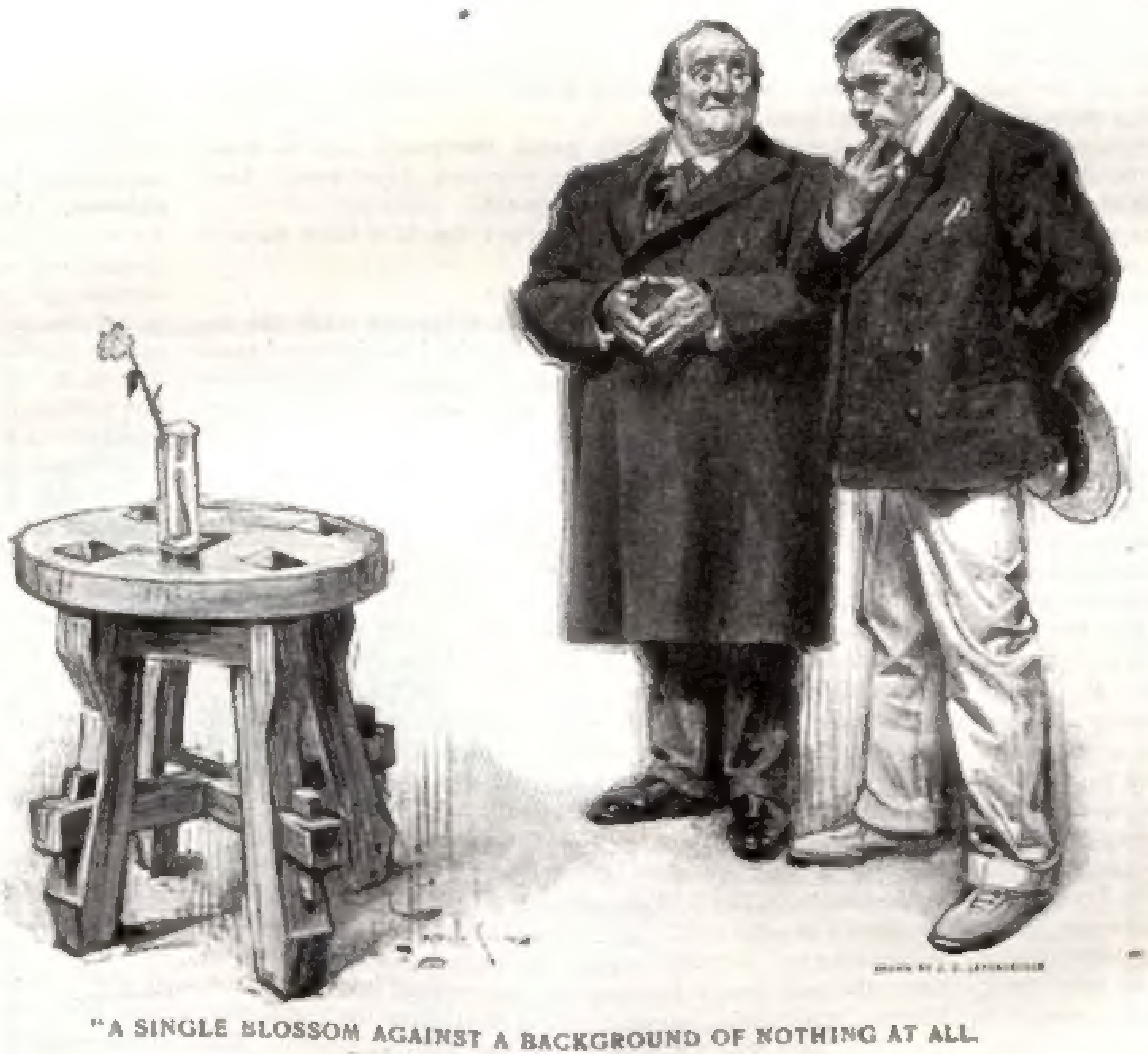
"WEALTH," observed the poet, waving his heavy, white hand, "is a figure of speech, Mr. Wayne. Only by the process of elimination can one arrive at the exquisite simplicity of poverty—care-free poverty. Even a single penny is a burden—the flaw in the marble, the fly in the amber of perfection. Cast it away and enter Eden!" And joining thumb and forefinger, he plucked a figurative copper from the atmosphere, tossed it away, and wiped his fingers on his handkerchief.

"But——" began Wayne uneasily.

"Try it," smiled the poet, diffusing sweetness; "try it. Dismiss all thoughts of money from your mind."

"I do," said Wayne, somewhat relieved. "I thought you meant for me to chuck my securities overboard and eat herbs."

(Continued on Page 27)

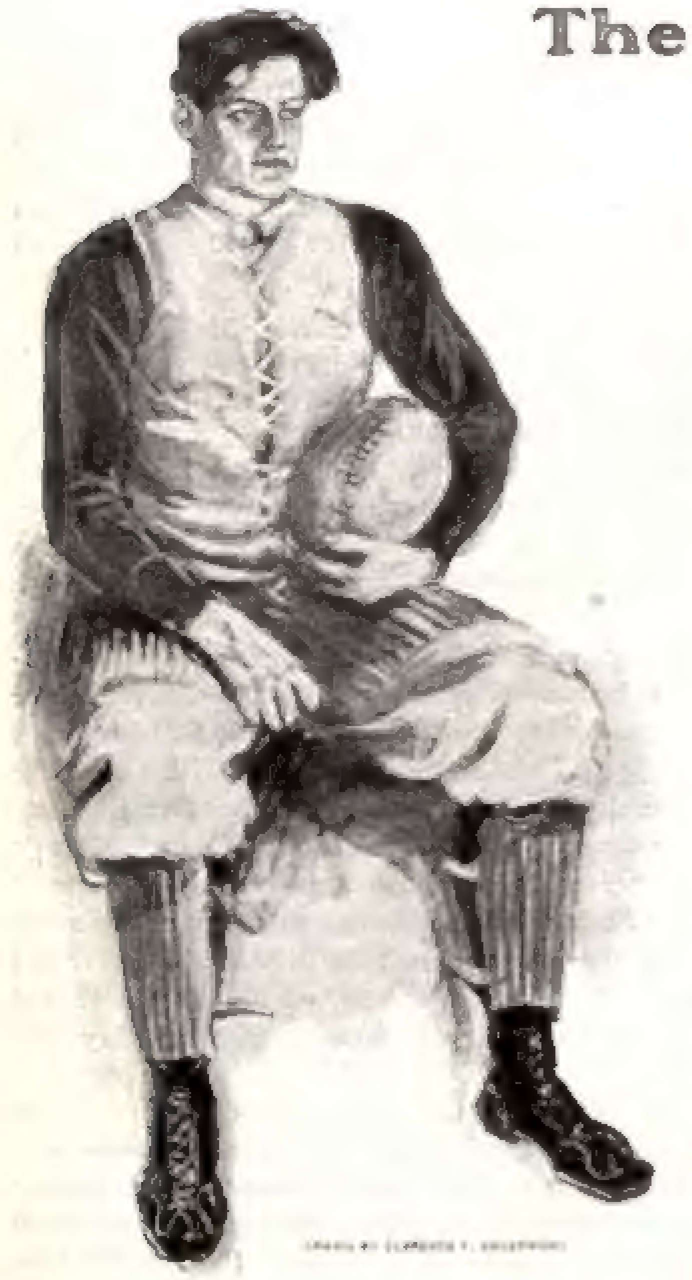


"A SINGLE BLOSSOM AGAINST A BACKGROUND OF NOTHING AT ALL. YOU FOLLOW ME, MR. WAYNE?"

The Strength of the Weak

The Story of the Full-back Who Got Used to It

BY JAMES HOPPER



When Hoskins, the 'Varsity full, bucking like a rhinoceros, punting in the sixties, broke his ankle one dark, muddy afternoon, the coach merely pursed up his mouth a little tighter and set to work on Sterns. Sterns was big and husky; he punted as well as Hoskins, but was a trifle wary about hitting the line. For the next two weeks the coach stood behind him ceaselessly at practice. When Sterns would crouch down, waiting for the first movement of the ball, the coach crouched too, and his tense jaws opened slightly to a low-pitched stream of queer, short, half-formed sentences—advice, encouragement that could be almost tender; vituperation bitter as gall. As the ball sprang into the quarter's hands and Sterns plunged forward, this low rumble rose, higher, louder; by the time Sterns hit the line it was one long-drawn shriek that ceased suddenly as Sterns' mouth, nose and eyes were buried into the sod beneath some two thousand human pounds. When Sterns, the avalanche rising away from him in sections, finally reached his feet and staggered back to his position, the coach was talking again. Once in a while it was satisfaction, warily and soberly dealt out; much more often it was a short, jerky gesture of disgust, a "Shied again; you're afraid, afraid to hit it!" the last raked hoarsely out of the throat like an expectoration. Sometimes the indignation was speechless, the gesture wide and sweeping, and Sterns went off the field to mope on the side-lines till recalled for another chance. Under this treatment the candidate improved by leaps; then, when he had arrived at a state of absolute disregard of life, limb, blood and sinew, when the instinct of preservation, born of generations, old as the stars, had been totally supplanted by one lone, fierce, unappeasable desire to buck, buck, buck, he twisted his knee and joined Hoskins at the hospital. Again the coach was silent; only his lower jaw flattened out a little more. He was a resourceful man; he placed Rowan at full. Rowan was a natural line-smasher, but he couldn't punt. The coach took Greisberg, the right guard with a long, loose-swinging, ponderous leg, and made him go back to kick. In two weeks Greisberg was punting fifty yards as regular as clockwork, and then he dislocated his shoulder. This time the coach spoke. "A snowball in h—l," he said curtly to his assistant.

They were sitting on a bench in the dressing-room, after practice; before them the men were stripping their soggy armor, eager for the caress of warm showers over their bruised, pounded bodies. It was on Harley, however, that the eyes of the coach and the assistant were focused—Harley, third substitute full-back, to whom the honor had come at last.

"A snowball in h—l," again muttered the coach, sweeping the unconscious youth from head to foot with disgusted eyes. "Look at him; six foot if an inch, and only a hundred and fifty pounds! Look at that chest—flat as a pancake; no shoulders, no back, no driving power!"

"Rather nice legs," suggested the assistant consolingly.

"Yes, nice, nice; that's just the word; a nice little tennis man or track sprinter; a hare when we want a hound."

"He's got grit," said the assistant.

The coach's teeth snapped shut with a grind. He was silent for a time, thoughtful; his eyes sparkled with a curious light.

"Yes, he has," he said at last; "and Jack, he's got to do it on that grit; he's got to do it all, all on that grit."

The next day at the line-up the coach bunched the ends and tackles of the "scrub" eleven around him for a moment.

"Whenever the 'Varsity full kicks," he said shortly, "charge him and knock him down. Drive your elbows and knees into him. Any man that misses him goes to the side-lines."

So that the first time Harley, tingling with pride at finding himself on the first eleven, swung his long, lithe leg against the pigskin, he found himself crumpled to the ground beneath a human avalanche, an avalanche brutal as one of matter, but possessed of a fiendish ingenuity in inflicting torture. The coach watched him get up, anxiety in his eyes. Then he smiled. "He looked at the ball!" he whispered to the assistant, who nodded with sober satisfaction.

For Harley, rising painfully to his feet, had not given one glance at the men who had so severely handled him. His eyes were up toward the sky, where a moment before the ball had soared, then eagerly ahead. His bleeding mouth opened in a grin as he saw the scrub full-back thrown on his beam-ends, the ball in his arms, a full fifty yards down the field.

He was a trifle wobbly, but in another minute he had to punt again; and again he was pounded to earth with a shock that sickened him to the core of his being. The next time he was plainly unnerved, and at the threatening rush of feet toward him he dropped the ball, recovered too late, kicked low, and bang! the ball had been blocked and was rolling yards behind him, toward his own goal, with the scrubs in fierce pursuit.

"That's what you'll have to expect every time you kick in the big game," said the coach coldly; "and I'll see that you get it every time till then. Get used to it!"

And by the last week of the season Harley was used to it. Imperturbably he could concentrate his attention upon the ball and get the punt off accurately, without a flutter at the four threatening shadows swooping upon him, with not a fibre of his being shrinking before the inexorable coming shock and pain.

Two days before the big game the coach said to him, "You're pretty sore; I'll give you two days' rest. That game is going to be a kicking game."

At which Harley lifted his upper lip in a faint flash of teeth. "I'll kick," he said.

. . . .

In the dark, damp dressing-room, shivering with the excitement and the physical discomfort, the blue-jerseyed team listened to a few tense words from the coach. They pranced under them; a furious enthusiasm swelled their bosoms. The last words were for Harley.

"Harley, Harley, come here," shouted the coach. And when the young man stood before him, "Harley," he started, "you know what you are. You're the third substitute full; you're a scrub. You're going in because Hoskins and Sterns and Rowan are laid up. I'll tell you right here you're not a Hoskins nor a Sterns; but to-day you've got to be one, do you understand? To-day you've got to be a Hoskins."

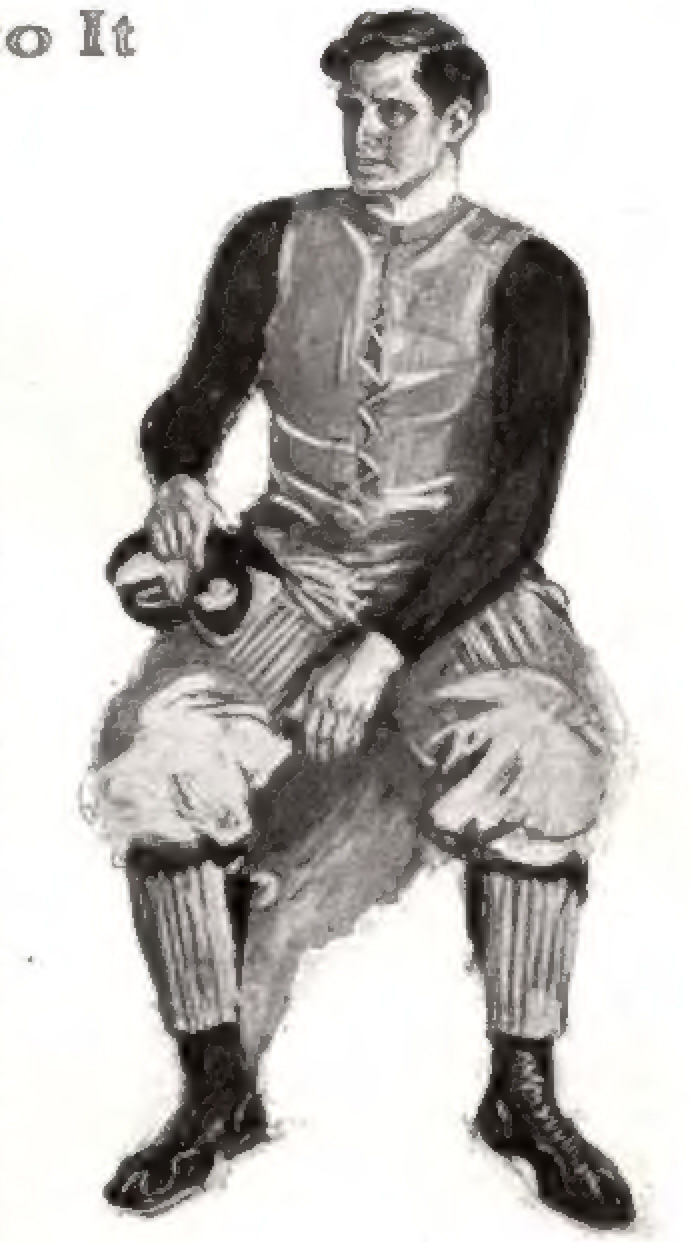
To which Harley did not answer, but every muscle of his lithe body tautened like steel springs and his eyelids dropped, leaving but a narrow shining slit of eye. The coach sprung the door open suddenly and they bounded out upon the field, in the roar of the multitude.

And the game had not been on five minutes before the Blues saw that it was going to be a bitter fight, a bitter struggle against odds. The Red team was fearfully strong. The line was like a granite wall, a granite wall that would give sudden surges forward, irresistible as the movement of a sliding mountain; the backs were big and strong, welded into one fierce, tireless, resourceful catapult. And then, from the beginning, it was evident that the Blue offense had gone to smash. The changes in the back-field had been too numerous during the season, and, physically even, the backs were not homogeneous. Harley was the matter with the team; it was Harley, the weak cog in the machine. Long and lithe, he was fast as a hound when once well under way, but he had no spring in the start. His brother backs, on the contrary, built like bulls, with tremendous driving power, though not such fleet runners, were like lightning in hurling themselves forward; so that in every formation Harley lagged behind, clogging the movement.

"Look at him!" the coach was muttering on the side-lines; "starts like a cow; throws his halves out of everything. And he can't interfere. Slings himself at the ends all right, but what's the use, when the end breaks him in two."

His bucking was also ineffective. He threw himself hard enough, and low into the line, and once in a while his peculiar, eel-like wiggle slipped him through for one or two yards; but most of the time he was thrown back like a wave off a rock.

"No, it's no use; just as I thought," muttered the coach; "it's punting, punting alone that can save us."

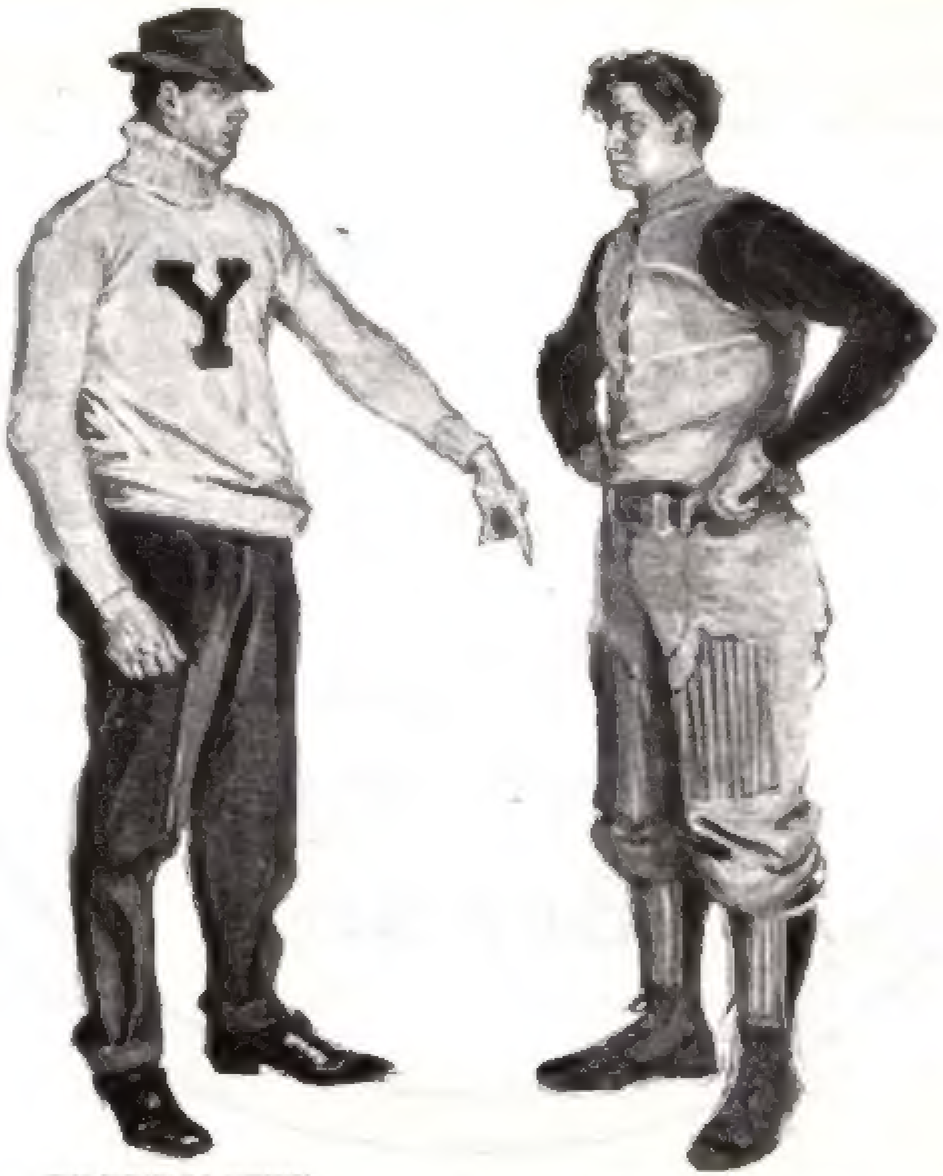


The Red team had chosen the kick-off, and the Blues, getting the ball on their own twenty-five-yard line, had managed to keep it for a time. Hall, the left half, broke away on an end run of fifteen yards, then Smith, the right half, was sent in on his specialty, a cross-tackle buck, and crashed through for six more yards. Harley was given his first chance and slid through centre for three yards. Then things went to smash and the weakness of the Blue team stood hideously revealed. Harley was ordered in again, but a red-shirted guard, breaking through, picked him up about the belt and tossed him back five yards. From the stands the movement seemed incredibly gentle, as the handling of a child, but Harley struck the ground with a snapping jar that flattened all the air out of his lungs. He got up gasping. A luckily successful double-pass regained the loss, but only for a moment. On the next attack, Harley, starting too slowly, threw Smith out of his stride, so that he hit the line without momentum and was thrown in his tracks. Then Harley, butting up against the left end to clear the way for Hall, failed to budge him; the end, diving forward viciously, caught Hall around the knees, and with an upward lift hurled him back four yards. With nine yards to gain on the third down Harley's red-headed quarter ragefully shrieked out the signal for a kick.

Harley danced back some twenty feet behind his line, then stood still, his left foot a little in advance of the right, his arms stretched out straight before him, his eyes glued on the ball, motionless upon the ground between the centre's firmly spread legs. A hush, like a great velvety cloak, seemed to descend upon the field; there was a singular cessation of sound—the rush, the short, guttural cries, the tramp of feet, the thud of body against body. It was like a truce, like being in a sanctuary—a sanctuary where one could recruit one's soul. And Harley did this; like a young knight at his vigil he was making his vows. He knew the truth, but he was unabashed. If his weakness was losing the fight his strength must save it; and now was beginning the time to show his strength.

Suddenly the centre's hands bent at the wrist, and the ball began to float toward Harley, softly, like a bubble wafted on a zephyr. He fixed his eyes upon it and moved his hands slightly; and even in the concentration of his being he was aware of a rush of shadows toward him, of a threatening drumming of feet upon the sward. The ball floated into his hands. He took a quick step forward; his right leg swung in a wide, free, pendulous movement. The ball dropped out of his hands. Just at the maximum momentum of the leg-swing it nestled in the crotch of foot and ankle. There was a resounding thump. Then the vague shadows swooping upon him suddenly broke into sharp visibility, as if a haze had torn before them. They towered a moment above him, and then pointed elbows tore down upon his chest, drawn-up knees upon his thighs, and he was hurled to the ground as if the skies had fallen upon him.

He got up quickly. They were already running back toward the spot where the ball was lighting. One man hovered over him a little longer. It was the captain and right end of the Red team, a big, tense fellow, blond as a Viking. "We're going to break you in two, young fellow," he said to Harley, his eyes shining green.



DRAWN BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

"YOU'RE THE THIRD SUBSTITUTE FULL; YOU'RE A SCRUB"

"I'll still have my legs to kick with," answered Harley with a smile almost feminine.

The big captain lingered a moment longer, his green eyes upon the boy in frank amazement. He was used to the taunt and repartee of the football field, those attempts to create doubt of himself in the foe; but that was a new one on him. It sounded more like things he had read in histories and had not believed. He gave a contemptuous snort as he pivoted on his heel. "Good-by, Georgie Washington," he sneered as he pounded back down the field. Harley followed him to the spot where the teams were lining up again. He counted the white lines as he ran, with growing ecstasy. Forty, forty-five, fifty, sixty — he had punted the ball sixty yards!

With almost the whole length of the field ahead of them, the red-jerseyed team, disdaining to kick, now took the offensive. Harley, from his position as last guard, some twenty yards behind his line, watched them begin with some contempt at their bull-like want of judgment. They were proceeding by heavy mass-plays. Shoulder to shoulder, flat-footed like rhinoceroses, the backs trotted rather slowly toward the line. Just before they reached it the two wings of the team swirled and converged behind them in a solid mass. The effect was singular: though there seemed to be no speed, no momentum to the movement, yet when it struck home the impact suddenly proved tremendous, and from his point of vantage Harley could see the Blue line fairly spring back like a bow. They gained their first five yards in three downs; then again, with their ponderous, plodding plays, another white line was swallowed up. Another followed. Harley kept prancing back as they advanced. A vague uneasiness was taking the place of the disdain with which he had watched them begin their attack. It was reluctantly that he gave way each time to keep his distance as last safe-guard in case of a sudden get-away. The Reds kept gaining. Slowly, methodically, they drove the lighter Blue line before them. They crossed their forty-yard line, their forty-five. Then they swept across the centre of the field. They did not stop there. With the same slow, massive movement they surged on like something resistless, inhuman, like some inexorable natural force. Harley was not receding any longer; he was backed up against the last white line, the crossing of which meant defeat. And as he stood there, impotent, desperate, they were nearing him slowly, in regular, crashing pulses. At last they were within ten yards of him, and, throwing caution to the wind, he joined in the active defense. Each time, as the red backs moved forward, he threw himself low in their path, and, crunching and bumping, he felt them topple over him. At last, five yards from the touchdown, the Blues stopped them. Three times the Reds crashed unavailingly against the panting, sobbing line, and it was the Blues' ball.

The red-headed quarter, wild, disheveled, his hair crackling like the serpents of the Medusa, his jersey torn to the waist, was fiercely barking out his signal. But Harley was already prepared; he knew that again had devolved upon him the duty of saving his team. Clear back of the last white line he had to take his stand, the goal-posts cutting the horizon before his eyes. It was a solemn moment. The least fumble, the least false movement meant a touchdown for the fiends pawing the ground before him in ferocious eagerness. The goal-posts were in the way and had to be deftly surmounted. A warm exultation thrilled him from head to foot, but some remote corner of his brain was working coldly and accurately. For a moment he stood quiet, concentrating all his faculties to the task, then his hands shot out straight before him. The ball floated toward him. But the throw was low; he had to stoop, losing time. Even as he stepped forward for the swing of his foot, a big shadow, with arms tensely outstretched as of a man crucified, sprang up against the sky. With a nervous effort Harley threw himself slightly to the side and kicked. He had time to see the ball graze one of the clutching hands, to see it, hardly deflected, soar up and forward, then he was buried as beneath an avalanche of bricks.

He rose a little slowly. Something had cracked in his right side. But he smiled. "Not broken yet," he said to the Red captain. And then, fifty yards down the field, the Reds started again. Slowly with their pounding masses they worked the ball toward the goal. Again near the five-yard line they lost it; again Harley punted and was thrown, crushed, bruised, ground into the earth. His side hurt him continually, now. There was a knife driven into it — a knife that pulsed, stabbing farther and farther into his vitals; at times it seemed red-hot and burned. With bulldog ferocity the Reds were coming back. They reached the ten-yard line; the Blues took the ball away from them, and again Harley had to kick and be pounded to the sod. Then the Red captain, furious at this repeated snatching of victory almost in his grasp, fearful of the effect on his team of this grueling, unavailing toil, began a punting duel — and then it was worse. Whenever the Reds kicked, Harley, in the back-field, had to handle the punt. He would see the Red team form to protect their full-back; there would be a thump of boot against leather; from behind the line of struggling men the ball would soar slowly into the sky. And as it flew in long spirals up above, the two Red ends, low on the ground like hounds, were charging down the field upon him. His eyes glued upon the sphere, golden in the sunshine, his body following its every twist and dart, Harley got beneath its fall; and as it came down, hesitating, elusive, he could hear the ends, crouched on each side of him, panting with ferocious eagerness. Just as he clutched the precious bit of leather the two forms leaped through the air like tigers upon him, and he was whacked, stunned, to the ground. Immediately he had to get up for the return punt and its accompanying punishment. The end of the half came like a benediction.

In the dressing-room, during the ten-minute intermission, Harley lay on the floor, stretched with arms out like a cross, his mind concentrated in keeping relaxed his muscles, twitching with weariness. While the trainers sponged and bandaged, the coach, perched upon a bench, harangued the men fiercely. It was only when the referee's whistle, blowing outside, summoned them to the renewal of the struggle, however, that he addressed Harley. "It's your punting, remember — your punting alone that can save us to-day," he whispered.

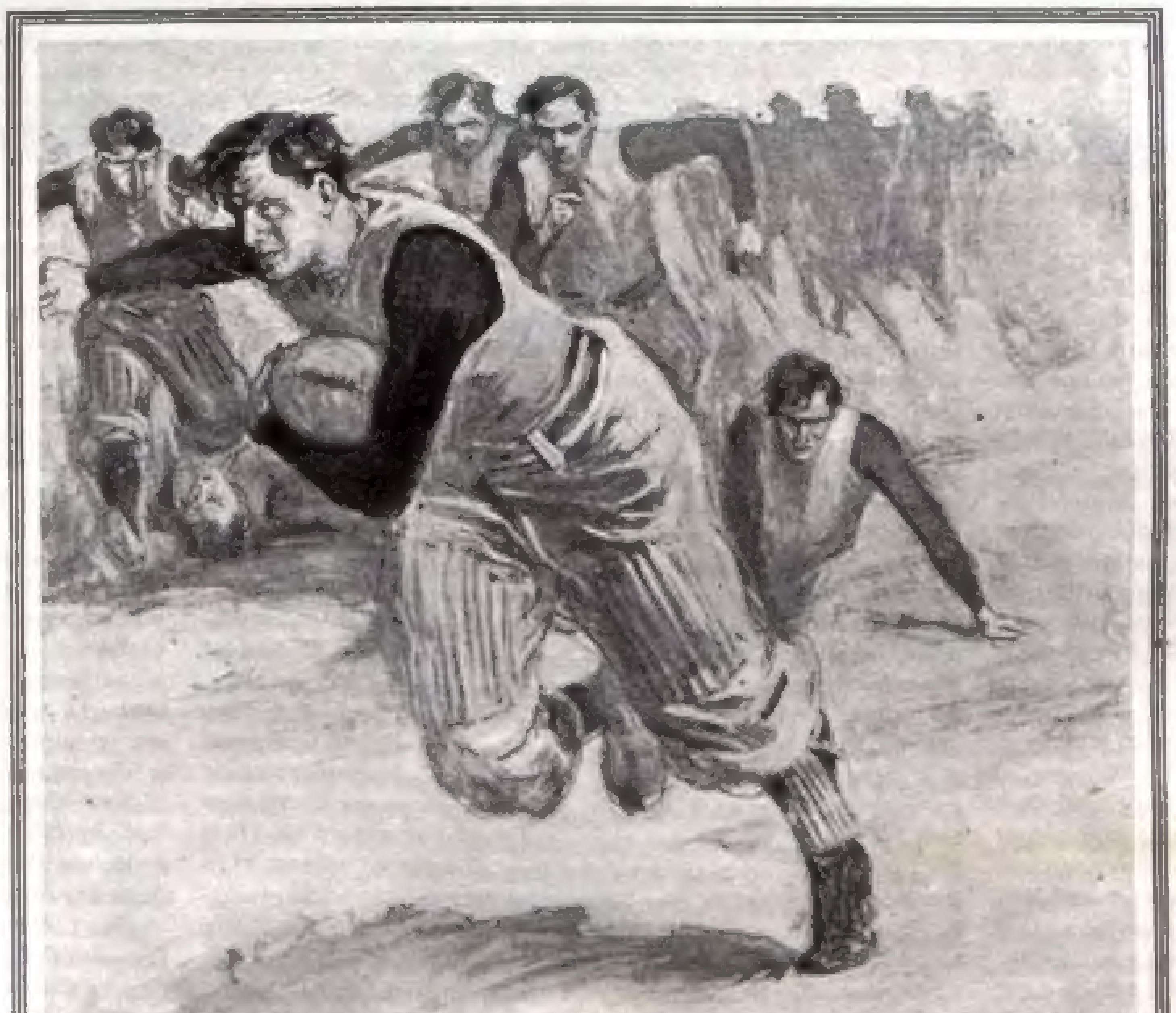
"I'll punt!" said Harley, and he trotted out after the team for the long ordeal that was to be the second half.

At first things went a little better. By three long dashes the Blues carried the ball to the Red twenty-five-yard line. But this could not last. The backs, with Harley, were a miserable misfit. They lost the ball, and again the Red team, not to be denied, began its stubborn fight for the last white line gleaming over there like a mirage, a promise of monstrous joy. The first time they gained the twenty-yard line before the Blues could stop them and let Harley kick back down the field; the second time they were stopped only on the fifteen-yard line; the third time they pounded to the ten-yard line before the Blues clutched the ball and let Harley punt it out of danger. It was a sore struggle; all hope of victory had gone; the contest had degenerated into a grueling, desperate, teeth-grinding effort to keep the Reds from scoring: an effort that took all their physical strength, drained their moral force, strained their spirit in the keeping taut the tremendous determination not to give in, not for a second yield, not for the thousandth part of a second loosen the clutching fingers that held them above the precipice of defeat below them with its hellish promise of rest, peace, renunciation.

The stabbing in Harley's side was piercing him to the very vitals now; but this was not what bothered him most. With a growing, sickening fear he was realizing that his punting was falling off. His right leg, bruised and swollen with the continuous pounding, was refusing to obey the command of his will. His first punt at the beginning of the half had been sixty yards, the second fifty, the third forty, and now it was only with the most bitter effort that he could propel the ball a bare thirty. The Red captain noticed this. They began to punt, and at each exchange they gained shocking distances. Then, when thus they had worked the ball to the forty-yard line, they pounded forward again.

This time there was something new about their advance. They bucked the right side of the line only, always the right side. Again and again, with a repetition that was hypnotizing, they hurled themselves at the same spot. It was the Blues' strong side, and progress was slow. Three times they made the needed five yards only by a few inches. The Blue right end and backs, enticed by this promise held out to them, began to throw themselves recklessly into the breach, and of a sudden it dawned upon Harley that this was just what the Reds expected them to do. He crouched low, every sense on the alert. Then, suddenly, his suspicion was fulfilled. The next buck of the Reds wavered, was not pushed home, and the two teams stood bunched together for a moment, swaying and heaving, the Blue ends and backs all beneath the pile. There was a queer movement, a faint swirl, and suddenly three red-jerseyed men detached themselves, circled out, swerved back to a straight line, and, with a wonderful burst of speed, made straight for the goal. Harley took a step forward and studied the situation. They were coming straight at him. The two men ahead, side by side, were the interferers. Behind them was the man with the ball. He took another step forward and waited for them, crouched low to the ground. In two seconds they were upon him; just as their heated breath was in his face he sprang to the left. One of the interferers threw himself after him. With a snap Harley threw himself back in his tracks, and he was right in the way of the second man. He danced back before him, warding him off with stiffly outstretched arms, his eye on the man with the ball who, running low behind his human rampart, was swerving now to the right, now to the left, meditating a get-away.

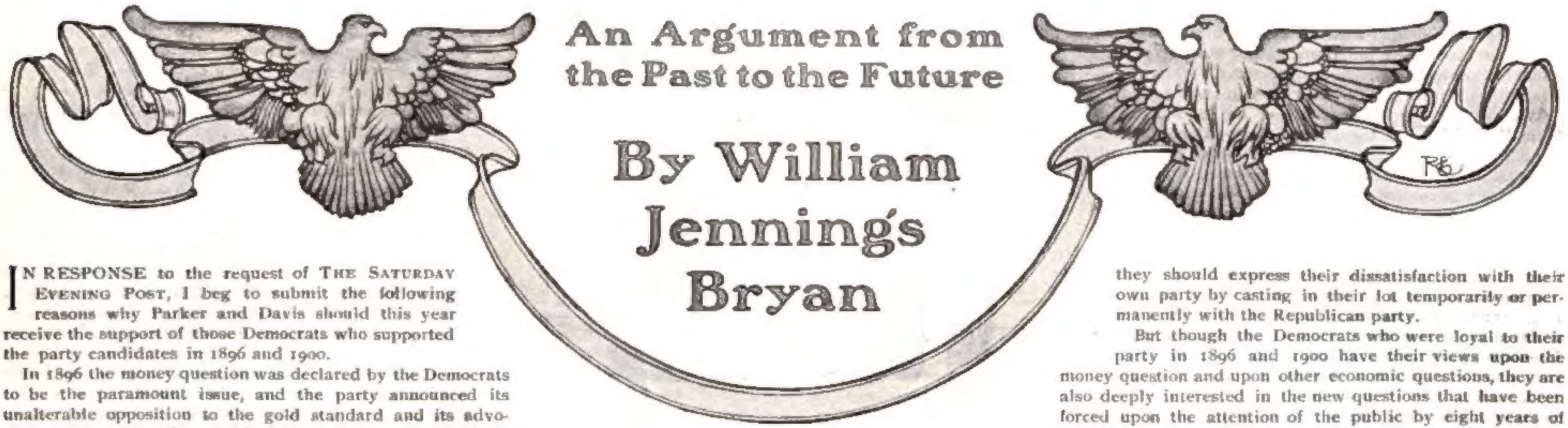
(Continued on Page 22)



DRAWN BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

THEN THERE WAS NO ONE BEFORE HIM — NOTHING EXCEPT WHITE LINES, A SERIES OF GLEAMING WHITE LINES, AND FAR OFF THE GOAL-POSTS

Why the Democrats of 1896 and 1900 Should Support Parker & Davis in 1904



An Argument from the Past to the Future

By William Jennings Bryan

IN RESPONSE to the request of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, I beg to submit the following reasons why Parker and Davis should this year receive the support of those Democrats who supported the party candidates in 1896 and 1900.

In 1896 the money question was declared by the Democrats to be the paramount issue, and the party announced its unalterable opposition to the gold standard and its advocacy of the restoration of bimetalism at the existing legal ratio of sixteen to one. The Republican party, though not admitting the money question to be paramount, pledged itself to assist in restoring bimetalism by international agreement, but insisted upon the maintenance of the gold standard until such agreement should be secured. The election resulted in a victory for the Republican party, and, in pursuance of its party's promise, the Administration immediately sent a commission to Europe to secure international coöperation and the abandonment of the gold standard, Congress appropriating $100,000 to pay the expenses of the commission. The commission was composed of ex-Vice-President Adlai Stevenson, Senator Edward O. Wolcott, of Colorado, and Mr. Payne, of Massachusetts. There is no doubt that these gentlemen, though unsuccessful in their mission, earnestly endeavored to carry out their instructions and secure the restoration of bimetalism; but Senator Wolcott complained upon his return that their work had been hindered and embarrassed by the utterances of Secretary Gage, the new head of the Treasury Department, who gave out interviews in favor of the gold standard while the commission was trying to secure bimetalism.

Unless the Administration was insincere in the appointment of the commission we must conclude that the gold standard was unsatisfactory, for had it been satisfactory no attempt would have been made to replace it with international bimetalism. The promise to promote an international agreement, together with the steps taken to fulfill that promise, must be accepted as an admission that the Democrats were right in condemning the gold standard, although a majority of the voters preferred international bimetalism to independent bimetalism.

The failure of the commission to enlist the aid of other nations in behalf of the double standard would have reacted in favor of independent bimetalism and strengthened the Democratic position but for the unexpected increase in the gold supply. This has been so considerable as to check the fall in prices and, to some extent, to raise the level of prices. Just how far the higher price level has been due to an enlarged volume of money and how much to the wars in Cuba, the Philippines, South Africa and later in Russia, no one can accurately determine; but it is certain that the increased production of gold has brought in part the benefits which bimetalists expected from the restoration of silver. While the quantitative theory of money, for which bimetalists contended in 1896, has been vindicated, still the political advantage of the vindication has accrued to the advocates of the gold standard, because with higher prices the main argument in favor of bimetalism has been answered, or rather the necessity for bimetalism has decreased as gold has become more plentiful.

The Changed Conditions of the Campaign of 1900

BY 1900 industrial conditions had been so improved that the money question was no longer acute, and many Democrats were willing to ignore it entirely for the time being. In the meantime the question of imperialism had been thrust into the political arena by the Philippine policy of the Administration. The trusts, too, had grown so rapidly in number and in size as to make that question an important issue in the campaign. When the Democrats met in national convention in Kansas City imperialism was made the paramount issue and the trust question was given a position of secondary importance. The Chicago platform of 1896 was reaffirmed—there being no opposition to reaffirmation—but the money plank was reiterated only after a very animated discussion in the committee and by a close vote.

The Democrats fought the campaign of 1900 mainly upon the question of imperialism, while the Republicans denied that their party had any imperialistic intent, and, openly advocating the gold standard, sought to use the money question as a scare to hold the business interests in line. It was a little inconsistent for the Republican party, which favored international bimetalism in 1896, to be so enthusiastic for the gold standard in 1900, but the argument had its effect—more effect probably than it would have had if the Democrats had given more time to the discussion of the money question.

During the four years that followed 1900 the money question, owing to the continued increase in the production of gold, was less and less considered, while President Roosevelt's Administration has brought forward new issues.

When the Democrats met in St. Louis last July a considerable majority of the delegates favored a platform entirely eliminating the money question. Though some believed, as I did, that the Kansas City platform should be reaffirmed, and that the party's position on the question of bimetalism, without being emphasized, should be maintained, the convention decided that the fight should be made upon other questions—questions upon which the party was united. There was no declaration against bimetalism, that proposition having been voted down by a decided majority in the committee. The position of our candidate, though strongly opposed to bimetalism, does not necessarily control the party's action beyond his own administration.

I have thus stated the history of the money question during the last eight years in order to show why those who voted for bimetalism in recent campaigns can this year vote for a Democratic candidate known to favor the gold standard. Although the advocates of bimetalism believe as firmly as ever in the principles of the double standard, though they believe that their principles have been vindicated by the improved conditions that have followed an increase in the volume of money, and though they believe that bimetalism will again become popular when the demand for money overtakes the supply, yet they recognize that the question is not only not paramount but, for the present, of diminishing importance. They also recognize that, even if the question were more acute than it is, they could not hope to secure the restoration of bimetalism by voting any other ticket. Either Judge Parker or President Roosevelt will be elected, and President Roosevelt is as hostile to the use of silver as standard money as Judge Parker can possibly be. Though the Republican candidate enthusiastically supported his party in 1888, when the Republican platform denounced President Cleveland's effort to demonetize silver, and again in 1892, when the Republican platform declared that the American people from tradition and interest favored bimetalism, and still again in 1896, when his party was pledged to promote international bimetalism, still he loses no opportunity now to proclaim his love for the single gold standard and his abhorrence of any return to the free coinage of silver. On the money question, therefore, the free silver Democrats, having been defeated in their own convention, have nothing to hope for from a Republican victory. They have not the same reason for leaving their party that the silver Republicans and Populists had for supporting the Democratic ticket in 1896.

The same may be said of other economic questions. Wherever the supporters of the platforms of 1896 and 1900 feel that the Democratic platform or candidate this year is unsatisfactory they find the Republican platform and candidate still less satisfactory. There is no reason, therefore, why they should express their dissatisfaction with their own party by casting in their lot temporarily or permanently with the Republican party.

But though the Democrats who were loyal to their party in 1896 and 1900 have their views upon the money question and upon other economic questions, they are also deeply interested in the new questions that have been forced upon the attention of the public by eight years of Republican rule. I shall speak later of the question of imperialism, which absorbed a large share of our party's attention in 1900.

President Roosevelt's Triple Responsibility

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT is responsible for the prominence of three issues which the people are considering. First, he has done more to embitter the white and black races against each other in the South than any or even all of the Presidents who have occupied the White House since the Civil War. Whether in insisting upon the appointment of colored officials over the protest of white patrons of the office he has been actuated by a desire to help the colored people, or by a desire to make political capital among the colored voters of the North, is immaterial. It is certain that he has raised an issue which has thrown the Southern States into anxiety and alarm. His attempt to override the wishes of the whites in various Southern communities has made the entire South fearful that a second term may still further estrange the races and plunge that section of the country into the horrors of a race struggle. The entertainment of Professor Booker Washington at the White House has been construed by many as an attempt upon the part of the President to raise the question of social equality, and this has further aggravated the race situation in the South. If the President intended to raise that question with a view to settling it in favor of the black man it means the arousing of a feeling which will seriously interfere with the calm consideration of industrial and economic problems. If, on the other hand, the President did not intend to force upon the public the consideration of the question of social equality it was exceedingly unfortunate that he did anything that could bear that construction. The people of the North, where the dominance of the white race is not menaced and where the blacks are comparatively few in number, have no conception of the conditions which prevailed in the South during the period of reconstruction, and it is therefore difficult for them to understand the feeling of the Southern people. The Democrats of the North, who both desire and need the coöperation of Southern Democrats in resisting the encroachments of plutocracy, are vitally interested in removing the race issue from national politics, so that the party can make an aggressive fight for industrial and economic reforms.

President Roosevelt has not only disturbed the South by the creation of a race issue, but he has offended the sentiment of the entire country by the substitution of a swaggering, warlike spirit for the pacific spirit which has heretofore characterized our national Administration. We have had some eminent soldiers in the White House, conspicuous among whom were Washington, Jackson and Grant, but never have we had a President who seemed to take so much delight as does our present President in war and the recital of warlike deeds.

The panegyric upon war pronounced by ex-Governor Black, of New York, in presenting President Roosevelt's name to the last Republican convention, was in entire harmony with the speeches of the President, and still further emphasized his departure from the nation's traditions and ideals.

The difference between the spirit which animated our first President and the spirit which animates our present Executive can be clearly shown by a comparison between their utterances. I have already referred to Mr. Roosevelt's delight in war. Washington, in a letter to the Marquis de Chartellux in 1788, said:

> It is time for the age of knight-errantry and mad heroism to be at an end. Your young military men, who want to reap the harvest of laurels, do not care, I suppose, how many seeds of war are sown; but for the

> sake of humanity it is devoutly to be wished that the manly employment of agriculture and the humanizing benefits of commerce would supersede the waste of war and the rage of conquest; that the swords might be turned into plowshares, the spears into pruning-hooks, and, as the Scriptures express it, "the nations learn war no more."

President Roosevelt's fondness for military display, military phrases and exhibitions of military prowess is not only hurtful because of its pernicious influence upon our young men, and harmful to the nation because of the false position in which it places this country before the world, but it endangers peace by increasing the possibility of foreign complications. The Democrats who bore the burden of the campaigns four and eight years ago believe that this nation should devote its energies to the remedying of governmental evils and to the promotion of the welfare of the whole people. They have no sympathy with a policy that is likely to involve this nation in the intrigues of the monarchies and empires of the old world, and Judge Parker appeals to them much more strongly than does one of President Roosevelt's views and temperament. If there were no other reason for voting for Judge Parker they could find sufficient reason in the fact that he is the very opposite of President Roosevelt in this respect, and, therefore, better fitted to give expression to the hopes and aspirations of our people.

It is not strange that the President, with his disposition to rely upon force rather than upon reason in the settlement of questions, should be restive under the constitutional restraints which are imposed upon the Chief Executive. The enjoyment which he finds in the exercise of power naturally leads him to carry his authority to the extreme limit, and there is already a suspicion abroad that he is looking forward to a third term on the theory that the unexpired term of President McKinley should not be construed as a first term for him. His failure to follow the example set by Judge Parker and announce his determination not to be a candidate again in case of election strengthens the suspicion.

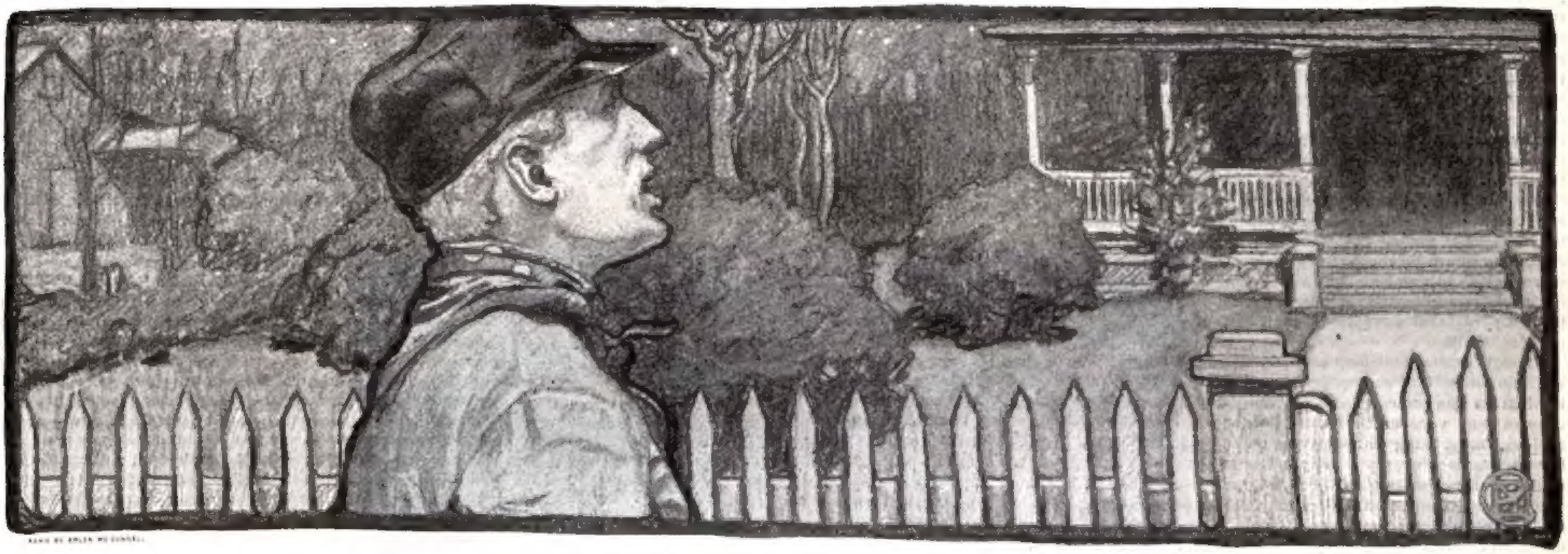
While under President McKinley the regular army was increased and the minimum fixed at 60,000, with authority in the President to raise it at any time to 100,000. President Roosevelt strongly commends this increase and ridicules the objections made to it. In 1896 the regular army numbered about 25,000 men, and no party platform suggested that the number was insufficient. After the treaty of peace between this country and Spain had been agreed upon, and before hostilities broke out at Manila, President McKinley recommended the increase in the army and a Republican Congress embodied the recommendation in a law. We are now spending upon the army and the navy more than thirty times as much as we spend upon the Department of Agriculture, and the Republican leaders do not intend — at least they do not promise — any decrease in military and naval expenditures. But two reasons have been given for the increase in the army — one is its use in labor troubles, and the other is to be found in the imperial policy upon which the country has embarked since the Republicans came into power. The fact that the forts, instead of being built upon the frontier, as formerly, are being built near the large cities is proof positive that the increase is intended for domestic rather than for foreign purposes.

Democrats who believe in arbitration as a means of settling difficulties between labor and capital; Democrats who favor the eight-hour day and desire the abolition of government by injunction — these believe that the army was large enough eight years ago, and prefer to employ the Department of Justice rather than the War Department in the adjustment of disputes between corporations and their employees. As Judge Parker stands for a reduction of the army these Democrats have an additional reason for supporting him in preference to President Roosevelt.

The Philippine question has not yet been settled, and it presents one of the most important, if not the most important, issue between the parties. We are now administering a colonial policy in the Philippine Islands directly at variance with our principles of government and contrary to the wishes of the Filipinos. President Roosevelt, without daring to defend or even to state the principles upon which our Government acts in the Philippines, contends that we must remain there without defining our purpose and without pledge to the Filipinos. He jumbles duty and destiny and dollars together as if he were not sure which would furnish the best pretext for maintaining a carpet-bag government in the islands.

(Concluded on Page 25)

Daffy's Wedding Dress



The Story of a Marriage Torch That Has Not Often Burnt

BY ALVAH MILTON KERR

HOW he achieved the thing is, of course, a matter of record. Burke's private journal of heroic feats on the Western Central contains an account of it, entered by the general superintendent himself in plain black and white. But the "why" of it is scarcely indicated in Burke's chronicle, matters of the heart not being likely to figure conspicuously in a railroad superintendent's record of "signal instances of bravery, presence of mind and fidelity to duty in employees." Hence this fuller history.

Waddington Hancock, as a name, seemed indicative of estate and functions rather beyond the pretensions and appearance of the young fellow, but he always dashed the title upon the Western Central pay-roll with a flourish good to see. His chirography had something of the large boldness of John Hancock's signature to the Declaration of Independence. It presented the same scorn of space, together with a carelessness of position and direction and a bounding swoop of line and curve that even the famous Declarer's signature could not boast. It was also commonly emphasized on the pale blue sheet by thumb and finger marks eloquent of coal and smutted waste, for a locomotive fireman does not usually wash his hands before jumping out of the gangway to scramble into the pay-car after his "dough." The roll-clerk invariably squirmed with appreciation of the length and breadth of the space that was being occupied as he watched the construction of the signature, but Martin Bonner, paymaster, who himself always handed the checks across the tiny counter of the Gazelle, usually laughed and rubbed his florid bald head and winked. The young man's signature was, somehow, singularly consonant with his physical aspect. He had long feet, long, well-shaped hands, a straight steel-post sort of body, a backward springing spine and a round, yellowish, handsome head. His eyes were not large but disturbingly direct and of a laughing, gleaming blue. With his quick, bold, erect air he had a soft, musical voice and usually was sparing of words. Once, anent a quip of Bonner's relative to his soft voice, the young fellow winked and said:

"Do I write loud enough?"

"Loud!" laughed Bonner; "your writing is simply thunder!"

The fireman winked again peculiarly, and, taking his check, went out of the pay-car.

One thing, Wadd liked to sing. That was his weakness, or his strength, as one is pleased to view it. Wadd's path homeward did not naturally lie by way of the residence of Master Mechanic Addicks, but with the advent of Daffy Tuttle, his niece, a subtle influence seemed always to persuade his feet to make the little journey by that particular street, and it was noticeable that his vocal performance invariably reached its climax in the immediate region of the Addicks' home. Wadd being engaged in firing passenger on the East End — that is, from Paley Fork to Denver and return — the schedule put him down at the Fork near midnight, with the result that the M. M., being awakened by the youth's soaring tenor, had frequent occasion to shift his iron-gray head upon his pillow and profane the darkness with protesting vocables. But always there was something of a wholly different sort exuding from one of the gable windows: something that sounded like the very soft clapping together of little hands, tender, approving, sympathetic. Tommy Loomis, one of our way operators in the dispatcher's office, touched with suspicious restlessness since Daffy's arrival, had unwisely attempted a sneering stricture relative to "her coal-pounding boy soprano," with the result that Daffy's black eyes had grown fiery as she announced the opinion that "pounding coal for the firebox of the big 1202 was somewhat more manly than pounding the brass of a telegraph key, and that Mr. Hancock's voice was *not* soprano but a very beautiful high tenor," which was quite sufficient to, and did, settle Tommy. It was soon clear, at least to most of us, that Daffy and the crack fireman of the East End were something more than favorable to each other.

Daffy — her real name was Daphne — was from up Cheyenne way. Jack Tuttle, her father, was for long an engineer on the U. P. He was pulling the Fast Mail when he was killed. That occurred in the wreck occasioned by the Blue

Run flood. Addicks was also from the U. P. Therefore Daffy, though the expression itself rings odd, was distinctly of railroad stock. From childhood she had been acquainted with locomotives and locomotive folk. Throttles, cylinder saddles, balanced valves, exhaust ports, eccentrics, check valves, injectors, air drums, rockers, spring hangers, reverse levers and the like were well-nigh as familiar to her as pins and needles. She had seen engines made, or, rather, what was fully as enlightening, she had many times seen all the parts of locomotives disassociated, repaired and reassembled. She had played in roundhouses and car shops as a child, had held the throttle of her father's engine many times in tomboy days, and still liked better than food to hang out of a cab window and feel the steel fabric roll and plunge as she watched the drivers dissolve into whirling cobwebs beneath her.

Still, Daffy was girlish and pretty — outrageously pretty, some women secretly thought — and she could "trim" hats and play the piano. Old Addicks had been heard to growl that he had not been able to make out which was the more likely to induce lockjaw, Daffy's playing or Wadd's singing. However, the M. M. was proverbially ungracious to lovers. The M. M. was a widower, grass, and was acid of speech and porcupine of posture touching things matrimonial. His experience of love and marriage had apparently left a deposit of conclusions in his mind similar in irritating quality to pounded glass in the blood. Nevertheless, he was a just man, or, at least, aimed to be.

As for Daffy, small as she was, she was a thing of magnitude in the affairs of Paley Fork, and admittedly Paley Fork was blessed with numerous maids and matrons, and was the abiding place of men who measurably quickened or restricted the functioning of human life throughout a good many leagues both east and west. There was something peculiarly piquant about the girl. She had a fashion of glancing around quickly, of airily tipping her head and body about, of poising a moment to fling out a word or note of laughter and hurry away, that suggested a little brown wren, bright-eyed, jaunty, deliciously impudent. When, on her way to the post-office or the milliner's, she came down the long platform of the station, gowned in white piqué, small French heels tapping on the hot planks and black eyes glancing from under a red parasol that looked like a big, lacy, flopping poppy, then something magnetic and unexplainable swept through the division offices. At any rate, in such moments apparently half our number felt it necessary to seek the windows in search of expected trains fresh air, or to look for some one out in the yards.

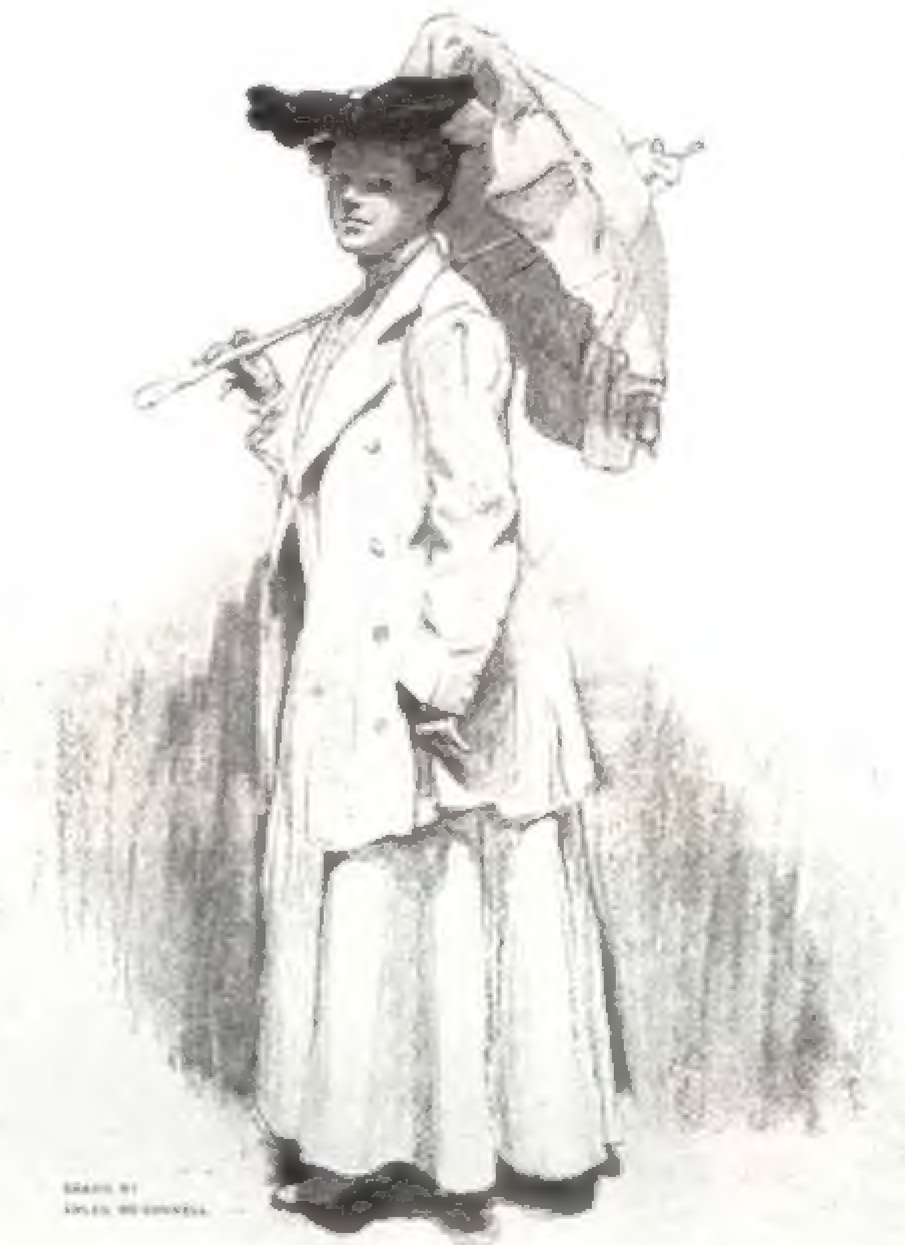
Over in the great roundhouse, too, when Daffy came down, as she often did, clad in a golf suit, with a jockey cap skewered to a topknot of tomboy curls, and climbed into some outgoing engine, to return by the first engine met with out on the line, there was a swift and nervous adjustment by the men of coat collars, a straightening of mustaches, an all-around attempt to look pretty that was pitiably male. Truly, it looked difficult for Wadd.

Though several members of the force were "languishing" at Daffy, the stiffest obstruction impeding the flow of Wadd's inclination was probably Addicks' antipathy. Obviously the fireman was very much in the master mechanic's power; besides, Daffy, being without living parents and committed to her uncle's keeping, was hardly as free as the proverbial bird in the matter of mating. The M. M. mentally admitted that there were few men on the Western Central who could keep so high and even a pressure of steam in an engine boiler under all conditions as could young Hancock, but he *did* hate a man who sang high tenor and who was in love. Such a person must perforce be contemptibly weak. The M. M. himself possessed a voice like a bass-drum with loose nails in it; he was deep-chested, big-headed, grizzly; as for love — was he not a widower, and "sour grass" at that?

But back of his personal prejudice, and sinking deeper roots in his mind, was a notion that, at heart, Fireman Hancock was a coward and a quitter. A story that was not at all pretty had come up to us from the K. P., where Wadd began firing, to the effect that the young man once jumped when he ought to have stuck: that his desertion of an engine in a certain crisis had cost human lives. Tommy Loomis brought the story.

Sifted, the main facts seemed as follows: Engine 999, Lyon engineer, Hancock fireman, pulling a K. P. express, oddly collided head on with the Fast Mail near a station named Peter Bend. The express had orders to hold at Peter Bend for the mail, but went by the station very fast, striking the mail disastrously a quarter of a mile beyond the station. Lyon, dead, was found close to the station, Hancock was found just beyond the station creeping about in an open lot in an apparent dazed condition. He had jumped, he afterward stated, when the engines were not more than a hundred feet apart, and had fancied that he was crawling back to warn a train that he thought was following. He stated, also, that just when Lyon was about to shut off steam for Peter Bend the driving-rod on the right-hand side snapped, knocking off the side of the cab and killing Lyon instantly; that both the reverse apparatus and throttle lever were smashed and could not be operated; that he had tried his best to reverse and shut off, but found it impossible; that he had clung to the engine until death breathed in his face; then he had jumped. Just how he had got back nearly a quarter of a mile and into the open lot he did not clearly know.

From certain viewpoints Wadd's explanation of his personal conduct in the affair looked fishy. There were people who believed that he had not attempted to avert the wreck, but had quit the engine in panic immediately after the breaking of the driving-rod, else he would not have been found so near the station. Lyon's engine had been fearfully shattered in the collision and fell upon her right side, crushing her levers; therefore Wadd's statement could neither be verified nor disproved. The K. P. people had been willing to continue him in their employ, but Wadd, not relishing expressions of doubt and hints that probably his cowardice had occasioned loss of life, quit in wrathful disgust, and presently came to the Western Central. The odd thing is that history should have so nearly repeated itself for Wadd, that the Puma Point tragedy afterward set him in a theatre of action so closely paralleling the K. P. affair. We all wondered at that.



SMALL FRENCH HEELS TAPPING AND BLACK EYES GLANCING

One morning in February the M. M. sent for Wadd. The youth had been visiting Daffy twice each week and indulging nocturnal carolings along her street through several months. He was fully aware that he had rivals, but was beginning to feel sure of his place in her esteem. He was not nearly so sure of his place on the Western Central. As he walked down to the roundhouse he wondered if Addicks had not concluded to push him from his position. It certainly looked an easy solution of the Daffy problem.

Arriving at the roundhouse, the M. M. led Wadd to the 1202, and there angrily took him to task touching the condition of the engine's crown-sheet. Wadd made a brief examination and explained, showing the master mechanic how, owing to a warp occasioned by the furnace coming in contact with snow, the dampers had acted defectively during the run ended the night before, thus endangering the crown-sheet. Obviously, the fault did not lie with the fireman; at least, it had not lain within his power to escape the risk that had been taken. Addicks saw this but was the more enraged. He had hoped that Wadd could not explain.

"Oh, well," he said, impatiently slamming a wrench into a tool-box, "you are an excuse maker, anyway. You always manage to creep 'round things."

Wadd's eyes blazed against the older man's face through a second or two. "On the contrary, Mr. Addicks, I never creep around anything, and I shall not creep around you." He spoke steadily but with rising voice.

"Don't brag," rasped Addicks. When angry his voice was as soothing as the sound of a saw ripping into iron. "You explained about the K. P. wreck, I understand, but I don't believe the stuff you told about it, not a word of it. You crept 'round the truth, in my opinion, and what's more, I believe you were a coward then and still have the streak in you." At heart he was railing about Wadd and Daffy.

"What makes you think me a liar and a coward?" asked Wadd with a smile, though his nostrils were growing thin and spotted.

"Because no man with straw-colored hair and a tenor voice could be anything else," said Addicks brutally.

The fireman's entire face went greenish-white. He walked close up to the master mechanic and looked him in the eyes for a moment, then suddenly Addicks felt himself literally lifted by the throat and hurled headlong into one of the roundhouse ashpits. When he had scrambled out, and had secured a crank-pin with which to brain this extraordinary creature, Wadd was walking out of the big door, erect as a ramrod and reeking contempt from every pore. The next morning he entered the office of the master mechanic and said:

"Well, have you my time made out?"

"I never discharge employees for personal reasons," rasped Addicks. "When you've injured the company you'll get your time quick enough. Continue your present run."

Wadd softened. "Mr. Addicks," he began, "I feel like I had been too hasty. I would like to ——"

"Nothing of the kind. Drop it," snapped the old man. "I'll send for you when I want you. Good-morning."

When, a few minutes later, Wadd came by the water-tank on his way home he leaned against an upright of the tank and strangled, ending his laugh with a gasping howl.

But Addicks did not erase himself by any means; he notified Wadd in writing to keep away from the house and his niece. He hotly took Daffy to task, but Daffy only twinkled her black eyes and kissed him, and said that of course Mr. Hancock should come to the house when he liked. Addicks ordered her to pack her things and go back to Cheyenne and remain with her Aunt Sue, Addicks' sister; but Daffy never budged. She laughingly assured him that she knew precisely what he needed, and that was for some one of exactly her age and particular style of beauty to play the piano and assist the housekeeper to spend his money; so she remained.

In the headquarters building we chuckled; truth, for once, was almost as attractive as fiction. Superintendent Burke told the master mechanic to discharge Wadd at once. The idea! Such insubordination could not be countenanced for an instant. Addicks refused point-blank. Burke said he would himself discharge the fireman. Addicks said if he did he would have to discharge *him*, also. Truth was leaving fiction far to the rear! Addicks said the affair was a personal one; he had called the young man a coward; the fireman had not responded exactly like one. The M. M. would like well enough to get rid of him, but not in that way. Burke washed his hands of the affair.

Though Daffy had said that, of course, Wadd should come to see her whenever he chose, the fireman refused to put his foot across Addicks' threshold. When Daffy met him and urged him to call he laughingly dissented.

"It wouldn't be right, hardly decent, it seems to me," he said. "The gov'nor's word goes when it comes to his own house. He don't need to get out a Government injunction. He owns his home, but he doesn't own you, little girl; that's diamonds of a different water, you know."

Daffy suggested that she might meet him once a week at the home of a common friend. Wadd shook his head. "That's sneaky," he said; "I don't like it. If you happen to be down at the foot of North Avenue occasionally when I get in from my run I'll walk home with you. I'd like that. Seems to me when it comes to the streets we have certain inalienable rights without straining the Constitution, even of Colorado. Then there's the stars and the moon and the mountains, and Jackson's livery stable with lots of buggies in it; besides, you might come down now and then and take a ride on the 1202. You can hold the glim while I break coal, and maybe Pap will let you squeeze the choker." They both fell to laughing. Daffy set her right foot forward, thrust her right arm straight up in the air and struck a goddess-of-liberty pose.

"By the divine right vested in the natural constitution of every fair maiden I here declare ——" She stopped.

"Declare what?" asked Wadd.

She twinkled her eyes at him. "That maybe I will."

The winter wore on and the weeks drew into March. Day by day a moist freshness breathed across the mountains. The peaks pushed back their silver hoods, shook out yellow locks of sunshine and smiled. The cañons echoed with the cymbal shock of swollen streams, valleys grew green as ocean hollows, miners went reluctantly into the workings, railroad men wished they were farmers, and Wadd Hancock, with enlarging heart-hunger, wanted Daffy.

Singing along the "ole man's" street one night as he returned from his run, the girl fluttered out to him from Addicks' gate and the pair walked up North Avenue until they were on the base of Sacket Mountain. A vague, whitish world spread about and below them in the moonlight. They sat down on a shelf of stone beside the road and for a time were silent.

"I wonder when something will happen — something that will change Uncle Stephen," said Daffy.

Wadd laid his cap on the ground and pushed back his hair. "When it does happen I expect I'll get fired," he said.

The girl sat silently looking at the filmy mountain range across the valley. Her dark eyes glistened. "When it happens you'll get an engine; I've been concentrating," she said.

He laughed and arose and stepped into the road. He picked up a stone and threw it far down the slope. When the stone had fallen and was silent he turned back to her. "Well, we've been hitting high joints and grades most of the way so far," he said. "With the M. M. flagging and trying to turn switches on us, and the gang generally piling ties on the track, it don't look like it could be any worse running if we coupled up and went double-header. What do you say, little girl?"

The wine in Daffy's cheeks deepened its rose. "You mustn't get impatient or discouraged, big boy," she laughed. "Remember that all things come to him who waits."

"That is exactly the trouble," declared Wadd; "all things *do* come. If only some things came to him who waited there would be more sense in the scheme. But *all* things come—trouble and hot boxes and open switches generally—so I prefer not to wait."

Daffy put her hands in his and looked up at him. "You are a good fireman, you've got my heart very warm," she laughed, adopting his fashion of metaphor; "but do you think we ought to pull out without the consent of the master mechanic?"

"Run on orders if you can. If you can't get orders go ahead on your time-card rights; that is my doctrine," laughed Wadd. He saw stars swimming in her upturned eyes; his face grew grave and tender.

Daffy drew him down and took his face between her hands and looked into his eyes long and soberly. Tremblingly she touched her lips to his. "Dear," she whispered, "you have the signal to go ahead."

This explains why Daffy temporarily abjured the piano for the needle, why she wrote to Aunt Sue at Cheyenne, and why Aunt Sue sent her two hundred dollars. It also explains why she deadheaded over to Denver and ordered from a modiste the historic crêpe de chine and lace wedding gown that played so important a part in the Puma Point tragedy. Daffy visited Denver a second time to have the gown fitted; then, when it would have received the last stitch, Wadd was to bring the beautiful and precious "creation" home to Paley Fork. Very naturally Daffy desired that her marriage vows should be solemnized in Stephen Addicks' best parlor and with proper éclat. Wadd also would have liked that, but after one had thrown the owner of the house into an ash pit and brought upon him a very appreciable measure of derision one could hardly expect to harvest a comforting crop of consideration.

"Never mind," said Wadd to Daffy, "we can be married over at the parsonage, or, if the preacher's 'best' isn't big enough to hold our friends, we can hire a hall. I've got some joyous rags to be tied together over at Bunker's tog factory. They'll be done in a few days, and when that dazzling affair of yours gets in from Denver we'll be ready to meet all comers. I've rented the Cupple cottage, but I guess we'd better not buy the furniture until after this matrimonial sunburst has been flashed on your uncle. I may have to go hunting a job, you know."

Daffy believed that she could win her uncle's consent, and was daily noting his moods, awaiting the psychic moment when he should seem least resistant. One evening she dropped a hint. Like magic powder, it produced a smoke of sulphuric rhetoric. Daffy waited.

On the sixth day of April Wadd found that the bridal dress was ready for transit. Trainmen on the West End as well as several on the East End remember the day. Away out in Bear Paw cañon there was a bad slide and a wreck; and Puma Point! that would be hard to forget. Wadd brought the gown from the modiste in a green pasteboard box. The package was too large to go into the seat box on the fireman's side of the 1202, so he placed it on the front end of the seat in the window-niche, tying it fast with twine and weighting it down with the iron head of a coal maul. To Wadd the box had a quality of life, speeding a thrill of pleasure along his nerves each time that he looked at it. Big, gray, corpulent Pap Gundy, the engineer, glanced at the box as he climbed into the cab and stood for a moment with his hand pressed against his heart, laboring for breath.

"More duds, eh?" he panted.

"Yep, more duds," replied Wadd, glancing at the gauges.

The old engineer put his foot on the step and ran his eye across the tremulous gauge needles. "Son, I don't feel a bit good," he said. "Do you know, I believe that a hair about two foot long has grown inward from my chest and wrapped itself around my heart, and it's tightening up little by little every day. Going t' stop the pump one of these days, I'm afraid." He shook with slow laughter.

Wadd laid his hand lightly on the old man's shoulder. "You're joshing, Pap. You're the healthiest-looking man I know; it's sure all right," he said.

"Of course, son, of course; but it feels like a strangling hair." He slowly climbed to his seat on the right hand shoulder of the mighty machine. From the fuel-deck Wadd could see no more of him than the outline of his back and right shoulder.

Exactly on time the great compound, with a quickening series of crashing exhausts, moved out of the shed with her string of coaches and made off toward the mountains through the falling dusk. She went purring, but with a hoarse depth of breath befitting her monstrous lungs; she rolled on her springs, but majestically and in keeping with the staying power of her two hundred thousand pounds of close-knit steel. She obeyed the throttle like a lamb, but her hunger for coal! Wadd was never at rest a moment. His hand seemed always reaching for the door-chain, and coal seemed forever spraying from his shovel into the hot mouth that ceaselessly growled and hissed with appetite. Following the rails southwestward through the first hour, she whipped the coaches along like a string of toys, but the lift of the foothills forced her to heavy breathing. Wadd tore open his shirt collar and rolled his sleeves to his elbows. It took a real master of the maul and shovel to keep breath in that prodigious chest.

By nine o'clock they were at Barn Butte, a sort of provincial division station at the eastern base of the Cradle Range. There Jim Downey with the 1300, a huge decapod, hooked in as pusher and helped them to the summit. By eleven o'clock, having left Downey behind, the 1202 was bellowing on the western slope of the range, her steel skull lowered toward the Sandrill. Though the air of this soaring region was chill, Pap Gundy sat among his levers hatless and in his shirt sleeves and with both windows wide. For the most part he sat poring on the two streaks of steel that spun toward him through the broad glare of the headlight, but at times the bright rails seemed to him only thin wires running through air and sinking under the weight of the engine. In such moments he would look away quickly to the stars and straighten up with a deep breath and shake himself. Taking a train filled with humanity down the grades of the Cradle Range was hardly a feat admitting of vertigo or dreams.

With Wadd matters were now easier. Occasionally he jumped upon the fireman's seat, and with his hand resting on the precious box also looked at the stars. Everywhere the mountain tops seemed caught and swaying in a silvery net. There was no visible moon; on the mountains rested a vast silence through which the 1202 crashed heavily, falling toward the valley thirty miles away. At Bonebreak, half-way down the range, Bunch Wilson, who was at the train-sheet in Paley Fork, caught them and gave them an order to meet eastbound passenger Number Two at Puma Point Siding, nine miles west of Bridge Station, the regular meeting point. Bridge Station was on the Sandrill River at the base of the range. Crossing the stream there, the track followed the river up the cañon, past Queen Cove Mine and Puma Point Siding, and wound westward over the base of Silver Mountain toward Paley Fork.

Leaving the Fork that night, Number Two was twenty-six minutes late, and had to be helped to the siding with an order. In the coaches Bob French was handling tickets, in the cab Sandy McBinn was at the throttle, and with him was Stephen Addicks, watching the working of a hoped-for improvement he had contrived in the grate-shaking apparatus. The M. M. was in a mood malefic. The shaker had not performed satisfactorily, and the fireman, in attempting to force it to effective service, had jammed his right hand cruelly. He could do but little, and since the train was already behind time, McBinn descended to the fuel-deck and wielded the shovel while Addicks took the valve levers. Driving an engine was as familiar to the M. M. as waste and overalls, and he brought Number Two down the line at a clip that made the coaches rock and squeak on the curves.

"Guess Sandy must be trying to show the old man what he can do," French remarked to one of the brakemen. "Hope he don't slue us into the cañon when we come down around Puma Point."

"Well, if th' ole man stands for it s'pose we'll have to."

They did not know that the master mechanic's hand was on the throat-lever, nor did Addicks, with his steel-gray eyes set steadily on the forward point of the wedge of light swiftly splitting the gloom ahead, know that he was whirling Number Two toward an oncoming train with a dead man at the throttle. Addicks proposed to take Number Two into Denver on time.

And Gundy—no one on the express knew! He brought his train down the range to the Sandrill and across to Bridge Station in good order, though a trifle fast. He shut off a little late at Bridge Station and ran past, stopping at the water-tank instead of the station, which was queer. When they pulled out he gave the 1202 her head so suddenly that persons on the train who chanced to be standing were jerked nearly off their feet. That was the last time Pap opened a valve. His broad left hand remained on the lever, gripped into a hard, hairy knot, his right clutched the window-sill like a vise, and he lurched forward with his chin on his chest, staring at his feet and swaying a little, death's frost in his eyes.

Wadd was busy. From Bridge Station to the Fork the 1202 would eat coal like an ore-crusher. She went up the dark cañon along the Sandrill with her exhausts beating a steady roar. Where was the use of Pap making a run for Silver Mountain, Wadd asked himself, when they had to stop at the siding? He glanced at the outline of the engineer's back and wondered. Yet, surely the old man knew his business.

They swept by the vast gash in the mountain's base where lay Queen Cove Mine, and onward through cuts and over fills, the coaches rolling in the wake of the rushing machine. The hoarse buzz in the engine's throat deepened as she turned slightly from the river and began to plant her whirling feet on the base of Silver Mountain, and Wadd, pounding coal under her busily, his brain aswim with Daffy and the sumptuous gown and the portents of the morrow, gave small heed to his whereabouts until, with a shock of realization that nipped his hair-roots with cold, he saw that they had rushed by the siding and were rounding Puma Point. Instantly he leaped into the gangway, and swinging outward by the hand-rods, threw a quick glance back. The siding was surely vanishing eastward! At that the conductor's bell-cord wrenched sharply, giving the stop signal. With a gasp of horror Wadd sprang across the fuel deck and up the steps to Gundy's seat. He snatched the engineer roughly about the shoulders.

"Pap! What do you mean? What are you trying to do?"

The gray head rolled back against the fireman's shoulder, the unseeing, frosty eyes close to the young man's face.

For a moment the fireman stared down upon the unearthly countenance, his faculties frozen by what he saw, then he lunged at the throttle. The dead man's hand seemed shrunk upon the lever like a claw of chilled iron. The youth laid hold of it and wrenched it away, then his hand flew back to the lever to shut off steam. But in that instant, as if stretching forth his hand had conjured destruction, the 1202 crashed and leaped and seemingly rent herself into fragments. Wadd felt himself strike the fuel-deck, fire gushed from his eyes, he felt one of his legs snap, and somehow realized that boulders and mud and logs were hurling over him. The next moment, as it might be, he felt himself thrashed upon the earth. The green box lay crushed beneath his breast; things, he knew not what, were piled upon him. He felt flattened, pinioned, smothering; he must have air or perish. With a heave and wrench that seemed fit to tear the muscles from his bones he got his head above the ruck of stuff and drew himself out. He reached in and pulled the crushed box after him. Even

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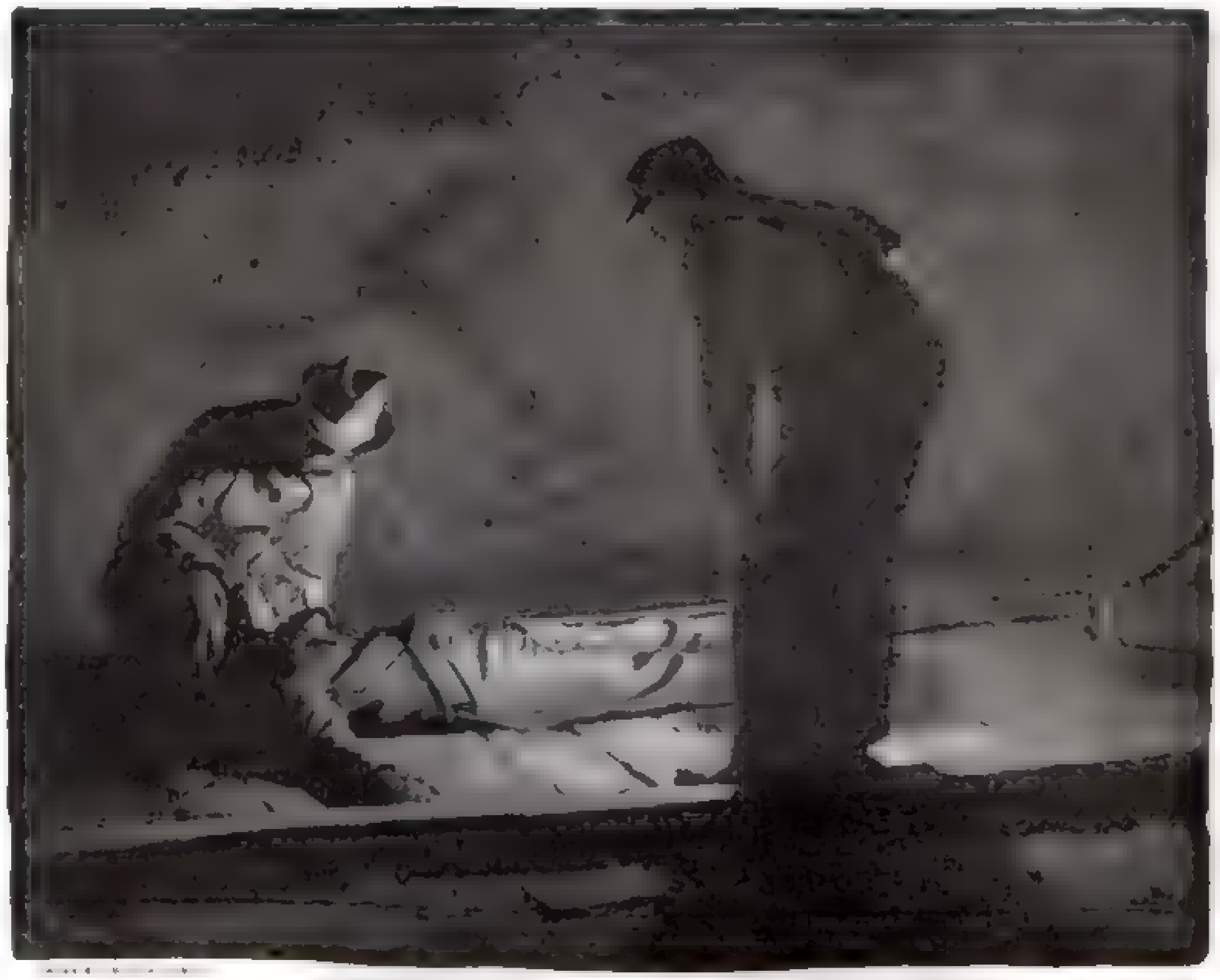

SUDDENLY THE EYES IN THE SOILED FACE OPENED

How Washington Entertains

The Social Secretary and Her Share in Some Recent Washington Successes

By Katherine Elwes Thomas

A DIGNIFIED calling of importance born of the exigencies of modern life in America is that of social secretary. The calling is one which in Washington, as the Capital of the nation, attains highest importance and realizes widest scope. Unlike all other cities of the Union, in Washington it is an absolute necessity that the new officer have advice and guidance. The snares and pitfalls into which it is possible for persons in high authority to be thrown through ignorance of the niceties of official and diplomatic etiquette were experienced in memorable fashion by ex-Secretary of War and Mrs. Root during their first winter in Washington. Sir Henry Irving was in the city, playing a brief engagement, and the Roots, having known him abroad, desired to entertain him one evening at a supper, when they informed him he should have the pleasure of being presented to and sitting over the wine and cigars with that most courtly and genial of Englishmen, the late Lord Pauncefote, then Dean of the Diplomatic Corps. Other Ambassadors were named as well for prospective guests. Only too gladly the distinguished tragedian accepted the invitation of his old friends, and the Roots thereupon dispatched invitations "to meet Sir Henry Irving" at supper following the performance that night.

To their utter astonishment and deep chagrin, instead of the looked-for acceptances came courteously worded regrets from each Ambassador. The news flew like wild over the wires in all directions, and "War! War! War upon all Europe!" screamed the yellow journals, alleging that through such a grave slight to the Secretary of War the entire nation had been grossly and unforgivably insulted by the allied powers in person of the regretting Ambassadors. But even while the public read the scare headlines and discussed the occurrence over the breakfast-tables of the country, Lord Pauncefote called in person upon the Secretary of War to make the perfectly simple explanation that, in accordance with the regulations governing such matters, Ambassadors are debarred from acceptance of any invitation "to meet" other than the President, the Vice-President or a crowned head of Europe. Had the invitations been merely for a supper there would in each case have been a pleased acceptance.

In the list of those who have made notable successes as social secretaries, Miss Cornelia Hunt is to be recorded dean of the corps — as yet an extremely limited body — which has sprung into being within the past dozen years. Miss Hunt is the daughter of the late Minister to Russia, and is a woman to whom accomplishment in her chosen line of work has been vouchsafed in unusual degree because of her life motto to leave nothing to chance nor to account anything too small to be properly attended to; to spend hours or, if need be, days on the plan and arrangement of some entertainment of moment, some important bill-of-fare for a State dinner, some complication of the intricacies of official etiquette. A woman of fine presence, suave, pleasant manners, accustomed from birth to the society of distinguished men and women in this country and Europe, she was at the outset well equipped for the important duties that have from time to time fallen to her share.

When Mrs. Levi P. Morton first arrived in Washington she at once perceived that her way would be beset with thorns unless it were possible to bring to her aid an adjutant as clever as herself. Looking the ground well over, her choice fell on Miss Hunt, who, until that time, had taken part in society for her own interest and pleasure only. Socially ambitious for herself, and tremendously jealous of her husband's official position, Mrs. Morton determined at once to set about the abolition of the laxities of existing unwritten social laws as defining the status of a Vice-Presidential household. If it was true that politically the Vice-President had practically no place other than that described by the diplomats as "heir apparent," it was even more true that socially the position of the Vice-President's family was anomalous. This condition was thereupon so successfully overcome that at the present time there is a Vice-Presidential etiquette as distinctly defined as that for the Presidential household. In pursuance of this object, Mrs. Morton was the first to take up in earnest and with direct method the formulation of rules constituting her house as the meeting-place for the Cabinet women rather than the house of the wife of the Secretary of State, who, up to that time, had been supreme in all such councils.

In this she was ably followed by Mrs. Adlai Stevenson and Mrs. Garret A. Hobart, so that order has now come out of chaos, and distinct rules prevail where formerly none existed. Owing to the fact that in the present Administration there has been no Vice-Presidential household, Mrs. Roosevelt has instituted another radical change in official etiquette with regard to the Cabinet. This has been to make the White House the formally informal meeting-place, every Tuesday morning during the winter and spring, for conference upon all matters, great and small, in which, as members of the President's official family, the Cabinet women are directly concerned.

MISS ISABELLE HAGNER AT LEFT OF PICTURE

Throughout the Morton régime Miss Hunt's influence and work in connection with the Vice-President's wife was paramount and important. It was, moreover, of the greatest possible personal help. The quickly succeeding social and official problems gave her wide experience, and found her on each occasion better equipped to undertake what was to follow.

MRS. GALLAUDET, DAUGHTER OF SENATOR COCKRELL

It also marked a decided change in the position of social secretary and gave to it a dignity and importance which up to that time it had lacked. Miss Hunt was not only intrusted with the multitudinous duties attendant upon the secretary to the mistress of an immense establishment, but, from the start, she was accorded by Mrs. Morton the very enjoyable dignities of a social equal. At the official receptions the social secretary was always to be found presiding at the table, and from this spot she set the social wheels smoothly in motion through the crowded drawing rooms.

Miss Isabelle Hagner has the distinction at the present time of having her name better known throughout the United States than that of any other social secretary in this country. It is she who has the honor of being the first selection of a President's wife to discharge the duties of this difficult position, requiring, as it does, wide personal knowledge of characters, and reputations, infinite tact and great diplomacy. Miss Hagner is a handsome young woman with most agreeable manners, and is very generally liked. She has proved herself an apt pupil of Miss Hunt, who, at the start, was of incalculable help in the instruction and advice bestowed at critical times. Prior to selection for her present position she was secretary to Mrs. Elihu Root and Mrs. Chauncey M. Depew, bringing to her aid at the beginning the advantage of belonging to several of the most distinguished old families of the District. Added to the éclat of having been social secretary to Mrs. Roosevelt throughout the present Administration, Miss Hagner will find accruing to her the further distinction of giving to her able services a higher Bradstreet rating than could have been otherwise possible.

The late Senator Calvin S. Brice realized on going to Washington that he had neither time nor inclination for society. His son Stewart was at that time a lad in college. He wisely knew that his wife and daughters should have an escort for all evening functions. At that time Mr. T. Sanford Beatty was desirous of securing a foreign consulate, and was at the Capital to urge his claims through the family of President Harrison, who had known him from earliest boyhood. The Senator's attention was called to the young man, and, looking him well over, he thereupon made an offer to install him in his own household as social secretary, at a salary considerably larger than that of a Cabinet officer, with *carte blanche* for expenses of the social campaign.

The Brices went to Washington absolutely unknown. They were educated; the mother and daughters were handsome, with attractive manners, and, being fond of society, desired to know the best people and keep free of detrimentals. That first winter at the Arlington Hotel when Mr. Beatty was at the helm to guide the family successfully through the social maelstrom, amply proved to the Senator from Ohio the wisdom of his selection. It was then that was given the famous ten-thousand dollar musicale at which Lady Curzon, at that time unmarried, was among the guests. Following that, the Senator had no hesitancy in allowing an unlimited expense account to the able young secretary, who, perceiving the possibilities of the old Corcoran House, arranged for a long lease of the property, and instituted such wholesale alterations as made society open its eyes in astonishment. Not since the almost internationally famous regime of the late William C. Whitney had society in Washington been so splendidly entertained, nor, thanks to the social secretary, had any family from the very first moment taken such an altogether desirable position in the gay world. What followed was comparatively easy. To be one of the company invited to dinner at the Brices came to be as coveted an honor as to receive the eagle-emblazoned card of invitation from the Executive Mansion which showed whitely through the trees across Lafayette Square.

Then, having brought the family to the topmost round of the ladder in Washington, Mr. Beatty with equal success attacked for them the strongholds of Newport. Those qualifications of thoroughness, executive ability and polished manners which insured success to him in the rôle of social secretary have since made him successful in Wall Street.

In the course of a secretary's discharge of duties many odd and unlooked for situations are encountered. When, for instance, one of the Vanderbilts wished to purchase from the United States Propagating Gardens an immense screw palm for which there was literally no place in the Government greenhouses, it was found that as property of the nation the palm could neither be sold nor given away except by authorization of an Act of Congress.

Even more ludicrous was the discovery, when Mr. Beatty went across the park to the White House to borrow the Marine Band stand for a garden party at Corcoran House that though every one in the White House, from the President down, was quite willing to oblige him, no one had authority to do so. And he had thereupon to depart to have a stand constructed, for the Marine Band stand, though set forth as among the properties of the Inspector of Public Buildings and Grounds, could only be loaned by Act of Congress.

The L. Z. Leiters present a notable exception to the general rule concerning persons of great wealth going as utter strangers to Washington, inasmuch as they have succeeded there without the aid of a social secretary or sponsor of any kind. It is, moreover, a most unusual instance of how it has been possible to win out absolutely unaided in this important particular of friends at court. The secret has been, as every one conversant with the facts is quite well aware, that the remarkable tact and farsightedness, coupled with natural ambition and personal charm, of the eldest daughter of the house has accomplished all things; for until Lady Curzon made her debut the Leiter family, though some years resident in Washington, was practically unknown.

The Paris Exposition was the talk of all nations when Mr Thomas Walsh was appointed to the coveted position of United States Commissioner. This was to mean that the gold of Cripple Creek was to pour a yellow tide over the French Capital. But it was to be poured with discretion and to good social result, as the event conclusively proved. When, with his wife, rich almost beyond reckoning with ever increasing millions from the continued output of the Colorado mines, Mr. Walsh went to Washington and decided to enroll his family among the permanent residents of that splendid city, they wisely spent the first winter very quietly. It was, however, by no means a time of inactivity.

When, eventually, the Walshes sailed for Europe it was in company with three handsome young women, happy at the idea of the delightful share of social honors ahead of them, consequent upon assisting in entertaining the throngs of visiting Americans and foreigners that would inevitably congregate at that most hospitable centre, the sumptuous palace of the United States Commissioner and his wife on one of the most fashionable boulevards in the city threaded by the Seine. Miss Marian Cockrell, now Mrs. Gallaudet; Miss Flora Wilson, daughter of the Secretary of Agriculture, and Miss Alice Rochester, since that time married to Captain Fenton, U. S. A., were the three selected for the important stay abroad. A most judicious selection, made with infinite discretion.

Miss Cockrell, by reason of her position as head of an important Senatorial household, and related through her mother to the famous Ewings of Kentucky, with the natural gift for social supremacy and achievement, held for her entertainers the key to no end of charming and eminently desirable Washington households.

Miss Wilson, as daughter of a Cabinet Minister, possessed the power of conferring pleasant introductions to the Presidential households and throughout the official family generally — such as the presence of those desired at state dinners and both formal and informal afternoon teas and functions of such nature at the White House.

Miss Rochester, daughter of a distinguished General of the army, was also a niece of the Bradley-Martins, and consequently not only in her own city a powerful social factor, but one as well on the other side of the water, where the Bradley-Martins and the Earl of Craven and his wife were most delightfully prominent over the social rim in London and on the Continent. Mr Frederick Bradley-Martin was conspicuously kind to his niece and her entertainers, both while in Paris and after their return to this country, the breakfast given by him in honor of the Walshes in Washington proving a memorable event the following season.

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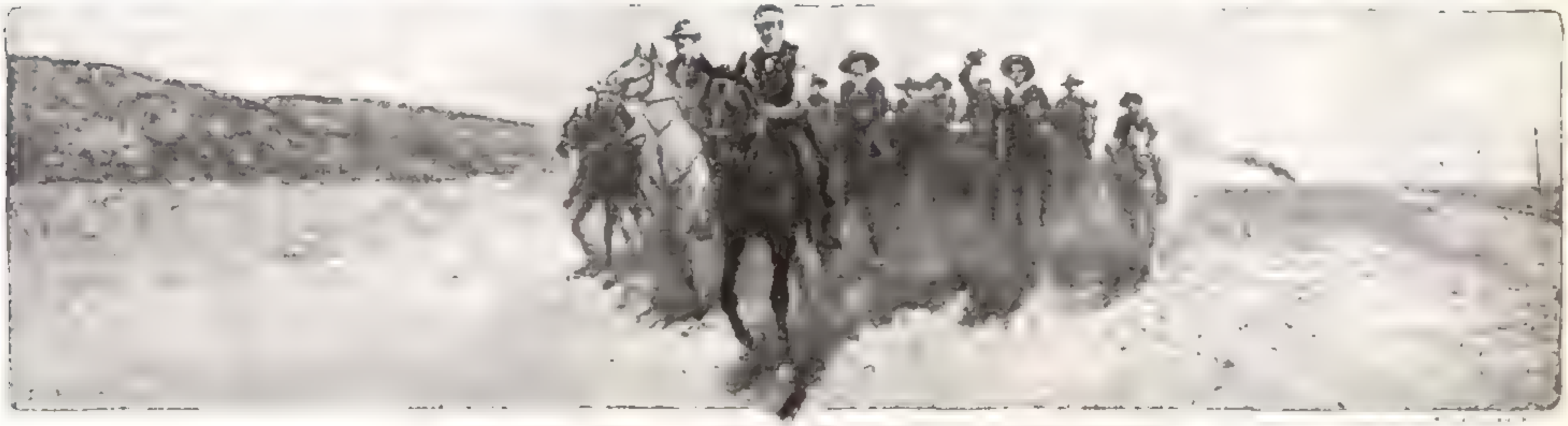
A LINK IN THE GIRDLE



THEY DREW RAPIDLY NEARER, AND SOON THE TWO LEADERS COULD BE DISTINGUISHED

A Romance of the Roadmakers

By SAMUEL MERWIN

VIII – THE SPIRIT OF THE JOB

DIMOND rode in late that night with a canteen of clear water and laid it on the table about which the engineers were sitting. To Carhart, when he had unscrewed the cap and taken a deep draft, it tasted like Apollinaris. "First rate!" he exclaimed. "First rate!" Then he passed it to Old Van, who smacked his lips over it.

"Where did he find this?" Carhart asked.

"Eighteen or twenty miles ahead."

"Plenty of it?"

"He thinks so, he says, but he's gone on to find more."

"Are the Apaches bothering him?"

"We've had a pop at them now and then. He says he hopes to have some beadwork for you when he sees you again. There was one fellow came too near one night, and Mr Scribner hit him, but the others carried him off before we could get the beads. He sent me back to guide the wagons to the well if you want to send them."

"Well," said Carhart when Dimond had gone, "we have water now, anyway. The next question is about these thieves. You say you lost five animals while I was gone. When the earlier roads went through they had regular troops to guard the work, and I don't know that we can improve on the plan. I'll look the matter up when I get to Flemington."

But an unforeseen incident led Carhart to think differently.

In the gray morning, when he left his assistants still sleeping and went over to the cook-tent for his breakfast, Charlie, who served him in person, made it awkwardly but firmly plain that he had heard the rumor that Mr. Carhart was going to Flemington for regular troops, and that if the rumor were true he, Charlie, would leave.

No questions were necessary, for Carhart had never thought Jack Flagg the only deserter in camp. Here were domestic difficulties on a large scale. The chief mused a moment; then, with a leap of the imagination, he turned the situation to account. He looked up thoughtfully at the tall, loose-jointed but well set-up figure of his cook. Then he said abruptly: "Do you know anything about military drill?"

Charlie, taken aback, hesitated.

"Never mind answering. We'll say that you do. Now, if I were to put you in charge of the business — give you all the men and rifles you need — could you guarantee to guard this camp?"

Charlie's face wore a curious mixture of expressions.

"Well, speak up."

"I rather guess I could."

"I can depend on you, can I?"

"You won't get the regulars, then?"

"No, I won't get them."

"Then you can depend on me."

"I want you to get about it this morning. Mr. Vandervelt will give you everything you need. Make the watches short and distribute them among a good many of the men, so that nobody will be worked too hard."

Carhart walked rapidly back to his tent, where he found the two assistants beginning to dress. In a few sentences he explained that he had put Charlie in command of the camp guard, and that he meant him to have all necessary authority. Then, leaving Young Van to rub his eyes and Old Van to growl, he walked rapidly down to the long train of empties, which was waiting to take him to Flemington.

Paul Carhart was gone, and it would be from three days to a week before he could get back. And with him went the spirit of the work, the vitality and dash that had worked out at moments through the assistants and the men in a stirring sense of achievement, that had given to each a touch of the creative glow, that had made this ugly scene almost beautiful. For, to the creative workman, a thing perfectly done is always beautiful. That train of empties, bearing the chief away into the dawn, left depression behind it. By noon Old Van was hourly growing uglier. By midafternoon every man on the job felt the difference. Young Van was disturbed. Before supper-time the gloom, the sense of a dead pull on the work, the queer thought that there was no such place as Red Hills anywhere on the map, and that the Western extension of the Central of Texas would never reach it if there were, the wretched loneliness of the desert — these thoughts were preying on him; and the stout efforts he had been making to keep up his spirits by throwing more energy into his work came back to his mind now in the form of a confession of weakness. Paul Carhart never seemed to drive as he had been driving — his work was always the same. In this frame of mind the young man mounted a hummock to survey what had been accomplished during the day. But to his altered eyes the track was no longer a link in the world's girdle; it was only a thin line of dirt and wood and steel, on which half a thousand dispirited men were toiling.

Later he saw Charlie draw up the wagons and get out coils of rope to make a sort of corral about the camp. He heard his brother ordering the cook sharply about, and noted how doggedly the orders were obeyed. Then, finally, having laid out the details of the morrow's work and smoked an unresponsive pipe or two, he went to sleep.

Old Van sat up later. And Charlie sat up later still — nearly all night, in fact. For he had told the boss that he would guard the camp, and he meant to do it. The horse thieves had made their first visit in Mr. Carhart's absence, and, likely as not, they would find out that he was gone again. Then, too, the difficulty of establishing a sort of military discipline among raw, though willing, men was more than a night's job. And so it was three o'clock in the morning when Charlie finally stretched out for two winks. And it was at a quarter-past three, or near it — when the long tension was beginning to relax — that a rope was cut by a stealthy hand, and half a dozen sleepy, obedient mules were led out and away. Where so many animals were stirring, and perhaps, too, where lids were drooping over hitherto watchful eyes, the slight noise passed unheard. At four the guards were changed, and the new day began to make itself known. At five the camp was astir. But not until another half-hour had gone did a boy, searching in vain for his team, stumble across the cut, trailing ends of rope, back behind the tents.

They told Charlie, whom they found bending over a steaming kettle. And the cook, with a straightforward sort of moral courage, went at once to announce his failure at guarding the camp. But not to Old Van—this wonderful new sense of responsibility could not bear him to such heights. Instead, he sought the more sympathetic ear of the younger brother.

But this was mere temporizing. It was, of course, necessary that the acting chief should know it at once. And the effect of the news, when it was told him, was enough to justify Charlie's fears. Old Van turned on the cook and applied to him such epithets as men do not take on the plains. All the ugly depression of the day before, which he had not slept off, came out through those red-hot phrases. Still, Charlie took it. Young Van, standing by, looking every second for a retaliatory blow or even a shot, could not see that he so much as twitched a muscle. And when Old Van finally paused—partly because he was running out of epithets, partly because he was beginning dimly to realize that he was addressing the only available cook within 500 miles—Charlie brought his heels together, looked his superior squarely in the eye, saluted, and marched back to his kettle

After that, for two nights, Charlie did not sleep at all But even a frontiersman is subject to Nature's laws, and, on the third night—or the fourth since Carhart had gone—he was overcome shortly after midnight while sitting on a box before his tent; and he rolled over and slept like a child

They woke him at daybreak, and, without a word, handed him this rough placard

> Tell Mr. Carhart he'd better be carrying a gun after this. He'll need it. JACK FLAGG

"It was stuck up on the telegraph pole," explained a sleepy-eyed sentinel.

"Where?"

"Here in camp."

A few moments later the cook, pale under his tan, stood before the half-dressed acting chief

"So, this is how you watch things, is it!" said Old Van. "What did you lose for us last night?"

"The drivers are counting up now, sir. I only know of a mule and a horse, so far."

"That's all you know of, is it? I'll tell you what you do. You go back to your quarters and see that you do no more meddling in this business. No, not a word! Go back and get your breakfast. That's all I expect from you after this."

Charlie went away, but not to stay in his quarters.

Young Van picked up the placard and read it over. He was struck by the bravado of the thing; and he wondered how much of a substratum of determination Jack Flagg's bravado might have. This primitive animal sort of man was still new to him. He had neither Paul Carhart's unerring instinct nor his experience. To him the incident seemed grave. There would be chances in plenty before they reached Red Hills for even a coward to get in a shot. He folded the dirty paper and put it into his pocket.

Later, with the best of intentions, he said to his brother, "You are altogether too hard on Charlie. I happen to know that he has been doing everything any man could do without a troop of regulars behind him—everything, and more."

To his surprise Old Van replied with an angry outburst: "You keep out of this, Gus! When I need your advice in running the job I'll ask you for it."

Twenty minutes later, when they were rising from breakfast, Charlie appeared, leading with iron grip a dissolute-looking plainsman

"Hello!" cried Young Van. "What's this?"

"He was hiding out there behind a pile of bones. I take it he was trying to get away when his horse went lame and the daylight caught him."

"What has he to say for himself?"

"It's a —— lie!" growled the stranger. "I was riding in to ask for a job, an' I hadn't more'n set down to rest——"

"You ride by night, eh?"

"Well——" the stranger hesitated—"not gen'ally. But I was so near——"

"Here, here!" cried the acting chief. "What's all this talk about! I guess you know what to do with him. Get about it."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Young Van, flushing.

"What do I mean by it? What is generally done with horse thieves?"

"We don't know that he is a horse thief."

"I do, and that's enough. Charlie, take him off, and make a clean job of it."

"Charlie," cried Young Van, "stay where you are!" He turned hotly on his brother. "The worst we have any reason to believe about this man is that he put up that placard."

"Well, doesn't that prove him one of the gang?"

"We have no proof of anything."

"You keep out of this, Gus! Charlie, do as I tell you."

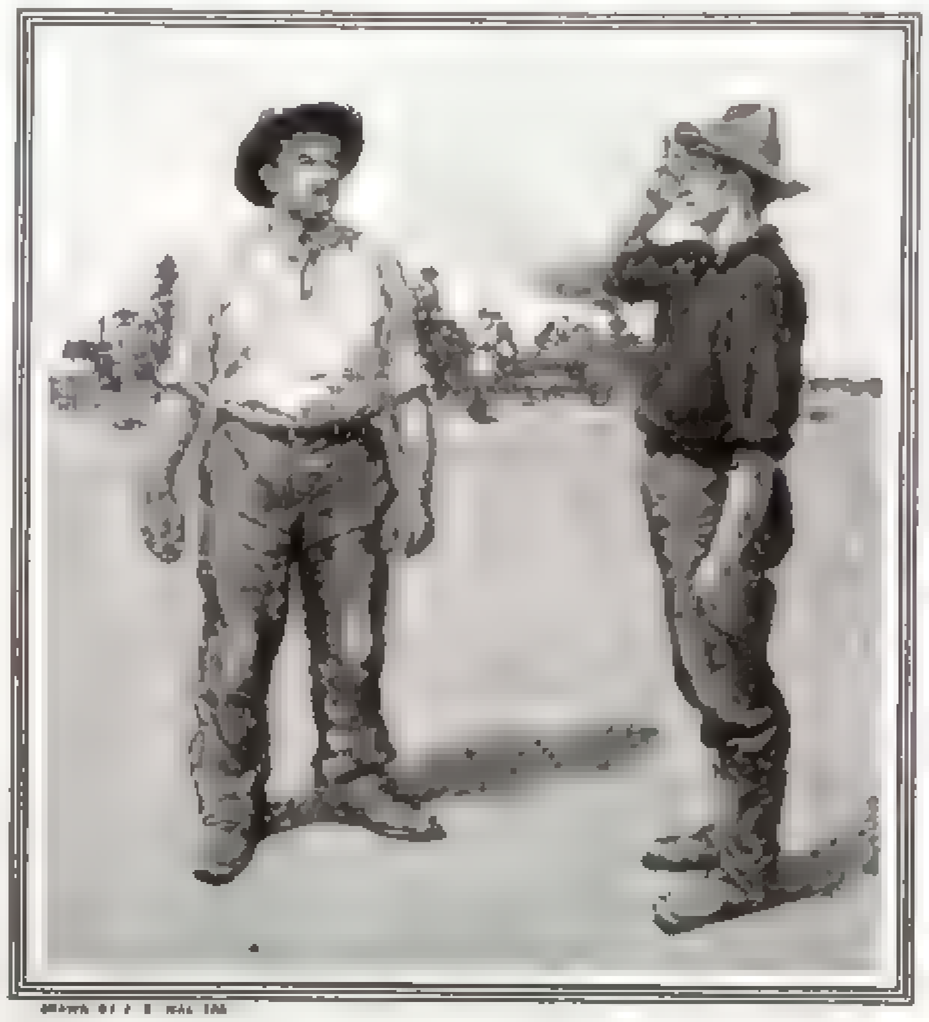
Charlie hesitated, and looked inquiringly at the younger engineer. This drove Old Van beyond reason. He suddenly drew a revolver, saying angrily: "If you won't obey orders I'll see to it myself!"

But Young Van, with a quick movement, gripped the weapon, bent it back out of his brother's grasp, snapped it open, ejected the cartridges, and silently returned it. Old Van held it in his hand and looked at it, then at the five cartridges, where they had fallen on the ground. Then, with an expression his brother had never before seen on his face, he returned it to his pocket and walked away to the headquarters tent

"Charlie," said Young Van, "keep this man safe until the sheriff comes back."

"All right, sir," said Charlie

The cook turned away with his prisoner, and Young Van's eyes sought the ground. He had come almost to blows with his brother, and that before the men, about the worst thing that could have taken place. In some way the incident seemed the natural culmination of these days of depression and pulling at odds.



WHEN OLD VAN FINALLY PAUSED, CHARLIE LOOKED HIS SUPERIOR SQUARELY IN THE FACE AND SALUTED

"It looks like the sheriff coming in now, sir."

Young Van started and looked up. Charlie, still gripping the stranger, was pointing down the track, where a troop of horsemen could be seen approaching. They drew rapidly nearer, and soon the two leaders could be distinguished. One was unmistakably Bow-legged Bill Lane. The other was a slender man, hatless, with rumpled hair, and a white handkerchief bound around his forehead. Young Van walked out to meet them, and saw, with astonishment, that the hatless rider was Paul Carhart; and never before had face of man or woman been more welcome to his eyes.

The troop reined up, dismounted, and mopped their sweating faces. Their horses stood damp and trembling with exhaustion. Altogether, the little band bore witness of desperate riding and, to judge from certain signs, of fighting.

"Well, Gus," said Carhart cheerily, "how is everything?"

But Young Van was staring at the bandage. "Where have you been?" he cried.

"Chasing Jack Flagg!"

"But they hit you!"

"Only grazed. If it hadn't been dark we should have got him."

"But how in——"

The chief smiled. "How did I get here?" he said, completing the question. "The train was stalled last night only a dozen or fifteen miles back. That model of 1865 locomotive they gave us blew out a cylinder head, and when I left they were waiting for the other train to push them in here. They ought to be along any time this morning. Where's your brother?"

Young Van had turned to look at a group of three or four prisoners, whom two of the posse were guarding.

"Where's your brother?" Carhart asked again.

"My brother. Oh, back at the tent, I guess."

The chief gave him a curious glance, for the young engineer was flushing oddly. "Tell him to wait a minute for me, will you? I want to see you both before the work starts."

Young Van walked over to the headquarters tent and stood a moment at the entrance. His brother, seated at the table, heard him, but did not look up.

"Mr. Carhart is back," said the young man finally. "He asked me to tell you to wait for him."

Old Van gave not the slightest indication that he had heard, but he waited. When the chief entered, motioning Young Van to join the group, though it was plain that his two assistants were not on speaking terms, he went briskly at what he had to say. He sat erect and energetic, apparently unconscious of the red stain on his bandage, ignoring the fact that he had as yet eaten no breakfast: and at his first words the blood began to flow again through the arteries of this complicated organization that men called the job.

"Now, boys," he began. "It was rather a slow ride back from Flemington, and I had time for a little arithmetic Through our friend Peet——"

"Blame him!" interrupted Old Van.

The chief paused at this for another of his questioning glances, then went quietly on. "Through our friend Peet we have lost so much time that it isn't very cheerful business figuring it up. But we aren't going to lose any more."

"Oh! you saw Peet!" said Young Van.

"No, but I dropped him a line. We won't bother over this lost time. What we are interested in now is carrying through our schedule. And I needn't tell you that from this moment we must work together as prettily as a well-oiled engine. There will be no misunderstandings, no false steps." He said this significantly, and paused. Of the two men before him the younger flushed again and lowered his eyes, the elder looked away and muttered something which could not be understood. "I'm bringing up a hundred-odd more men on this train. When they get in put them at work. Is Dimond in camp now?"

"Yes"

"We'll send him up to take charge of the well business He can do it, now that it is so well started. We need Scribner here."

"How much must we do a day now, to make it?" asked Young Van.

"We shall average a little over two miles."

Young Van whistled, then recovered himself. "All right, Mr. Carhart," he said. "Two miles is good Beginning to-day, I suppose?"

"Beginning to-day."

The chief spent very little time on himself. He was soon out and at his transit, working quietly, showing no nervousness, yet making it plain to every man on the job that he meant to give an exhibition of "the fanciest tracklaying ever seen in *these* United States." That was the way Young Van, in the exuberance of his new-found spirits, expressed it to the foremen of the two iron squads. But even his enthusiasm was not equal to the facts. When the night whistle blew, and the dripping workmen dropped their picks, and sledges, and rails, and ties, and reins, and sat down to breathe before washing up for supper—there was water for washing now—the conductor of the material train called to Young Van, and waved toward a stake beside the track. "See that stick?" he shouted.

"Yes, I see it."

"Well, sir"—the conductor was excited, too—"I've been setting up one of those things for every time we moved ahead a train length. My train's a little over a thousand foot long, and—and how many of those sticks do you suppose I've set up since morning? Give a guess now!"

"I should say ten or twelve. We've been getting over the ground pretty rapidly"

"No, sir! No, *sir!* Fifteen there were—fifteen of 'em!"

"Fifteen thousand feet—three miles!" The young man stood a moment, then turned and walked soberly away; soberly, because the truth was just breaking in on him what it means to be an engineer.

It was early the next morning that Young Van recalled Jack Flagg's communication, which he still had in his pocket. He saw that the chief was about starting off for his breakfast, and he called him back and gave him the paper. Carhart read it, smiled rather contemptuously, and handed it back. "That man," he said, "was just about big enough to stir up a little trouble in the camp. I'm glad we're through with him."

"I wish I was sure we were," replied Young Van.

"Hello! You're right, Gus. Here he is again"

Charlie was approaching with another dirty paper in his hand. "I didn't think anybody could get in last night, Mr. Carhart," he said ruefully, "but—here's what they left."

The chief took this second paper and read it aloud:

> *My dear Mr. Carhart:* My shooting's getting bum. Better luck next time. JACK FLAGG.

"Flagg ought to be on the stage," he said, when he had tossed the paper away. "He's the sort of man that can't get along without an audience. Come to breakfast, Gus. I want you to start early and take some men ahead to put up a little trestle. It'll be just about a day's job for you."

IX—THE TRACK

IT WAS early evening. Young Vandervelt, nervous, exultant, leaving a trail of cigarette stubs behind him, was pacing up and down by the track. When he faced the east his eyes saw far beyond the cars and wagons and clustering tents. Off there, in each mile of the many they had traversed, lay a witness of some battle won. They had fought like the soldiers they were; and the small successes had come rapidly and more rapidly until the men were coming to take victory as a matter of course. The most stupid of them understood now just what sort of thing the reserved, magnetic Paul Carhart stood for, and they were finding it a very good sort of thing, indeed.

As Young Van walked, his imagination leaping forward from battles fought to the battles to come, he heard a step, and saw the stocky figure of his brother approaching through the dusk. He stiffened up and paused, but Old Van marched by without the twitch of a muscle. The young man watched him until he had faded out of sight, then lighted another cigarette and continued his beat. He had spoken once, only to be ignored; he would not speak again. Even the chief had failed in an attempt to heal the breach. That attempt had come about but a few weeks ago.

It had been developed that the best way around the White Hills, so Carhart put it, was through them. In order to get through it was necessary to blast a cut through the two sides of a curious rift in the rock, and hang a fifty-foot truss-span between. This work had been quietly assigned to the Vandervelts, and they had taken their men and materials forward, pushed the work night and day, and completed it, a splendid bit of daring, energetic construction, before the track entered the cut. And when Carhart rode in at last, hoping to find them arm in arm, he was almost forced to smile. For there they stood, one on each side of the opening, Young Van pale but determined, Old Van wearing a fixed scowl; plainly as far at odds as ever. They had not spoken an unnecessary word, but this time there had been no brawls before the men.

Young Van recalled this trying experience while he was looking after his brother. Then he smiled in a nervous way he had of late, and turned toward the headquarters tent. He knew that Old Van had gone to make up the material train and would not return for some time. Therefore, he felt free to make himself comfortable in the tent.

He found Paul Carhart sitting alone, sewing a button on the yellow linen trousers.

"Did you notice any more drunks?" Carhart asked, pausing, needle in air.

Young Van, now that he thought of it, had observed signs of unusual good feeling among the laborers.

"We're a little too near this Palos settlement to suit me," said the chief. "This keeping your men in the desert rather spoils one for the advantages of civilization. I never had an easier time with laborers. But these men are a bad lot to bring within five miles of a saloon. They will be fighting before morning."

"I suppose they will. I hadn't thought of it. By the way, there's a rumor about that you had a letter from Mr. Flint to-day."

Carhart shook his head. "That's something I never expect to have." He paused to bite off the thread. "John never sends anything but telegrams. And, since there is no direct wire, he'll consider himself let out of even that."

"Then you don't expect to hear from him at all?"

"Not until we lay the track to the bridge."

Young Van's face suddenly grew sober. During the excitement of these driving, fighting weeks he had partially lost his sense of values. The track, this double line of steel, had so absorbed the energy of all of them that it seemed now, to his inexperience, the complete outward expression of their lives. He could think of nothing else. When not engrossed by the actual work his thoughts were ranging beyond far into the deeper significance of it. Crowding on the heels of the constructors would come settlers. Already mushroom towns were pushing up along the line behind them. With settlers would come well-boring, irrigation, farming and ranching. Timber, bricks, stone would be rushed into these new lands, to be converted into hotels, shops, banks, dwellings. The marvelously intricate inter-relations of civilization would suddenly be found existing and at work, facilitating finance and government, trade and order. There would be rude, hard struggles, much drinking and gambling, and some shooting. The license of the plains would be found strangely mingled with law and right. The church and the saloon would march on side by side. And, finally, out of the uproar and the fighting would rise, for better or worse, a new phase of civilized life. Thinking these things, Young Van could not forget that they four—Paul Carhart, Old Van, Harry Scribner and himself—were bringing it about. They were breaking the way, pioneers of the expansion of a restless, mighty people.

It was, therefore, hardly surprising that this young engineer, fighting the first great fight of his life, should forget that the track was not all, that Flint and his bridge were almost equally important parts of the problem. And it was not surprising that, now, in the recovery, he should swing to the other extreme. What a tremendous risk they were running. Working in the dark, at that, cheerfully taking it for granted that all would go right! Then he became conscious that the chief was talking, his voice as quiet as if the La Paz bridge had never been conceived.

YOUNG VAN DROVE AHEAD AND COMPLETED LONG, HIGH TRESTLES

"No, that letter was from Peet. You might enjoy it."

Young Van started from his reverie, took the letter and spread it open. "*My dear Mr. Carhart,*" it ran, "I am very sorry, indeed, about the delay of that lot of spikes. I have arranged with our Mr. Tiffany to lay up all we can find here in Flemington and hurry them on to you. Please keep me informed by wire of all delays and inconveniences. You will understand, I am sure, that we mean to stop at nothing to keep you from the slightest annoyance and delay in these matters. Very faithfully yours, I. W. PEET."

"But we have spikes enough," said the assistant, looking up. "What does he mean?"

Carhart smiled. "Just what he says: that he wouldn't delay us for worlds."

"'Very faithfully yours,' too. What is all this, Mr. Carhart? What did you do to him—hypnotize him?"

"No, I didn't see him."

"But, look here! Since that trip of yours we have not been troubled a moment. The trains are coming in every day to the minute—or, if there is an excusable delay, we get one of these frantic apologies. The quality of the food is improved, the water is good enough for anybody. And still you say you did nothing but drop Peet a line. There's only one other way you could have brought about the change, and that would be to reorganize the railroad company. You must forgive me if I seem skeptical."

"Certainly." Carhart was still smiling. Though he rarely talked about his achievements, it was evident that he was not displeased with the results of that trip to Flemington.

"How *did* you do it, anyway?" persisted the younger man.

"Well—it was simple. Just reach me that spool of thread, will you? Tiffany unconsciously straightened it all out for me when he explained that Peet and his associates are interested in the lumber concern, the firm that is getting out our crossties. I went up to their place——"

"Over in Louisiana?"

"Yes, and I found a whole row of our own cars—I had got the numbers from Tiffany—loaded with ties and directed to a town in Arkansas. The destination, Crockett, was written on the sides with chalk. Then I went back to the hotel and looked up the map issued by the Texas and Arkansas, and found, as I had suspected, that Crockett is the last division town on the new line the Texas and Arkansas is building."

"So that what Peet had done was to divert cars from us to the rival line?"

"Yes. I suppose there was a little more in it for the lumber company. That was all I needed to know. And when I got back to the hotel in Flemington I wrote a note to Mr. Peet."

The assistant had been watching the skillful needlework of his chief as he listened. Now he looked up with an amused expression. "You didn't keep a copy of that little note, did you, Mr. Carhart? I have a notion that it might be worth reading."

The chief was not proof against such subtle flattery as was written on the face of the young man. "I have a draft of it somewhere," he replied. "It had to be written several times before I got the effect I wanted. Oh, here it is."

Young Van reached for the paper and read it aloud:

> *Dear Mr. Peet:* I inclose herewith a list of the cars and engines assigned to me by your traffic manager. I hope you will agree with me that I can spare none of these cars, least of all to supply a rival line. And in consideration of your future hearty cooperation with me in advancing this construction work, I will gladly see that my present knowledge shall not interfere in any way with your continued enjoyment of your position as division superintendent at Flemington for the Central of Texas. Yours truly, PAUL CARHART

After reading the note aloud the young man read it over to himself. Then he said, soberly and admiringly, "You ought to have this framed, Mr. Carhart. It's a masterpiece." After a moment he added: "What happened next?"

"I sent it around by a messenger. In half an hour Peet himself came to the hotel. I happened to be in the bathtub and couldn't see him. He waited a while and then left word that he would call again in the evening; but by that time I was on the way back here."

It was a still, cool evening, so quiet that the occasional snatches of drunken song in the laborers' quarters, and the puffing and rumbling of the material train half a mile down the track, floated in on the breeze with strange distinctness. Between these bursts of sound, and underlying them, there was always the vast silence of the desert.

Then down the breeze came drifting a sudden noise of argument. Many voices were raised. The noise grew; apparently a hundred men were shouting at once, in three languages.

"They are at it," said Carhart with a frown.

"Yes." The assistant rose and looked out.

"Can you see anything?"

"No—but listen! What's that?"

There was sudden silence, then a scream. Carhart ran his needle through the cloth and laid it aside.

"Now I see them. They seem to be running. Yes, they are scattering in all directions."

Carhart was up now.

"You'd better bring a weapon, Mr. Carhart. They are drunk, you know."

"They won't hurt us."

The two engineers walked swiftly to the largest of the tents and entered. At first glance the tent appeared deserted, but the light, coming from a single lantern at one end, was faint and flickering, and it was difficult to make out more than the rows of tumbled blankets on the ground. They passed down between the rows, until Young Van stopped and caught Carhart's sleeve.

"There," he said, pointing.

A body lay almost at their feet partly covered with a blanket. They knelt without a word, one on each side, threw off the covering, and rolled the man, a Mexican, over on his back. Then they saw the handle of a knife projecting from his breast. The blade was wholly buried.

"Right to the heart," murmured Young Van.

Carhart got to his feet. "Get the knife out and keep it, Gus," he said.

Young Van took hold of the handle. "It's in for keeps," he muttered. He had to brace a knee against the body and pull with both hands. Then he wiped the blade on the blanket, plunged it down a few times into the sand, wiped it again, and slipped it into the empty sheath at his own belt.

"Did you look to see if there are marks or initials on it, Gus?"

"Yes, but I saw nothing to distinguish it from a hundred other knives. You might take a look."

But between them they could find no markings. "Whoever did it is probably well out of the camp by this

(Continued on Page 20)

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The Home School

AND now there are mothers—good, well-meaning mothers—throughout this land of ours who are saying: "Well, I'm glad school's begun again and taken the children off my mind."

As if the children were not in school all the time, never so much in school as when they're with their parents, drinking in with all their eyes and ears manners, morals, modes of thought, mental attitude toward everything in life. As if what the children learned at the formal school did not depend upon what they learned at home, upon how receptive their minds had been made there. As if parents could expect educated children without themselves going into their children's lessons, interesting themselves and awakening and quickening interest.

No parent can wisely trust any part of the training of the child wholly or even principally to nurses and teachers.

Our Underpaid Lawmakers

AN ITEM in the Maine September election that escaped notice because of the larger interest in the Presidential campaign was the defeat of the proposed amendment to the Constitution increasing the pay of members of the Legislature from $150 to $300. There was no question as to the wisdom of paying adequately for useful public service; the voters simply declined to consider their legislators seriously and voted down the proposal overwhelmingly.

Maine's lump sum of $150 for a legislative term is the smallest paid by any State in America. It is ridiculous compensation for the time and work of an intelligent citizen, and yet public sentiment by a vote at the polls decided that it is enough. A traveler found a settlement of converted Indians in the Far West whose spiritual needs were supplied by a Sunday sermon for which the preacher received a dollar a week. "Don't you think it's mighty poor pay?" he asked. "Mighty poor preach," was the reply of a bronzed deacon. There may be a similar weighing of values in the Pine Tree State

New York and Pennsylvania pay members of their Legislatures $1500. Measured by remuneration, these great Commonwealths should fare far better than Maine. And yet it was only the other day that we read in a newspaper friendly to the administration in power that a Pennsylvania Legislature ended a session of loot by stealing for its members all the State House furniture that could be carted off, and most of the New York papers regularly declare each new Legislature in that State to be worse than the last, which means the worst of all. Allowance must be made for the extravagance inseparable from politics, but with all exaggeration deducted, the fact remains that our legislators have neither the confidence nor the admiration of their constituents.

It would be an easy solution of a grave problem if we could get better government by increasing the wages of the makers of our laws. But Maine's experience does not help that view of the case. It has fewer scandals than States which pay their legislators ten times its stipend, and it sends to Washington United States Senators who measure up to the standards of statesmanship.

An old story tells of the new Congressman who spent the first week in Washington wondering how he got there and the rest of his term wondering how the other fellows got there. A State Legislature is a primary school compared with the national body, and so its members come in for coarser ridicule than the Congressmen "He was a member of the Legislature, but he has since reformed," is a familiar jibe in local districts.

All this is a distinct part of American humor, but underlying it is serious significance. If we examine it faithfully we begin to see why representative government scores so many failures. It may be a joke to elect cheap men to pass laws and to pay them less than it costs them to live at the capitals, but the jest grows rather grim when they settle down to work and make their expenses—somehow. Does not the American voter help the graft game by expecting his representatives to be grafters?

Three Square Meals a Day

FIRM in the gospel of three square meals a day, the sensible man has looked with calm upon faddists of diet, satirically disdainful of the farmer who set out to prove on his horse that no food is necessary (and would have done so "if the durned critter hadn't up and died"), and scornful of the invalid who has to be stuffed like a prize porker by Dr. Weir Mitchell's rest cure. But now the citadel of his belief is threatened. "No lunch!" says Professor Rabagliati in his great work on The Predisposing Causes of Disease, and comes precious near proving that most of us suffer from overfeeding.

J. M. Barrie had some such idea when he wrote his fantastic satirical comedy, Little Mary, the title part and central figure of which is the overfed British stomach. The idle English aristocracy have five meals a day—the usual three plus afternoon tea and supper. King Edward used to take seven before the royal Little Mary revolted and "the state of man suffered the nature of an insurrection"—put down only by the surgeon's knife. But even Barrie and the surgeon did not assail the institution of three square meals.

Eating, like all things human, is largely a matter of habit, and old habits change before new conditions. The elaborate and heavy modern dinner is a very recent matter. Most of us remember the simpler midday dinner and six o'clock supper of a generation ago. In the Middle Ages breakfast was unknown. At Oxford it was regarded as an invasion of luxury when students were allowed to get bread and beer at the college buttery to begin the day. Now the Oxonian makes breakfast a function, and invites his friends in to three or four courses. If breakfast and dinner have increased on us lunch must give way.

Professor Rabagliati's main plea is for moderation. He has no rooted objection to three meals, if they are not too "square." In the modern business day, however, he finds no place for lunch. To think quickly and right requires that all the vital forces shall be centred in the head. But no sooner have we given the digestive organs time to make way with one meal than we pile in another, leaving only the sad alternative of slowing down on brain-work or inviting indigestion. Two square meals, eight hours apart, are much more hygienic. At first the change may bring faintness—even headache—but so does the cessation of any bad habit. In point of fact, many business men long ago found out that to omit lunch doubles the day's work. One merchant attributes his success to the fact that when he was a clerk he kept a clear brain, and worked it, while his rivals in the office were stuffing themselves. John D. Rockefeller, Junior, says that he never spends more than thirty cents for lunch. But that, perhaps, is not so much a matter of hygiene.

One caution is necessary—regularity. In all the vital organs the power of habit is strong. Most people will find three regular meals better than now three and now two.

Killed by Kindness

IT IS distressing to learn that "everything which science can suggest" is being done to keep the little heir to the throne of the Czars in health and strength. Evidently Nature is to have a hard time of it, and will score one of her greatest triumphs if by chance this baby should escape alive from the solicitude of doctors and nurses.

And doubtless his parents appreciate his danger. There was until recently on one of the minor thrones of Europe a prince who was blind in one eye. To treat his good eye he called in the greatest oculist in Europe. The oculist, agitated by the fact that he was operating on a sovereign, destroyed the sight completely—and, when he realized what he had done, went into the next room and killed himself. It is with fear and trembling that a person of rank in Europe puts himself into the hands of a doctor or dentist or nurse even; for he knows that if he escapes the Scylla of trembling snobbishness he is like to wreck upon the Charybdis of overzeal.

Our own rich people are beginning to suffer from these perils—chiefly, of course, from the peril of overzeal stimulated by the prospect of a huge fee. But their dangers are slight in comparison with even a petty princeling's, are infinitesimal in comparison with an imperial hereditary grand duke's. Many very able scientific men forget that the human organism is adapted to physical environment, and not to a hypothetical, scientifically perfect environment.

Why Japan Wins

SHAKE down these elaborate technical expositions of Japanese and Russian tactics, and they can all be comfortably boxed into old General Forrest's phrase. The whole theory and practice of war is indeed nothing but how to "git thar fustest with the mostest men." The important inquiry is, How does it occur that the Japanese always arrive first with the most men?

There are several reasons: one is basic. The Japanese have vastly superior powers of physical endurance. They can march all day and fight that same night; they can fight all day and march that same night. And the reason for this superiority is not racial or temperamental, but physiological. The Japanese are a nation of common-sense livers. They eat sparingly and of food that nourishes the body, at the same time giving the least possible amount of waste to clog and overtax the organs of elimination. They take regular breathing exercises. And they do not take stimulants.

In a sentence, more than any other people on earth the Japanese keep their bodies in such condition that every nerve and muscle is in use all the time and so does not collapse when a slight extra task is put upon it.

A Reign of Calamity

FRANCIS JOSEPH, of Austria, has just passed his seventy-fourth birthday anniversary and will soon be celebrating the fifty-sixth anniversary of his reign. A troubled reign; fifty-six years of public and private humiliations and calamities, with many, many catastrophes. And his conglomerate empire is to-day the most contentious if not the most miserable in civilization.

There are two stereotyped observations whenever Francis Joseph's name is mentioned—"He must be a very able man to have kept such a throne from falling to pieces," and "What an unhappy creature he must be." Neither observation, however, will bear close examination.

What has held the Austrian monarchy together has been not the sovereign's statecraft but the absolute necessity of the component States. They have stayed together for much the same reason that a dozen cats tied up together in a bag remain in the bag. In this case, Turkey, Russia, Germany, France and Italy form the bag. As for his personal calamities, he has borne them with suspicious fortitude, and the character of the consolations he has sought and still seeks not only justifies that word "suspicious" but also goes far toward explaining the most shameful and shocking of the catastrophes.

Why become maudlin about a bad old Bourbon simply because his name is Hapsburg and he sits on a throne?

The Bond of Good Faith

THERE is one vital point in our dealings with the strange peoples who came to us as a result of the war with Spain which no considerations can be allowed to vitiate. It is the keeping of our word with them in every detail. Unfortunately, our treatment of the Indians does not present a record in which we can take pride; "a century of dishonor" it has been called with considerable justification. But we may use our shame as a reminder that history must not be permitted to repeat itself in our relations with the millions of Filipinos and Porto Ricans.

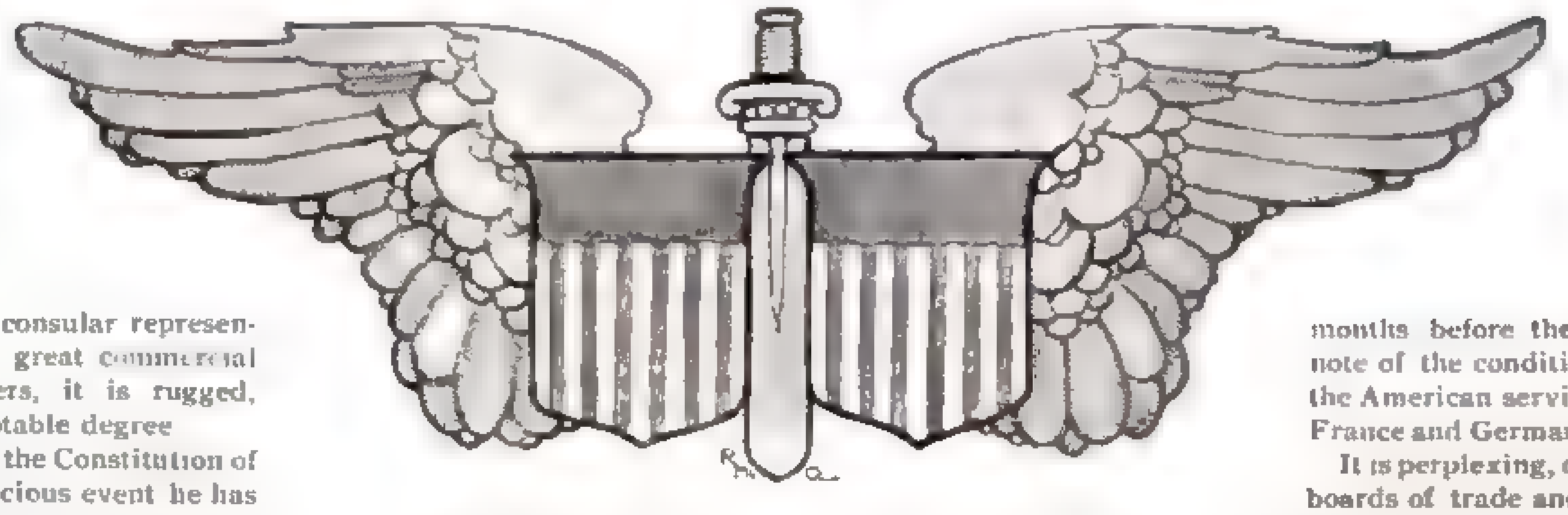
In a recent issue of the London Times it was stated that a common incident in the official life of India was to wait patiently while an Indian reverently unfolded from well-worn rags a tattered, yellow fragment of paper which bore the signature of some British official long since dead, relating, possibly, to services in the Mutiny, or, it may be, only a cynical recital of faint praise. "The Indian treasures these scraps of paper," says the Times, "and he has reason, for if they contain a promise unredeemed, or point to good service unrewarded, it will be a point of honor to the reader to fulfill the promise." In brief, the written pledge survives as a bond, and, to quote the Times again, "it would be a grievous shock to the Indian if the word of the British failed—that one sheet-anchor of the millions who in times past have had nothing sure to cling to."

We are new in the colonial business, and we are disposed to move almost as quickly as we do in our own politics. Our public men in their haste may forget the value of scrupulous good faith. Their preoccupations may be understood and allowed for at home, but it is very certain that if America is to carry on the work of higher civilization she must keep the promises of her advance agents.

THE AMERICAN CONSUL

A Meritorious Official Who is Entitled to Better Treatment and More Pay

By Frederic Courtland Penfield



A CURIOUS anomaly is the United States consular service. It is never spoken of by American writers or orators except as a branch of the administration painfully demanding improvement, while in European countries it is pointed to as frequently as a model of what a consular establishment should be, and efficient enough to explain in great measure the primacy of American commerce. In fact, our "trade invasion of Europe" is generally charged abroad to the enterprise of the American consular officer.

Like Uncle Sam's diplomacy, our consular representation is intensely characteristic of a great commercial Republic. Without fuss and feathers, it is rugged, straightforward and successful to a notable degree.

The American consul was born with the Constitution of the United States. Since that auspicious event he has been shamefully neglected for long periods, frequently humiliated, and generally underpaid. But in spite of these deterrents he is to-day an uncommonly good public servant.

The educated citizen, competently serving his country at a foreign consulate, has to bear numerous injustices, sufficient in the aggregate to neutralize much of the glamor of office-holding. Members of his family and admiring friends at home are positive that he is a real force of the administration. But less-favored neighbors, possessing no lofty ideals concerning public life, appear to hear nothing about consular affairs except that reform is perpetually demanded in the service. They are certain it is the consuls who need reforming. These stay-at-home folk have seen any number of consuls — on the stage; consequently, they know that a consul is a drunken dawdler, who is frequently interested in promoting South American revolutions under cover of important documents bearing red seals that habitually protrude from his pockets. This burlesque stage official works an injustice to a very important branch of Uncle Sam's Government, however amusing and entertaining he may be.

Since the Civil War "Consular Reform" has been a periodic headline in the newspapers; and nearly every session of Congress has had before it a measure intended to place the commercial branch of our foreign service on a rational basis. When introduced, the bill has been so manifestly practical that the press of the country has predicted it would become a law. But no consular reform measure has survived its entrance to the halls of legislation; for, amputated and amended beyond recognition, each bill has expired in committee or before being called up for a decisive vote. Back in 1864, Secretary Seward sought Congressional action that would reorganize this important arm of the foreign service. President Cleveland, likewise, appealed in an annual message for legislative attention to consular affairs. A few years ago, as well, Representative Adams, of Pennsylvania, toiled early and late for a bill prepared after years devoted to the study of the subject; and latterly, Senator Lodge made a masterly effort to secure sanction to a bill reorganizing the service and placing it on as high a plane of efficiency as the army or the navy. Every effort failed ignominiously.

The Need of and Plans for Reform

IT WAS hoped the Lodge bill would be treated with generosity, in view of the fact that European Governments are improving the efficiency of their consuls. The Lodge measure had the support of many non-partisan commercial organizations in every part of the country.

It proposed to make all fees official, to be paid into the Treasury; to pay equitable salaries, to make the service graded and permanent, and to appoint only those proving their qualifications by examination. All vacancies were to be filled by promotion from the lower grades. In order to weed out existing incompetents, if any there be, all members of the service were to be recalled within two years for examination, and dropped if found incompetent. Every applicant was to know a foreign language — French, German or Spanish — in addition to English, and to have a knowledge of the commercial resources of the United States, especially with reference to the possibilities of extending trade with foreign nations. Further provisions were that officials to serve in countries where Uncle Sam has extra-territorial jurisdiction should be familiar with the principles of common law and the rules of evidence common to civil and criminal cases. A liberal salary schedule was provided, ranging from $12,000 a year for consuls-general at London and Paris, down to adequate compensation for incumbents of small posts.

The lure of consular occupation is sufficient to bring to Washington a hundred applicants for each position, even when administrations of the same party follow each other. With an overturn of party the boarding-houses and hotels are insufficient to shelter the host of applicants.

There would be as much reason for changing officers of the army and navy with every administration.

Our consular service will never be perfect until made absolutely non-partisan; but it will be asking much of a dominant party to look at it in this light. The treating of consulships as patronage had its origin with the Father of the Nation, for before the first detailed law regarding them, in 1792, Washington had already commissioned twenty-two consular officials. The drift of public opinion is strongly toward a permanent service. But a measure thus habilitating the service must distinctly provide for a division of the offices at the outset between the two political parties before Congress will permit it to pass. The Lodge project lacked only this proviso — and was torn to shreds in consequence.

The Iniquity of Unofficial Income

WHY do politicians of a calibre approaching statesmanship accept consular positions? It is well known they do, and that party leaders of a prominence commending them to the Cabinet prefer the London or Paris consul-generalships to any office in the Presidential gift. Why is it? It is for the unofficial perquisites. "Fees" has ever been a magical word associated with consulships, but a word seldom mentioned above a whisper. Their existence explains the milk in the official cocoanut. The London office used to be worth $40,000 a year to the incumbent, and Paris, Liverpool and Manchester had fat pickings. Mr. Cleveland, disapproving of the magnitude of these "unofficial" incomes, cut the fees in two; but Mr. Harrison restored them. President McKinley went further than Mr. Cleveland, abolishing some of the sources of fee income, and promulgating a greatly reduced schedule of charges for notarial acts. But at the big consulates the salary still remains insignificant compared to the "unofficial" income.

Under the system in vogue, consular officers at centres from whence there is considerable commerce with the United States, and where there are important resident American colonies, wax fat from notarial services and the retention of other fees not required by law to be sent to the Treasury. These opulent posts number not more than thirty or thirty-five. On the other hand, a hundred or more less-favored consular officers profit very little from their positions, although as capable and zealous as any in the service and holding certificates of the same description as their colleagues at profitable posts. The service is thus honeycombed with inequalities, causing ceaseless wire-pulling to have a handful of favorites kept at profitable offices, while competent men without assertive influence drone away their years at consulates practically destitute of income other than their recognized pay. The retention of certain fees, while others are sent to the Treasury, is an obsolete and indefensible principle. Every fee should belong to the Government. A collector of customs or a postmaster might as properly keep part of the revenue of his office as the consul.

The assertion is made not infrequently that the consuls of the United States have no equals in aptitude and perception in recognizing trade opportunities. It is an irrefutable fact that Uncle Sam's consuls excel all others in the preparation of commercial reports. Their diction may lack academic perfection, but they describe industrial and trade conditions and prospects in a manner remarkably informing and straightforward. If these reports contain information valuable to the public it is immediately issued in bulletin form and sent to the daily papers and trade organs, and later included in the monthly reports sent broadcast by the Department of Commerce. In this manner the American manufacturer and exporter is informed of opportunities abroad weeks or months before the consuls of other Governments take note of the conditions. It is an emphatic compliment to the American service that trade publications in England, France and Germany have long made use of these reports.

It is perplexing, coincidently with meetings of American boards of trade and chambers of commerce for the purpose of petitioning the Government for a better consular service, to hear of acrimonious debates in the British Parliament over the commercial representation of the Empire, during which the United States service is recommended as a model to be copied. Usually it is members for Manchester or Birmingham, or other manufacturing centres, who have the temerity to proclaim the worth of our consular establishment. Their constituents may feel that while the British consul is standing on ceremony, or upholding the majesty of the Empire, the Yankee consul is telling his people how to capture trade wherever a possibility exists. And so it is in France, in Germany, Belgium and Austria.

If a better consular service than our own exists — measured as an adjunct to commerce — it is the German. The Kaiser of recent years has taken an active part in perfecting his consular establishment, relieving it of most of its old-time diplomatic prerogatives. Its best work is centred in the Far East, especially in China; and everywhere in the Orient its controlling purpose is the furtherance of commerce. Official returns prove that German trade is growing gradually in the East, while British trade is waning. The avowed object of Belgium's service is now the securing of markets for Belgian manufactures. Our State Department is showing its appreciation of the importance of trade in China by devoting constant attention to consular matters in that Empire of 400,000,000 inhabitants.

Austria, awaking to the potentialities of Oriental business, has opened a consular academy in Vienna, whose purpose is training young men for Eastern posts. As far as known, this academy has no counterpart anywhere. Opportunities for a practical consular training have, however, been offered elsewhere in educational institutions, one illustration being found in the course on consular duties given in the School of Commerce of the University of Wisconsin.

Opponents of a permanent United States service construct a case good enough, at least, to afford food for reflection. They claim that the aggressive vigor of the consul springs from the insecure character of his appointment. "Make this permanent and he'll quickly be transformed into a time-server," say those in favor of keeping the service where it is. They point to utterances of dissatisfied Britons, who claim their consular service is practically useless through dry-rot and inertia, as an example of what permanency of tenure may do. Those who oppose a permanent American service say that the question of consular efficiency rests with the system of selecting and supervising consuls by the State Department. "Besides," some of them plead, "rotation in office-holding is a proper condition for a Republic, outside the professions of soldiering and sailoring." These gentlemen of the minority sometimes give emphasis to their views by asking, "What is the matter with Secretary Hay's consular establishment?"

A Little Game that Became an Affair of State

NINE of every ten incumbents of the service are good men — conscientious, energetic and tactful, and a credit to their nation. In the past there were some misfits, as a consequence of carelessness in choosing consuls; but their shortcomings could not be kept from the Department, and they were soon superseded. Every regiment of soldiers, every ship's company and every community has its black sheep; and it is but natural that an American consul now and then is discovered to be an unfit person to hold Uncle Sam's commission. It is the State Department's rule to get rid of a wrongdoer in the speediest manner, and generally without much

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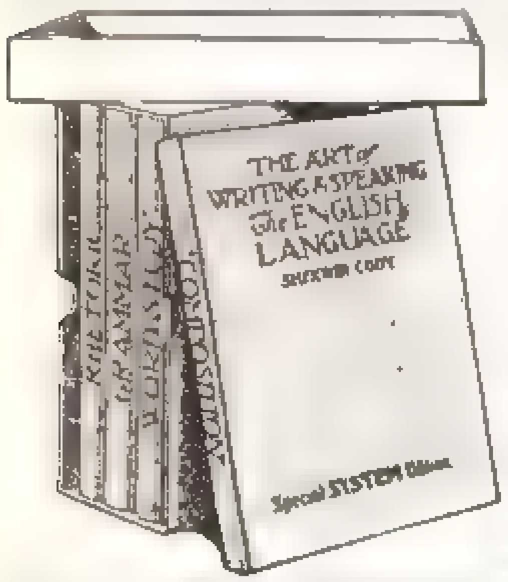

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publicity. A few years since reports came to Washington that our consul at an important South American capital had been guilty of conduct so unbecoming a gentleman that a sad scandal was current concerning him. Bound to give the official a fair hearing, an investigation by the American Minister was ordered. In a few weeks came the finding "In a card game in the leading club of the city the consul opened a jackpot on a pair of tens, and his usefulness here is permanently destroyed." The man's successor started for South America by the first possible steamer.

The Consular Register names eight or nine hundred officials, big and little, and is a formidable pamphlet. As a fact, only 278 of these officials hold Presidential appointments, and legally connect thereby with the salary list. All the others are subordinate functionaries — vices, deputies and consular agents, nominated by the holders of Presidential appointments, and receiving compensation only from the clerk hire appropriation or fees collected at consular agencies. All but about twenty-five Presidential appointees are required to be named "by and with the consent of the Senate" — the exempted twenty-five being commercial agents, whose duties are consular in every sense, but whose appointments — sometimes fortunately for them — do not go to the Senate for confirmation.

Consulships carrying salaries adequate to self-support do not exceed 200 in number. Only ten consuls-general receive the maximum compensation of the service, $5000; while there are seventy-one full fledged consuls getting but $1500 each — a few are paid only $1000 a year. But the average yearly salary is not much below $2500. Only twenty or thirty posts have incomes sufficiently ample to appeal to the covetous — those with "unofficial" revenue; and those that may be described as "barely acceptable" measured by emoluments, number possibly a hundred. The remainder — well, a man of average ability willing to work should find better openings for his energy at home.

To safeguard the service as far as possible from the demands of spoilsmen, President Cleveland, in 1895, promulgated an order requiring appointees whose salary would be $2500 or under to stand examination before a State Department board. This executive order remains in force, accomplishing more by preventing raids upon the Department than all other measures applying to the consular service. It will be kept operative, doubtless, until Congress legislates the service into systematic and dignified being. There is elasticity to the examinations under the Cleveland order, no doubt, for academic perfection is not the personal attribute upon which efficient management of a consulate is based. As a fact, the examiners are supposed to probe more especially for encouraging evidences of the possession of common sense than mere ability to answer pedagogic questions.

The opinion prevalent in hotel corridors and other haunts of Washington, however, is that the examination is meant only as a buffer to exclude men notoriously inefficient, or applicants whose political backing is weak or perfunctory.

Not very long ago a subordinate officer of the State Department, riding in a Pennsylvania Avenue car, overheard this dialogue between two young men:

"I'm off for the Department of State to undergo examination for a $2000 consulship — wish me luck."

"Is it hard to pass the examination?" inquired the friend.

"I can't say, old chap; but as both my Senators and half the Representatives from my State form my 'influence,' I understand it would be a pretty difficult matter not to pass."

The talkative candidate failed to get the appointment because a member of the board saw fit to write upon his application paper these words: "Not sufficiently discreet to be a consul — too liable to discuss private matters publicly."

Lack of discretion would have prevented this man from making a success abroad, and talkativeness would have been the characteristic of his incumbency of a consulate. Probably he would have been the leader in smoking-room conversation on the way to his post, and everybody might have been told that the President had requested him to accept the consulship until there might be an attractive diplomatic vacancy. One of the failings of talkative consuls is their fondness for reiterating that they had been asked by the President or Secretary of State to accept the appointment. To those familiar with the byways of political Washington, who have seen office-seekers in their cringing campaigns descend to a door-bell canvass of Congressmen's boarding houses, the boastfulness of the man with an appointment in his pocket is ridiculous in the extreme.

No President has had to induce or lure men into the service — in fact, the initiative comes always from the other side, and the appointment issues only as evidence of capitulation on the part of the Administration, after weary months passed by the candidate in pressing his claims upon the Government. Equally pitiable is the man, found in almost every town, who had been "promised" a consulship by the President, but decided not to accept the honor. Investigation would probably develop the fact that it was a vicarious "promise" — perhaps of a candidate for elective office in a close district.

Uncle Sam's much abused consular service has the unique distinction of being the only branch of the national administration costing the taxpayer practically nothing. Year in and out the official fees turned into the Treasury defray the entire cost of the establishment — and some years leave a small balance as profit.

The current diplomatic and consular appropriation bill assigns $1,093,975 for consular expenses, and this will be practically offset by fee remittances to the Treasury. The principal items of cost are: For salaries of forty-four consuls-general, $155,000; salaries of 235 consuls, $496,500; rent of consular premises, furniture, stationery, postage and telegrams, messenger service, etc., $255,000; clerk hire, $96,700; relief of seamen, $30,000. The appropriation provides also for kavasses or guards in Turkish dominions, interpreters, rent of jails in the East, marshals of consular courts, and subscriptions to certain hospitals open to American sailors. Great Britain, France and Germany expend considerably more on their consular corps.

Bear in mind, please, that certain important consulates are highly lucrative to the Government. Last year the London office sent to the Treasury in official fees $69,000, Paris $67,000, Liverpool $29,000 and Manchester $23,000. From Germany the offices at Berlin and Hamburg sent to Washington $20,000 and $18,000 respectively. Among other remunerative consulates those at Hongkong, Calcutta, Glasgow, Rotterdam, Brussels, St. Gall and Palermo are conspicuous for their official receipts.

Opportunity exists for nationalizing the service to a greater extent than obtains at present. With our vast population there are many young men, even for trifling compensation, who would be glad to benefit by the experience of holding for a few years some of the subordinate positions at important consulates now occupied by aliens: vice-consuls, deputy-consuls, chief clerks and the like. Several consular agencies where our trade has grown in the past few years, with corresponding increase of fees, might be raised to consulships with American incumbents.

A careful overhauling of consular agencies in the Far East, in Africa, and everywhere in non-Christian countries, should be made, to the end that some of them be dispensed with. In any event, it should be demonstrated that these agencies are not used to screen their incumbents and their families from the laws of the countries in which they are situated.

And further, it should be a rule not to send to a foreign country in a consular capacity a man who, before adopting American citizenship, was a subject of that country. There is a strong prejudice in Europe against such consuls, and their usefulness is circumscribed in consequence. Finally, it is not conducive to harmony to send residents of Texas across the border to be consuls in Mexico. Citizens of that State can better serve their country elsewhere.

There can be no complaint by our colored citizens that their race is lacking in consular representation. There are at present more negro consuls than under any previous administration. Every administration for thirty years has had some. Mr. Cleveland had no hesitation in sending negroes to posts in negro countries; Mr. McKinley added to the number, and Mr. Roosevelt has further expanded the list. Here are ten colored men in the consular service: Consul-General at Santo Domingo City; consuls at St. Thomas, West Indies; Asuncion, Paraguay; Tamatave, Madagascar; Bahia, Brazil; Cape Haitien, Haiti; Sierra Leone, West Africa; La Rochelle, France; and Puerto Cabello, Venezuela; as well as the commercial agent at Vladivostock, Siberia.

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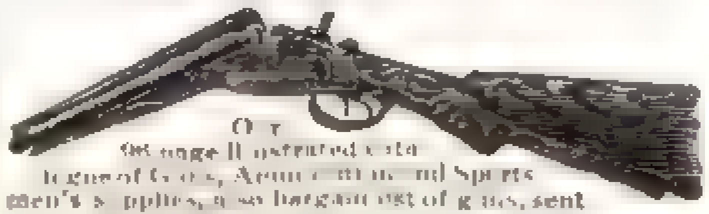

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THE ELECTRIC FURNACE — Some of the new industries that were cradled in its crucible.

IT IS interesting to note the development of the group of new industries that have sprung up for the purpose of converting metals into new commercial forms, and for the refining of others. But a few years ago these products of the electric furnace were for the sole consumption of the laboratory experimenter. Now, however, new companies are, according to an official of the Department of Commerce and Labor, continually being organized to manufacture for commercial purposes these products. The extreme possibilities of discovery on these lines are, of course, still beyond prediction, and chemists and inventors are busily experimenting to the end that cheaper and more effective methods of manufacturing the metal products may be found.

The manufacture of carborundum and calcium carbide in the electro-chemical industries has advanced so rapidly that immense investments have been made in the furnaces and plants, while the output of the factories is steadily increasing. In the steel industry alone, it is stated, the consumption of carborundum amounts to seventy-five tons a month, and in nearly all lines it is taking the place of emery and ferro-silicon.

The manufacture of calcium carbide is a larger industry even than that of carborundum. Its effect upon the mining of metals is more important. During the year 1903 the output of this industry was double that of the previous year.

Another important product of the electric furnace is artificial graphite. This achievement has resulted in the establishment of an entirely new industry. A nearly pure graphite, containing but one-tenth of one per cent. of ash, is made in large bulk in the factories. A granular graphite, suitable for various lubricating purposes, is produced in the electric furnace by the graphitization of anthracite coal. This process has enabled manufacturers to obtain a common form of cheap graphite available for many uses heretofore denied by reason of its great cost, comparatively speaking. There are to-day manufactured by the new processes some 3,000,000 pounds of graphite a year, and the material is now more extensively employed than ever before in the different trades and industries.

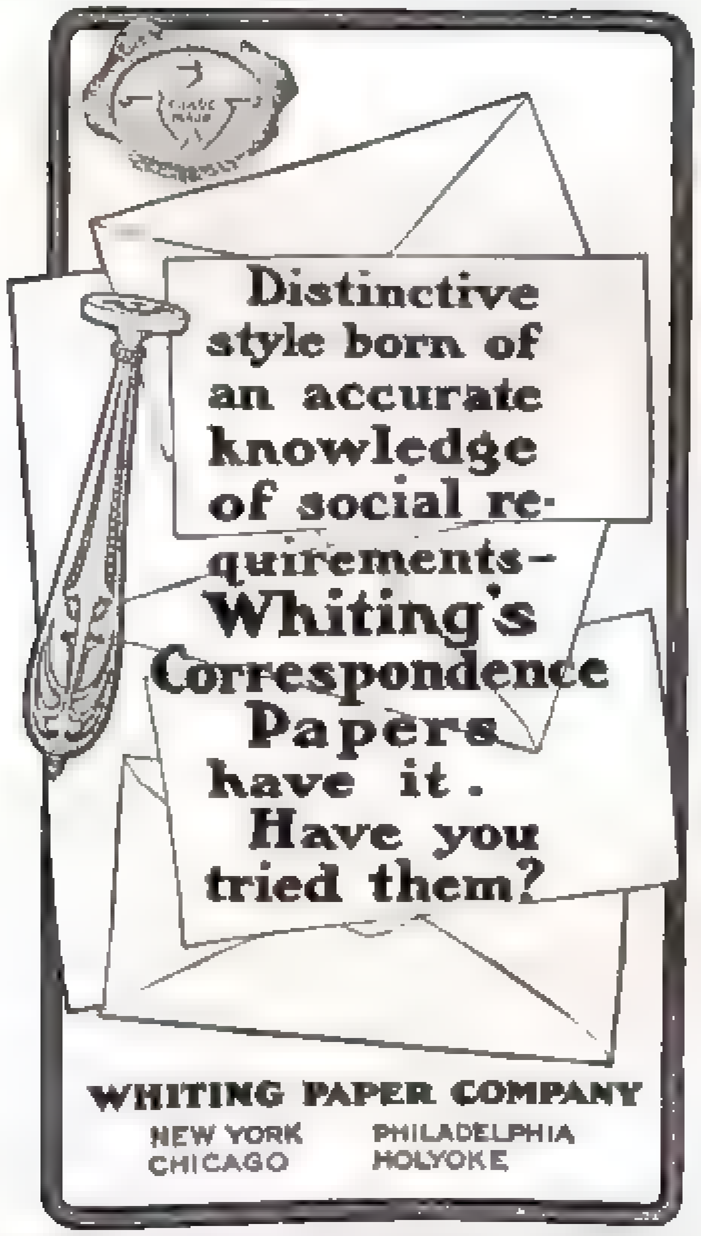
The manufacture of artificial aluminum has attained great importance through the same process as that which has revolutionized the graphite industry. Both the chemical and the electrical processes of making aluminum are in vogue, and the output is so considerable at this time that aluminum is more generally used in some twoscore different industries.

One of the products obtained at a Niagara plant is sodium, made by electrolyzing fused caustic soda. The manufacture of sodium has given a decided impetus to the production of caustic soda. The production of all caustic alkalies and chlorine by electrolysis has been an interesting industrial question for years in this country, but the direct treatment of fused salt affords new studies in this line.

The manufacture of zinc by the electrical process affects the mining of this material, and the extensive preparations for making the metal on a large scale indicate the confidence felt in the process.

Other products of the electric furnace are manganese and phosphorus, in the manufacture of which great strides have been made during the past two years.

In conjunction the chemist and the practical worker are striving to widen these fields of endeavor. From their combined wisdom must come forth secret processes of world-wide importance. Their results seriously affect the mining conditions of the country — not in the way that might at first thought seem apparent — for, instead of limiting the mining of metals, the secret processes of manufacture rather serve to stimulate it. The ore that heretofore has seemed of little value is suddenly converted into a valuable product. The apparently unused metal that is thrown aside in its crude form at the mines is quietly converted into something of great commercial value, or it is refined by the electric furnace so that it can be used in many different trades.



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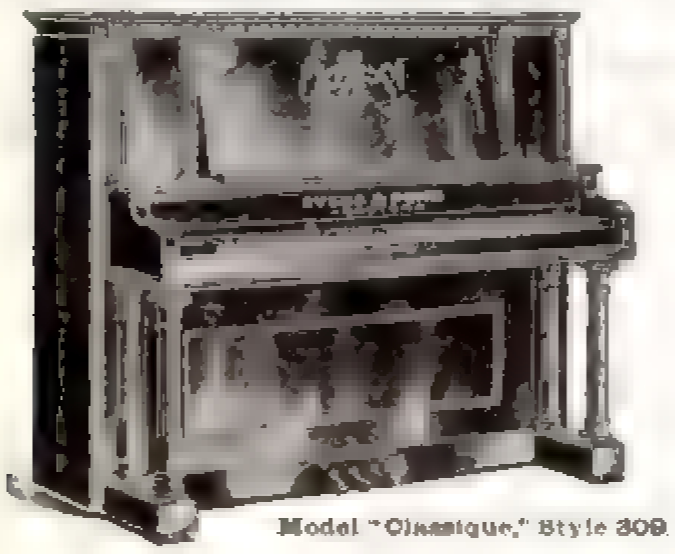

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Literary Folk Their Ways and Their Work

HISTORY IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS—It should not condescend to a child, nor should it deal with irony

¶ We presume, from the general make-up of the book and the extreme condensation of the narrative, that How the United States Became a Nation, by John Fiske *(Ginn & Co.)*, is intended for use as a textbook in the public schools. The subject is divided into the Period of Weakness (following the Revolution); The Second War with Great Britain the Rise of the Democracy: the Slave Power, and the Civil War. Nothing previous to 1783 or subsequent to 1865 finds mention. In so brief an outline the powers of resolvent analysis and cogent reasoning in evidence in the author's more extended and deservedly admired works must subserve the lucidity of style and plain directness of statement that here especially stand him well in stead. There must also be many unsupported assertions that space does not grant should be justified, but permit us to instance one that should not be allowed in a school textbook. "There were two ways in which this could be done" (that is, money raised): "either by internal taxes or by custom-house duties. The latter method was mainly resorted to because it is more indirect, and while it takes vastly more money out of people's pockets, they are usually too dull to realize this as they would in the case of a direct tax. Hence this method of taxation is dangerous; it enables taxes to be laid for the benefit of greedy manufacturers, and thus furtively takes from the people vast sums of money which never get into the treasury. This sort of thing is called protection, which is so pleasing a word that it makes many people loth to see taxes reduced."

Many persons of education and discernment agree to this, but the subject is one active in political debate, and politics should not be taught in public schools. Nor should a child be spoken to with condescension, which he is as quick to detect and to resent as his elders, or in irony, which he does not understand. In fact, the rule may be broadly laid down that no unsupported statement should be made that a child is likely to hear hotly contradicted by, perhaps, his own father the moment he returns from school. It is not wise to say of Uncle Tom's Cabin that "the book was written in a wonderful spirit of fairness, rather understating than exaggerating the evils of slavery." It may be true, but it will certainly be challenged, and, unless it can be proved, unless it *were* proved, it ought not to have been written for children. Contention confuses a child and shakes his faith in the authority of his teaching.

With these two exceptions and that of a similarly injudicious reference to the navigation laws, the book is broad, simple, clear and temperate, without sectional bias. The navigation laws deserve all that is said of them, but why should it be said at all when no explanation carries conviction to the child that it is said truly?

CHANGEFUL HEROINES—Mrs. Humphry Ward's have black eyes on one page and blue the next.

¶ Of all the outrages perpetrated by the novelist upon his defenseless readers none is more inexcusable than that of his failure closely to adhere to whatever descriptions he may have seen fit to give of the physical attributes of his characters. Their mental traits may vary according to the exigencies of the plot, but when the heroine, for example, is firmly established in one's mind as a fair-haired, blue-eyed damsel it is manifestly disturbing to the imagination to find that in the next chapter she has been metamorphosed into a brunette. The failure of illustrations properly to conform to the text of the story is as nothing compared with such an assault upon the sensibilities of the reader, and the offense is all the greater when the case in question is that of a writer possessed of such vividness and haunting charm as Mrs. Humphry Ward. Strange as it may seem, she has in nearly every one of her fascinating stories transgressed in this particular; and what is even stranger is that the fact seems to have been completely overlooked by her critics, or has been thought unworthy of comment up to this time.

Let us take, for example, Eleanor. Each one of the principal characters—Eleanor

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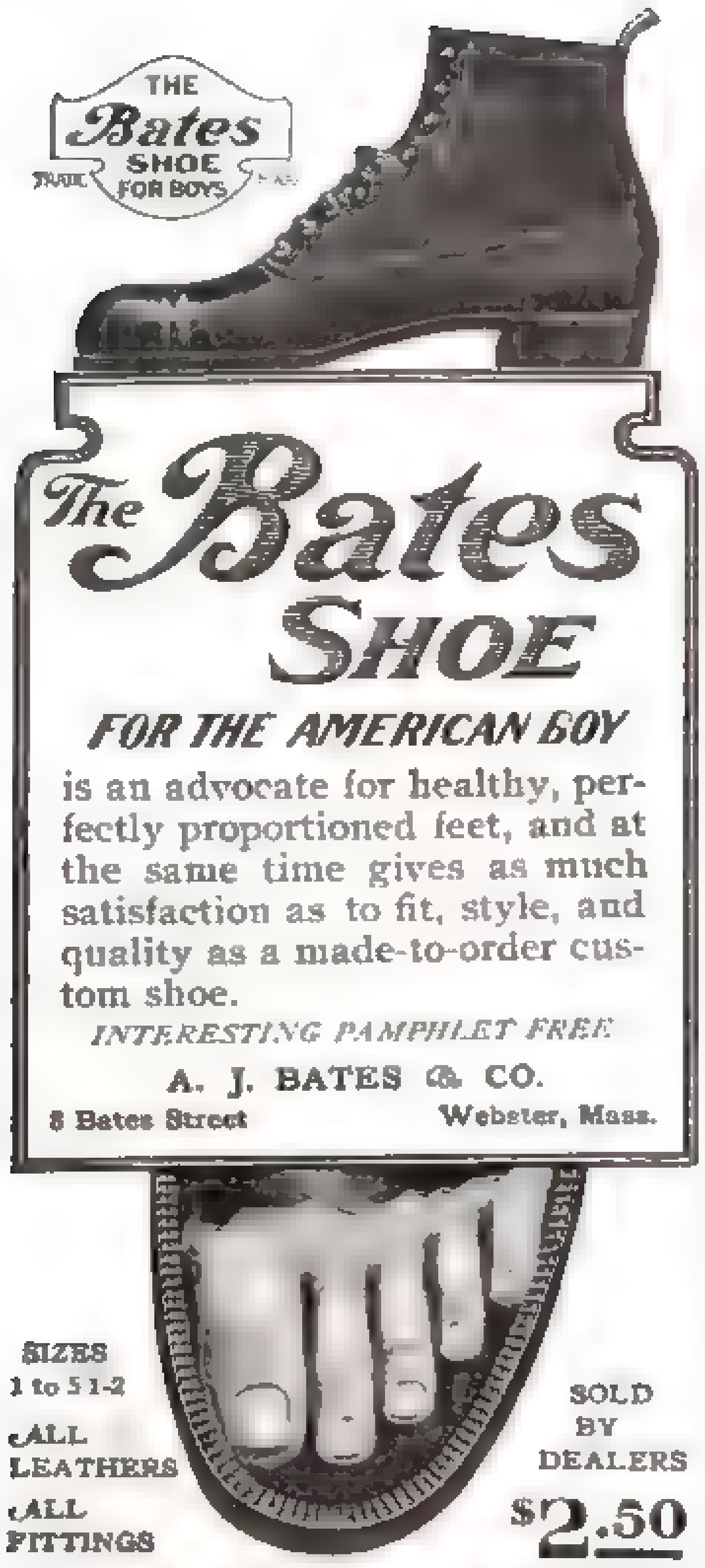
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herself, Lucy, and the hero, Manisty—vary constantly in their descriptions from page to page. Lucy is first clearly pictured to us a black haired, blue-eyed maiden, but she changes almost immediately to one with brown hair and dark eyes. In five instances (pages 20, 30, 34, 283, 499) her hair is distinctly mentioned as black; in three cases (pages 119, 463, 503) it is brown; while her eyes, blue on page 110, change to dark on page 293 and back again to blue on page 316. Eleanor, fair haired and fragile, is somewhat more constant, but even so on page 175 the hollowness of her blue eye accuses Manisty, while on page 559 he sees "the clear brown of those beautiful eyes cloud with tears." As for Manisty's own eyes, they are gray on page 3, gray-blue on page 214, while on page 243 they have become wholly blue. One might urge here in defense that gray and blue are shades somewhat indeterminate, especially when applied to eyes, but when, on page 227, Manisty stares at Lucy "with his dark eyes" our suspicions are aroused, only to be confirmed when, on page 271, we read of Alice Manisty's black eyes "so like her brother's."

Take Helbeck of Bannisdale. Those who have poured out all the worship of their young hearts upon its lonely hero will not readily forgive Mrs. Ward for describing his eyes as dark gray on page 25 of the first volume, as pale blue on page 88, and then referring casually, on page 178, to his "fine dark eye." After that we are prepared for our discovery in the second volume that on pages 81 and 169 his eyes are gray, while on pages 267 and 310 they are black.

Take Marcella. The heroine herself, it must be admitted, retains to the end her rich, dark coloring, but the other characters vary as provokingly as ever. On page 76 of volume I the hero is described as having "inconspicuous brown eyes and hair"; yet on page 40 of volume II he "raises his clear gray eyes." Marcella's father is equally variable. On page 30 of the first volume he is said to possess "conspicuous blue eyes," yet on page 391 of the second volume his eyes are described as "deep and black as ever."

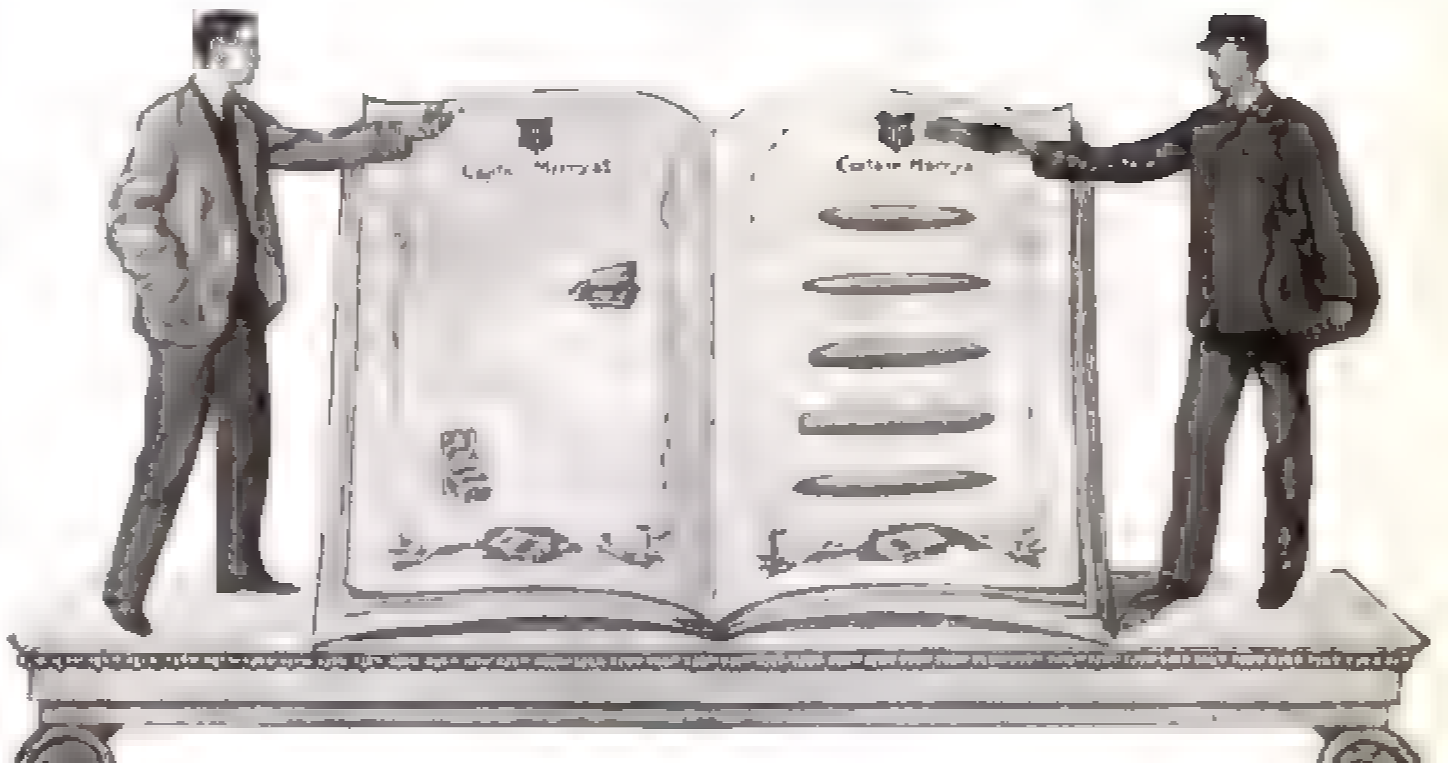
In Sir George Tressady, Letty's eyes are sometimes blue, sometimes brown; while those of George change through every hue. In Lady Rose's Daughter we find that Julie's grandfather has, on page 18, "black eyes under his singularly white hair." On page 314, however, in speaking of him we are told that "the fine, blue eyes above her wavered," but on page 361, while gathered about his deathbed, we learn that there was "a revival of life in the black eyes."

But it is unnecessary to multiply instances, and one can only marvel that these strange inconsistencies should have been allowed to exist unnoticed in both serial and book publication.

¶ **MINOR MENTION: Some Successful Americans**, by Sherman Williams *(Ginn & Co.)*, is a little book of biographical sketches intended for supplementary reading in the sixth, seventh and eighth grades of the public schools. It is during this period that pupils are beginning to think about what they shall do in life. In order to stimulate them to make their own way sketches have been prepared of the lives of many famous Americans who achieved success in the face of what are generally called adverse conditions. Abraham Lincoln, Louisa Alcott, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mary Lyon, Peter Cooper and Horace Greeley are among those taken as examples. Both men and women are included, and they have been chosen so as to represent different callings and various sections of the country.

¶ **The Book of Indoor and Outdoor Games**, by Mrs. Burton Kingsland *(Doubleday, Page & Co.)*, contains every suggestion for the amusement of old and young that can be imagined, from dumb-crambo to directions for a diamond wedding. Such a compilation ought to be invaluable to thousands of tired mothers at their wits' ends to devise entertainments for children's parties. There are 610 pages of print and more games than one could have believed possible.

¶ **Beauty Through Hygiene**, by Dr. Emma L. Walker, M. D. *(A. S. Barnes & Co.)* is a handbook of every-day physiology in the care of the body and the preservation of health. The book is the third in the publisher's series, The Woman's Home Library, edited by Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster.



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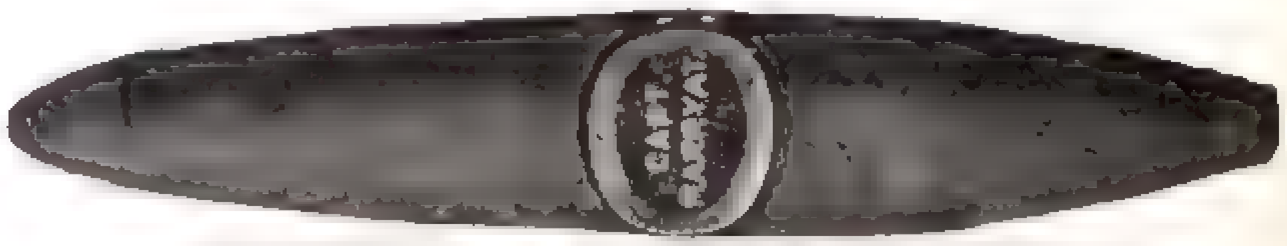

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A Distinguished Visitor

AN OFFICIAL of the Treasury Department says that whenever an unknown person of distinguished appearance enters his office he is reminded of an amusing experience of Mr. Frank Vanderlip, at one time the private secretary to Mr. Gage when that gentleman was at the head of the Department mentioned.

It appears that Mr. Vanderlip, before he got well acquainted, paid little attention to the people he did not know. One day, just after he had assumed the discharge of his duties, there entered the anteroom a member of the Cabinet whom he had never met. The distinguished caller was ignored for some time by Mr. Vanderlip; and finally he entered the Secretary's room unannounced. The Cabinet officer must have mentioned the matter to Mr. Gage, for shortly Mr. Vanderlip received a reprimand.

The very next day one of the first persons to enter Vanderlip's room was a distinguished-looking old fellow with a patriarchal beard. Bearing in mind his experience of the day previous, Vanderlip received the visitor with every mark of consideration. As he offered a chair to the old fellow, who, he observed, accepted it with gravity and some wonderment, Mr. Vanderlip seated himself opposite, and, with his most engaging smile, asked:

"And now, sir, what can I do for you to-day?"

"Oh, nothing much," replied the caller. "I've just dropped in to wind the clocks."

Wrong End Foremost

REPRESENTATIVE John Sharp Williams tells of a negro in Mississippi who had trouble with a bellicose dog belonging to a neighbor. The darky shot the dog as soon as he discovered that the beast was not friendly, and promptly found himself in a justice's court.

"What sort of a gun did you have, Sam?" asked the attorney for the prosecution.

"A double-barrel shotgun, sah!" was the reply.

"Don't you think you could have scared the dog off?"

"Ya-as, boss," said the negro; "I mighter done dat, only I was so scared myself."

"Why didn't you take the other end of the gun and frighten him away?"

The darky scratched his head. "Boss," he said, "ef de dawg wanted me to do dat way wif de gun why didn't he come fo' me de other end fust?"

Without Alternative

SENATOR LINDSAY, of Kentucky, has a story of a judge in that State who, by reason of his own ill-temper, found considerable difficulty in controlling individuals in the courtroom. On one occasion there was unusual disorder. At last the judge could stand it no longer. "It is impossible to allow this persistent contempt of court," exclaimed his Honor, "and I shall be forced to go to the extreme length of taking the one step that will stop it!"

There followed a long silence in the court. Finally one of the leading counsel arose, and without the suspicion of a smile asked:

"If it please your Honor, on what date will your resignation take effect?"

The Solitary Honeymoon

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON says that a domestic long in the service of a well-known Alabama family recently gave "notice" of two weeks, explaining that she desired to get married. The mistress managed to secure an acceptable successor, but was dismayed to discover that the new servant could not report for duty until a week subsequent to the time fixed for the wedding of her predecessor. So the present incumbent was asked whether she would not agree to postpone the happy event for a week. This the domestic declined to do, from superstitious scruples, no doubt bearing in mind the old adage: "Change the date, change the fate." However, she said that she didn't in the least mind getting married and continuing the household duties till her successor could put in an appearance. The husband-elect offering no objections, this arrangement

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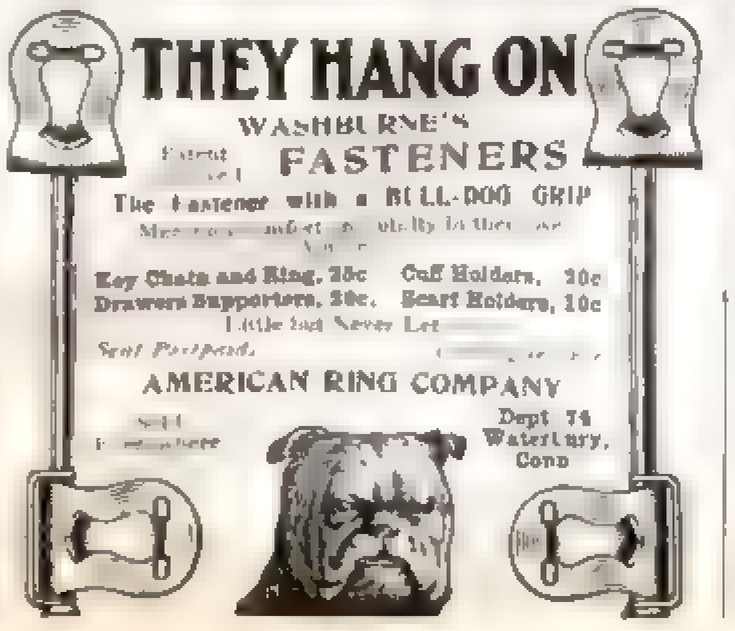

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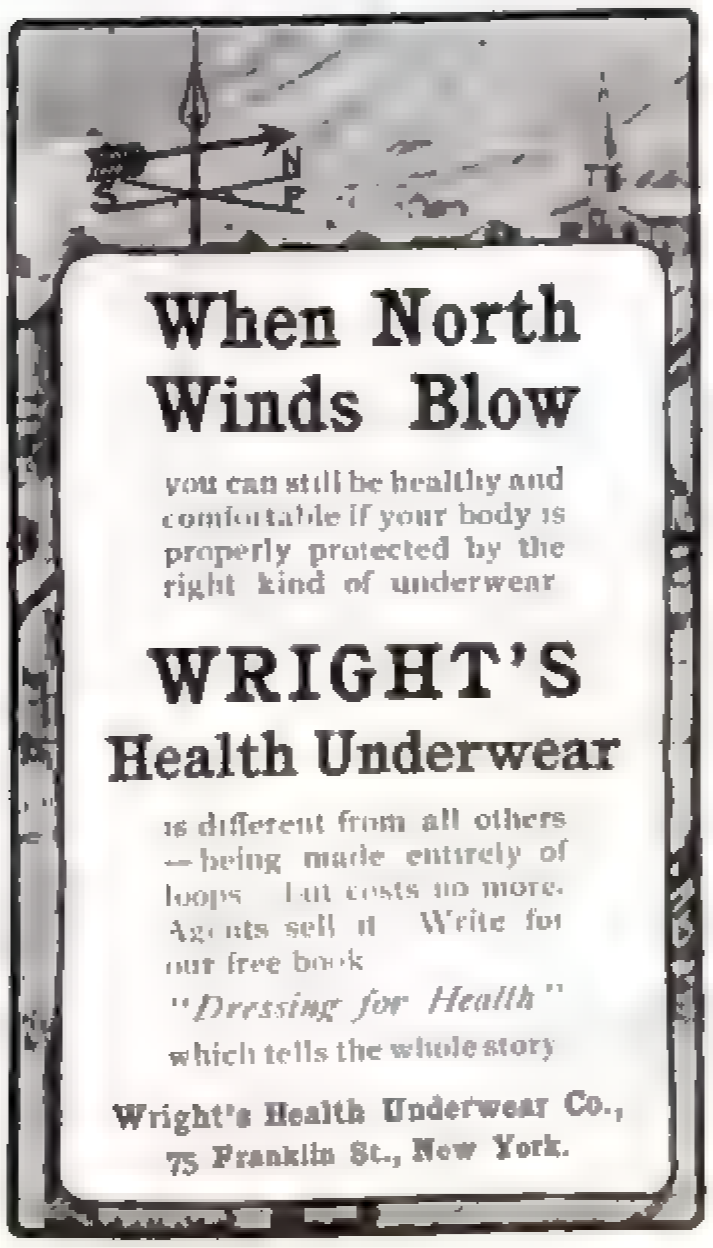

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was agreed upon; and an hour or so after the marriage ceremony the domestic was performing her duties just as before.

"I presume your husband has returned to his work, as you have done," the mistress chanced casually to remark.

"No, m'," responded the girl in a matter-of-fact tone. "Joe, he done gone on his honeymoon."

A True Definition

JUDGE CLAYTON of Alabama tells of a case in a court of that State, in which the first witness called was an aged darky.

Before he was sworn the presiding magistrate directed that the usual question be put to the negro, "Do you know the nature of an oath?"

The old darky shifted himself from one foot to the other before replying. A sly grin crept into his face. "Well, Jedge," said he, "I can't say how 'tis wid mos' folks; but, yo' Honah, I reckon it's sorter secon' nature wid me."

The Disobliging Horse

MARSHALL P. WILDER tells with gusto of two men of his acquaintance who hired a horse and trap for a day's outing in the country. When they had reached their destination the horse was unhitched and allowed peacefully to graze whilst they enjoyed some excellent fishing.

When the time came to go home the two found themselves in a predicament, for neither knew how to reharness the beast. They made many efforts, but with the same result each time. Their chief difficulty was adjusting the bit, the horse making not the least response to their overtures.

"Well," exclaimed one of the men finally, sitting down with a discouraged expression, "there's only one thing to do — wait."

"Wait for what?" asked his companion.

"Wait for the silly animal to yawn."

The Same Color

A COLLEAGUE tells an amusing story in which Senator John T. Morgan, who is quite near-sighted, is the main figure.

It appears that the Alabama statesman, while at dessert one evening in a hotel at Hot Springs, Virginia, experienced considerable difficulty in separating from the plate passed him by the colored waiter what he thought was a chocolate éclair. It stuck fast, so Senator Morgan pushed his fork quite under it, and tried again and again to pry it up.

Suddenly he became aware that his friends at the table were convulsed with laughter, which much mystified him. But his surprise was even greater when the waiter quietly remarked:

"Pardon me, Senator, but that's my thumb!"

A Lame Excuse

AFTER finishing Vergilius last summer Irving Bacheller went down to a certain little rural village in Pennsylvania to rest. His doctor had recommended horseback riding, and finding it difficult to hire a suitable mount he finally bought a horse from an elderly man who wore the regulation long drab coat and broad-brimmed hat of the old-fashioned Quaker. It was a likely-looking nag, and Bacheller felt much pleased over the transaction. Mounting, he rode off, but before he had gone a mile the animal developed a decided case of lameness. Bacheller turned back, and shortly he met the Quaker plodding along the road. The rider drew up and started to speak, when the man held up both hands and said:

"No, no, thee must not ask me to take back the horse."

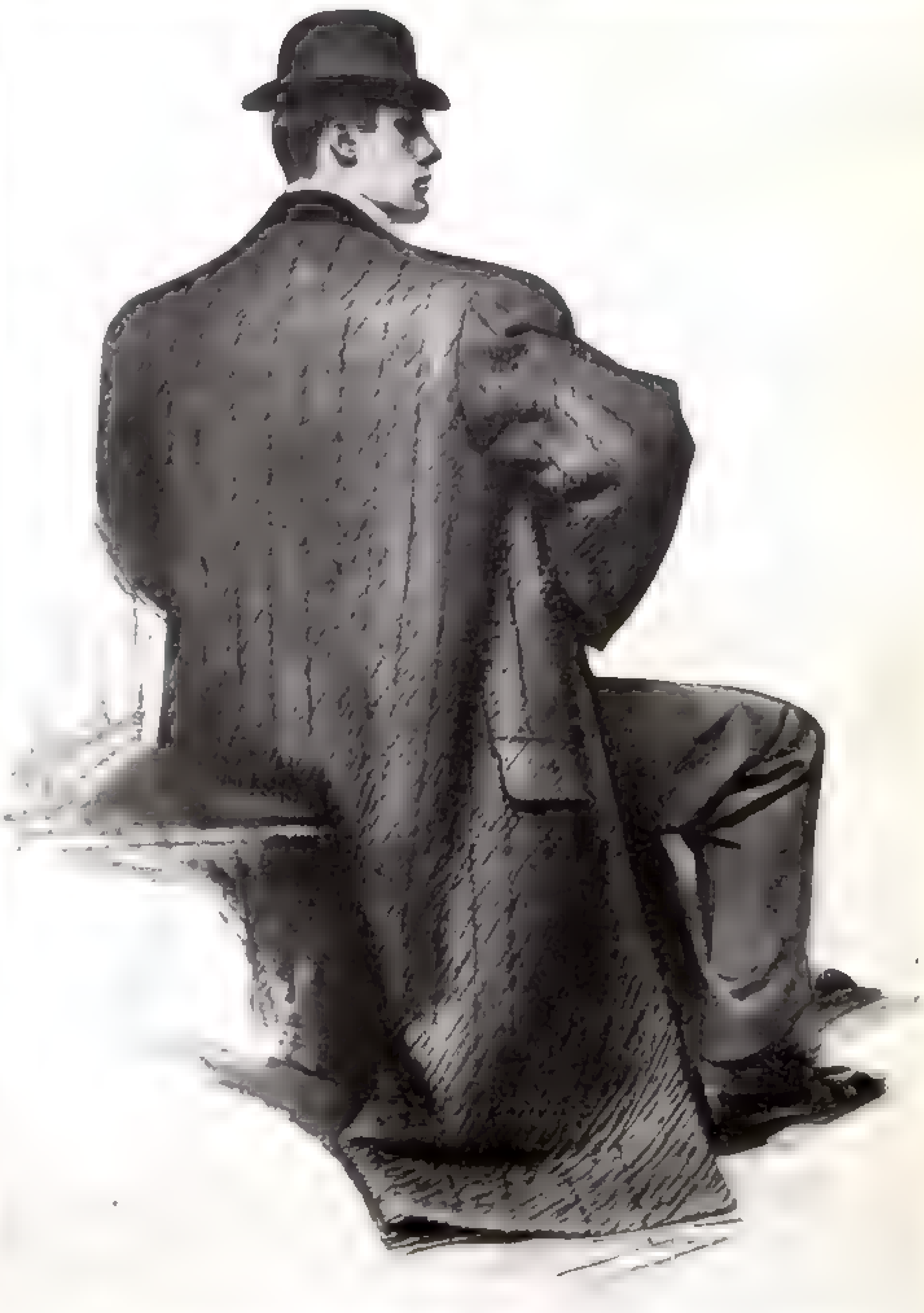
"Oh, I wasn't going to," returned Bacheller softly. "All I want is that you lend me your hat and coat till I can sell him to some one else."

A Song of Trouble

By Frank L. Stanton

De ole chair rockin' w'en de win' don't blow—
Footsteps creakin' er de shacklin' flo'!
Scritch-owl scritchin'; en I know—I know
Trouble comin' in de mawnin'!

New moon hidin' 'hind de dead pine tree—
Des ez skeery ez a moon kin be!
Rabbit runnin' 'cross de grave er me—
Trouble comin' in de mawnin'!



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"Rufus the Roofer" is a breezy booklet, in which the roof question is threshed out in a new vein. It will be sent to any one who receives ten cents in stamps, and is worth more than that simply as entertaining reading.

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The Strength of the Weak

(Continued from Page [illegible])

Suddenly he made up his mind. Clutching his interferer's jersey to help his start he made a false movement to the left and burst out to the right. Harley gave one huge leap, slung his whole body out sideways, stretched his arm, and clutched at a flying ankle. The hold was broken as soon as made, but it was enough. With his tremendous impetus this slight check sent the runner sprawling to the ground. The ball flopped out of his arms. With one low dive Harley was upon it, hugging it against his breast.

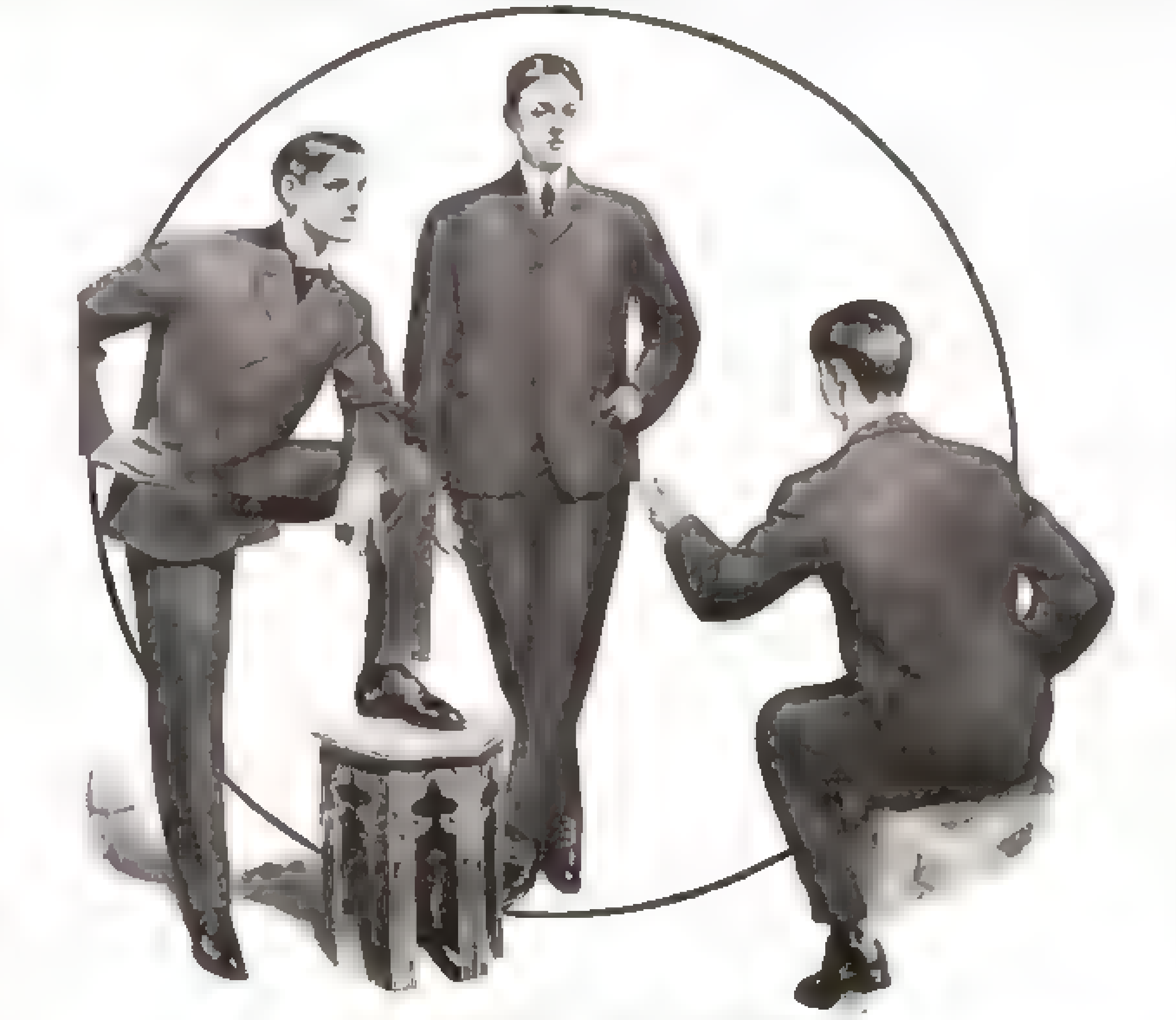
He lay on it quite a while, for a deadly faintness was upon him. The bark of the quarter, fiercely calling for a punt, recalled him to his inexorable duty. He took his position to kick, and then suddenly he knew he could not do it. Even as the ball was coming back toward him, his arms, in spite of his straining effort, dropped limply to his sides. With a thump the ball struck him on the chest, bounced sideways. A red jersey flashed along the ground and covered it up—and he stood there, stupid, the sense of irretrievable disaster in his heart. The Red team formed for a drop-kick at the goal. There was a thump, and the ball soared gently over Harley's head, between the posts, over the cross-bar. A shriek of exultation came from the stands, pierced his ears, reverberated within his brain like a concussion. The Reds had made a goal from the field—had scored five points.

But the Blues fought on with gloomy courage. The last hope had gone; defeat was irrevocably theirs, but they fought on, impelled by some mad desire of self sacrifice, an exasperated dissatisfaction with themselves, fighting to fight, to content something indomitable in them that refused to acquiesce. And the Reds pounded on, fiercely exultant, mad for another taste of success, for an orgy of victory. Five points; they wanted twenty!

And Harley felt that they were likely to have them. An immense weariness pressed upon him; it was as if the earth's attraction had multiplied tenfold, sucking him down like an iron file on a magnet. His muscles refused to obey him, they twinged, they throbbed, they squeaked, they cried out in agony. Each time his kick was weaker; the ball traveled in smaller and smaller curves. Twice he punted only twenty yards; then he fell to fifteen. The Blues stopped the Reds once more. Then the inevitable moment that he had foreseen was present. He kicked, and even as he went down beneath the human ram that had slowly battered him to pieces, he saw the ball shooting straight upward, absolutely straight, without an inch of forward motion.

He rolled weakly to one side and watched it. It seemed to go up an inconceivable distance: when it had reached its height it seemed to stick, as if pasted to the sky. Then swiftly it began to descend. Beneath it the two teams were milling like cattle at a round-up; fighting for the better positions, faces tense to the sky, hands clutching convulsively upward. Harley rose to his knees. The ball came down like a meteor. It struck some one with a thump. It rebounded, and suddenly it lay at Harley's feet, spinning like a top.

With a gulp of eagerness he whisked it up and leaped forward. A new life thrilled in his veins. A few yards ahead a red-shirted figure crouched down to intercept him. He made straight for him, then, just as the man left his feet for the tackle, he swerved to the right in a lightning movement, and was past. Another figure was in his path—the Red full-back. He could not afford an attempt to circle him, for already, he knew, they were in pursuit behind. With a new burst of speed he charged toward him. The full-back took a step forward, left his feet, lunged low along the ground. With a tremendous effort Harley leaped straight up in the air, doubled up like a jack knife, and the red jersey flashed past beneath him. He fell as he lit, but with a twist rolled over and was on his feet again, and then there was no one before him—nothing except white lines, a series of gleaming white lines, and far off the goal-posts, like gallows against the setting sun. He threw himself forward. But he began to stumble; his legs dragged behind him. Fiercely he jerked up his knees in quick succession toward his chin and put on speed. It was hard. An immense weariness clogged him; his head sank low between his shoulders. It was fearfully far to that goal-post, fearfully far.



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The National Press Association, 67 The Baldwin, Indianapolis, Ind.

It was not a football field that he was on; it was a desert, an illimitable desert. It was not a question of yards; miles, long, dolorous miles, stretched before him. His legs were paralyzed; each step took the dregs of his will-power. It was like a nightmare. And they were in pursuit. Fierce, insistent, coming ever nearer, there was a drumming of feet behind him. He stumbled, recovered. He remembered that at first he must bring his knees straight up before him, instead, they had a tendency to straddle sideways, and his whole mind, his mental force, his character, his whole spiritual self concentrated itself on this to bring his knees up straight toward his chin. It racked him to do so; it tore him. It was a run long as death. The yards were long as miles. The white lines were an inconceivable distance apart. He wanted to count them, but he couldn't all his faculties must be set on that one thing — to bring his knees up straight toward his chin. His head was flopping too far back upon his shoulder, he should carry it farther forward — but he couldn't waste time on that — the legs, the legs — that was the important thing. And yet he never would be able to do it; no, never, there were a thousand million of those white lines. It was preposterous, it was indecent, it was an insult. Something was wheezing behind him, it sounded like a dog — no, it was a man, a man pursuing him. He might throw to him the weight he was carrying under his left arm. No, that would never do; he must keep that. That panting was frightful now. White lines, white lines, more white lines — no, there weren't any more; they were gone, how funny, there were no more white lines! A hand like a serpent clutched him by the ankle. He pounded the ground with the other leg. That was seized, too. Well, he was tired, anyway. Softly he fell forward on his face, the ball hugged to his breast.

What happened to Harley after that he was always very reluctant to tell. But he did relate it fully once, that very night, at a banquet where, in spite of three broken ribs and several minor ailments, he fairly bubbled over with ecstatic joy and told — well, many things that he had never meant to tell. It seemed that after he fell he soared up into the sky like a balloon, up and up, into regions ever lighter, ever happier. Below him he could see the good old earth, rotund and red faced like a drunken man. It was mighty fine up there, but still he was not satisfied. He wanted to get back to earth. There was something down there that he had left undone; something of extraordinary importance. He was very unhappy, very much worried over it. After a while he discovered that he was tied to the earthly ball by a string a tenuous, silken thread. A genial thought came to him. Hand over hand he pulled himself down along that string till he reached the earth again. And once there he readily found what it was he had to do. He had to kick the goal for that touchdown he had made.

And he did. Dripping with the buckets of water thrown upon him, sagging with weariness, he watched the red headed quarter pat a nice little heap of sand before him. He directed the same quarter as he poised the ball above the little mound — "Swing it this way, top to the right, a little more — that's it, put it down." He took a quick step forward, swung his right foot, and the ball soared up square between the posts, scoring the sixth point, which effectively made the five of the Reds look, in the words of the coach, like thirty cents.

❧

Mister 'Possum

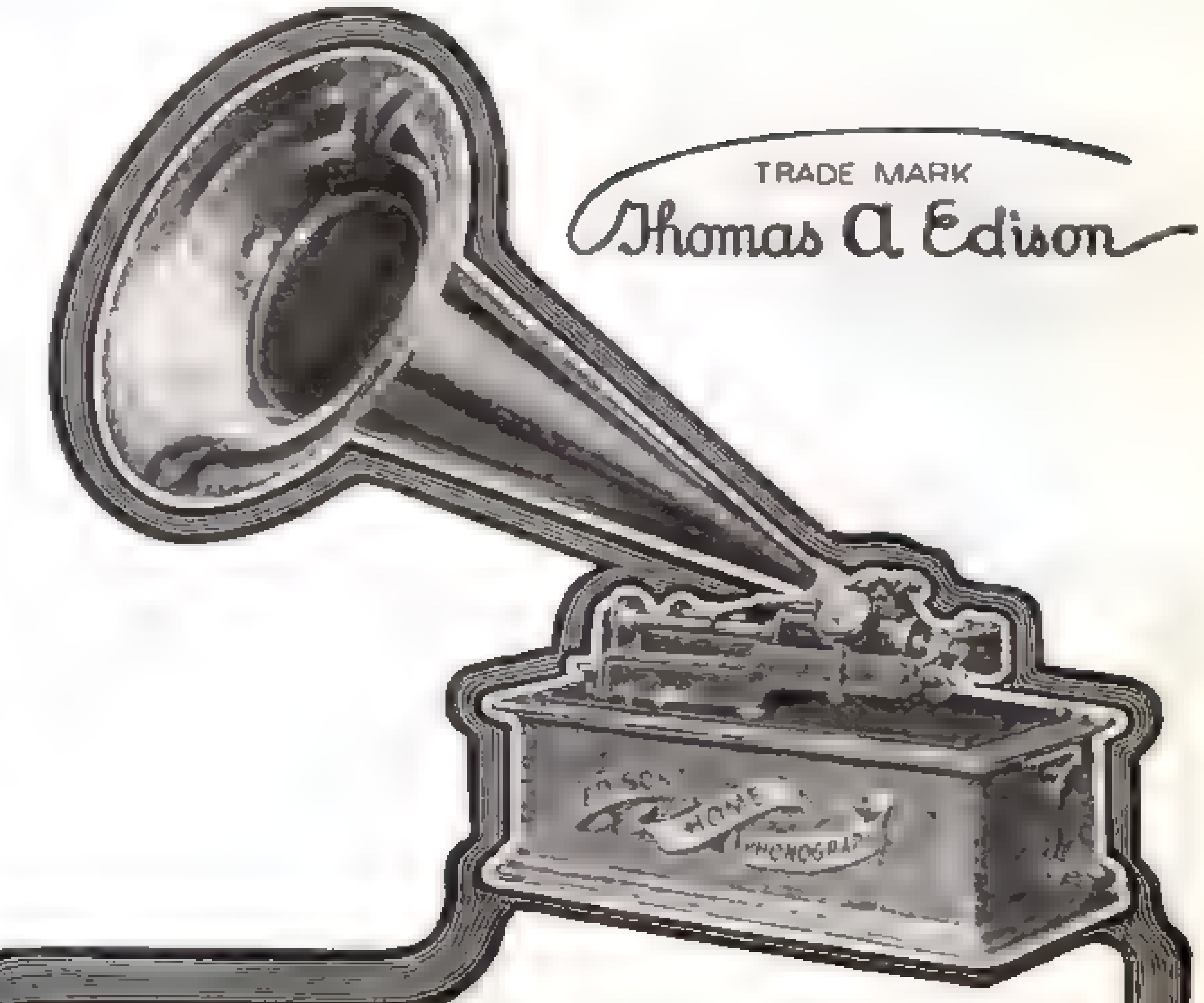
By Frank L. Stanton

Mister 'Possum, he up yander,
In de tip-top er de tree.
I tell him: "Howdy do, suh,
Will you spen' de night wid me?

"I got a heap er rations,
En gingerbread so sweet;
I got a blazin' fire,
En a pan ter fry de meat!"

Mister 'Possum, he wink at me —
De slyest in de lan'
"Ef I spen' de night wid you, suh,
You'll put me in de pan!"

"Good-by, Mister 'Possum,
W'en you sleep I'll come ter see."
"I sleep wid bofe eye open!"
Mister 'Possum say ter me



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How Washington Entertains

(Concluded from Page 11)

It was a truly delightful summer in Paris, with the social features of the great establishment arranged for always on the most lavish scale and high honors showered at every hand on the American Commissioner and his agreeable wife. Nothing, accordingly, could be more natural on their return to this country than for the three girls to unite in doing their utmost for their entertainers. Thus when the splendid home of the Walshes was ready for occupancy their social campaign had not only been mapped out but, thanks to the three bright girls, carried to successful issue

From the sphere of things mundane dinner-giving reaches up and becomes a high art in Washington, where more matters of political and official moment are adroitly conducted to the desired point in this manner than in all other cities of the Union combined Therefore, it will be realized that, unless the social secretary has intelligently grappled with the mighty problem of seating guests at table, she is valueless in her chosen sphere; or, more truly, she is an active deadly peril, since to err in seating diplomatic and official guests at table is fraught with consequences too far-reaching to be a matter lightly dealt with.

In the matter of lunch-giving, where the guests are wives or daughters of prominent officials and diplomats, the same careful regard of observance is necessary. To such extent is this insisted on that more than one instance is of record where a fashionable luncheon has been galvanized by one of the official guests declining to sit down and abruptly leaving the place assigned her at table as not being in accord with her husband's rank

During the second Cleveland Administration, when the Infanta Eulalie visited this country, arrangements were made for one day of her stay in Washington to be spent at Mount Vernon, to which place the trip was made on the President's yacht. In special compliment to the distinguished guest the sight which met her eyes on going aboard was draperies everywhere of the American and Spanish flags, the idea of the Spanish colors being further carried out in the scheme of floral decoration. It had been settled that luncheon was to be served on board during the homeward trip, and thereupon arose confusion of tongues and vast perplexity of statesmen. Entering the cabin while discussion was at its height one might well have been forgiven for imagining at the instant that preparations for a bull-fight rather than a peaceful luncheon were under way In addition to the Infanta's suite of Spanish grandees, each one of whom must be seated in precise accordance with his rank, there were on board members of the Cabinet, Justices of the Supreme Court and their wives, with numerous Senators, all equally insistent on proper place, and regarding as a deadly insult any mistakes. To add to the complications the Spanish Minister was aboard, as also several army and navy officers detailed for the occasion to act as honorary escorts on the part of the United States Government to the royal party. It finally remained for the Secretary of War, Daniel Lamont, to enter the distracted quarters and, calling for a pad of paper and pencil, hastily to make a sketch of the table. This done, and as many slips made out as there were persons to be seated, he wrote on each slip the name of a guest. Then, by lightning-quick mental concentration, made possible from practice while filling the office of private secretary to the President in a previous Administration, he was able eventually to adjust the slips so that on being summoned to luncheon each person found himself placed in correct accordance with his official rank. Afterward, in referring to the experience, Colonel Lamont dryly designated it as a hairbreadth from Bedlam

In the setting of the White House table the proper placing of guests has on momentous occasions been of sufficient importance almost to call for a council of war between the President, the Cabinet and the combined clerical forces of the Executive Mansion. The late Colonel Pruden, private secretary *de facto* of the Presidents from Grant to McKinley, had so thoroughly mastered this extremely difficult art as to stand an unquestioned supreme authority. As such he was almost incessantly called upon for help during successive seasons alike by official and unofficial hostesses in Washington.

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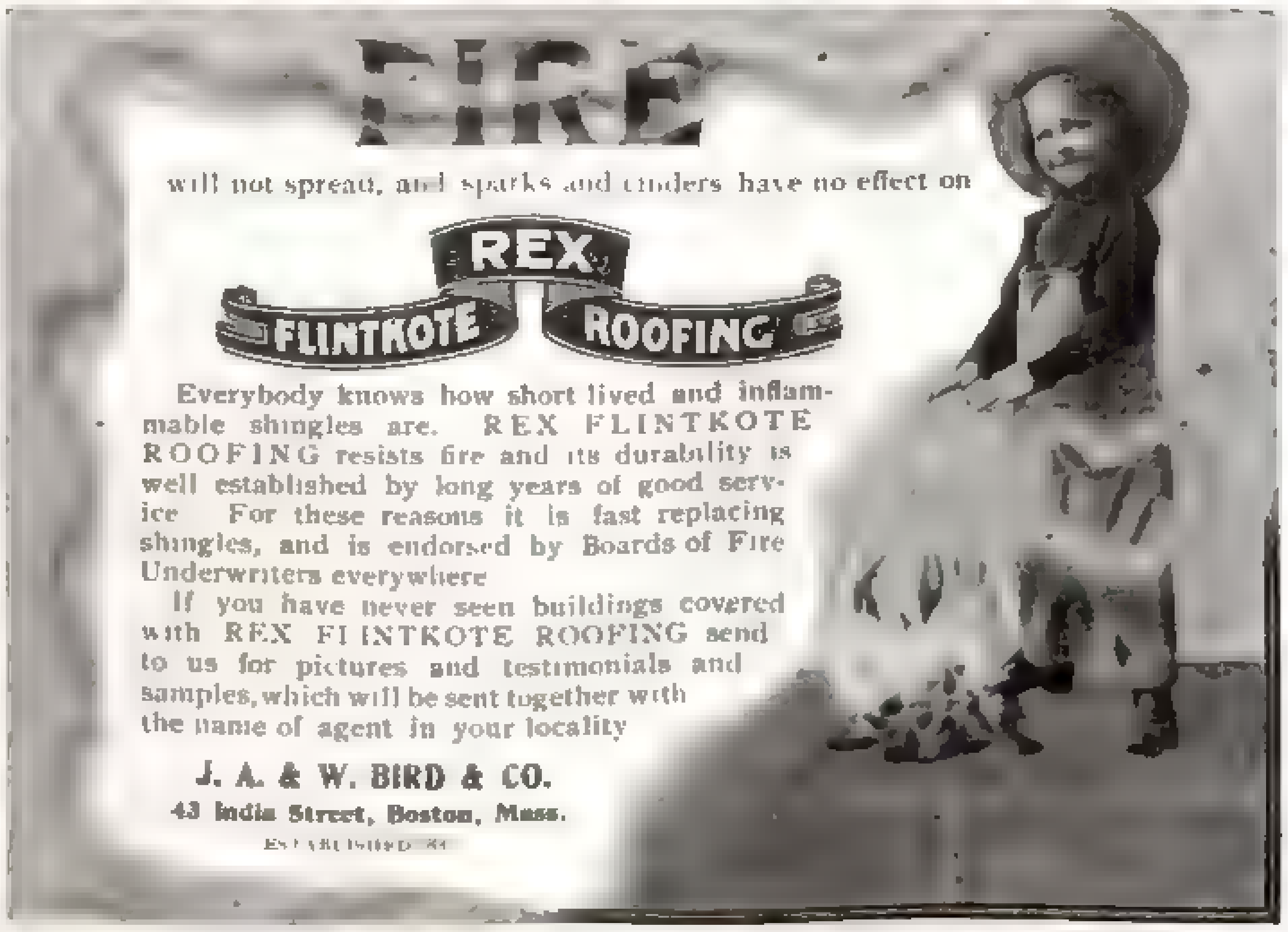

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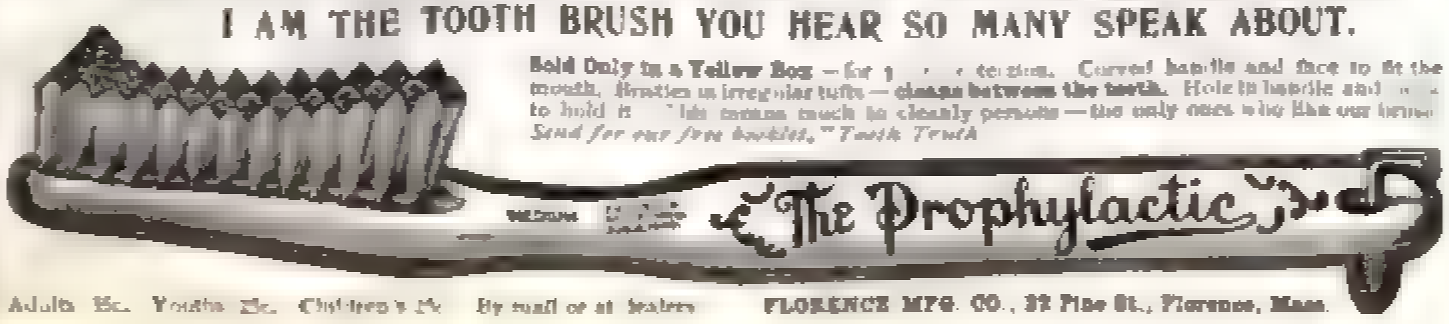

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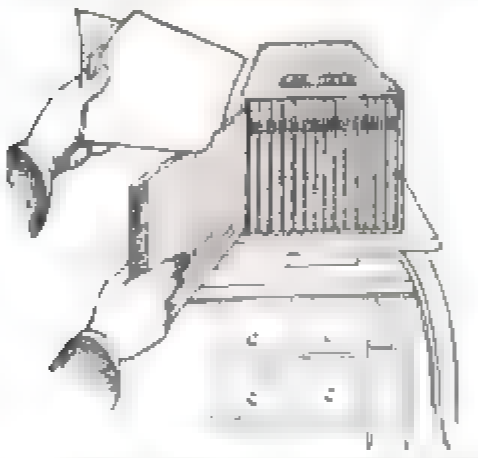

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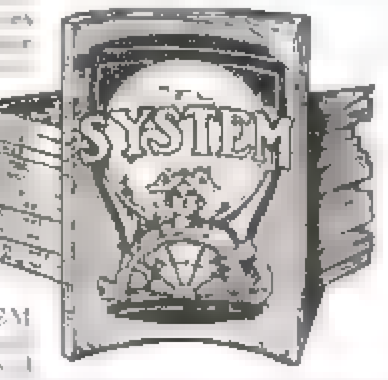

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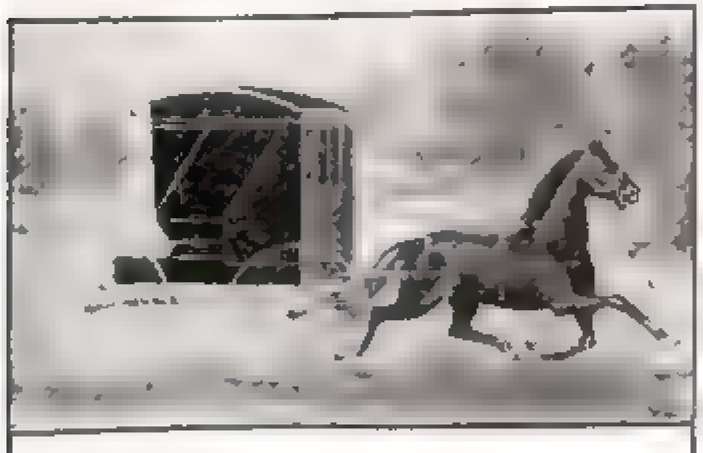

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Why the Democrats of 1896 and 1900 Should Support Parker and Davis in 1904

(Concluded from Page 7)

Judge Parker indorses the Democratic platform on this subject and declares himself not only in favor of Philippine independence but in favor of an immediate promise of independence. We cannot hold the Filipinos as subjects without danger to our form of government; we cannot make them citizens without endangering our civilization and taking upon ourselves the solution of a race question greater, if possible, than the race question with which we are now wrestling.

If Judge Parker does nothing more than terminate imperialism and rid the country of the virus of monarchy contained in colonialism he will justify the support of all who supported me in 1896 and in 1900. Walpole said during the Revolution that England could not maintain her position in that war without asserting principles which, if carried out, would destroy English liberty as well as American liberty; and so, to-day, Republicans cannot defend the Administration's policy in the Philippines without asserting principles which, if carried out, will destroy American liberty as well as Philippine liberty.

Imperialism furnishes a pretext for a larger army than our country needs, and it furnishes an excuse for a larger navy than our country requires. Imperialism weakens the arguments which we have advanced in support of the Monroe doctrine, adds largely to the risk of complications with the land-grabbing nations of Europe, and lessens our strength in time of war. Those who recognize the gravity and importance of the economic problems which press for solution recognize in imperialism an almost insurmountable obstacle to their consideration. Judge Parker's election would remove this obstacle, and that in itself would be of inestimable value to the people.

If I were a cartoonist I should represent the present situation by a picture. I should represent Judge Parker as a woodman with coat off and an axe laid against a tree marked "Imperialism." Near by, but beyond this, I should draw four other trees, the first marked "Militarism," the second "The Spirit of War," the third "The Race Issue," the fourth "Violation of the Constitution." At one side I should draw a picture of a sturdy farmer with his hands upon the plow, and this farmer would represent the Democratic party. The title of the picture would be "Clearing the Ground for Future Harvests." The picture would represent the purpose of this campaign. Eight years ago the Democratic party began a contest for economic, industrial and political reforms, eight years of Republican rule have raised up new and unexpected issues that must be removed before the party can proceed with its work. Judge Parker and Mr. Davis are our leaders in this campaign for the removal of these new issues. Those who, like myself, desire to continue the fight on economic questions can join heartily in the support of candidates who, by helping to dispose of the intervening questions, will hasten the day of reform.

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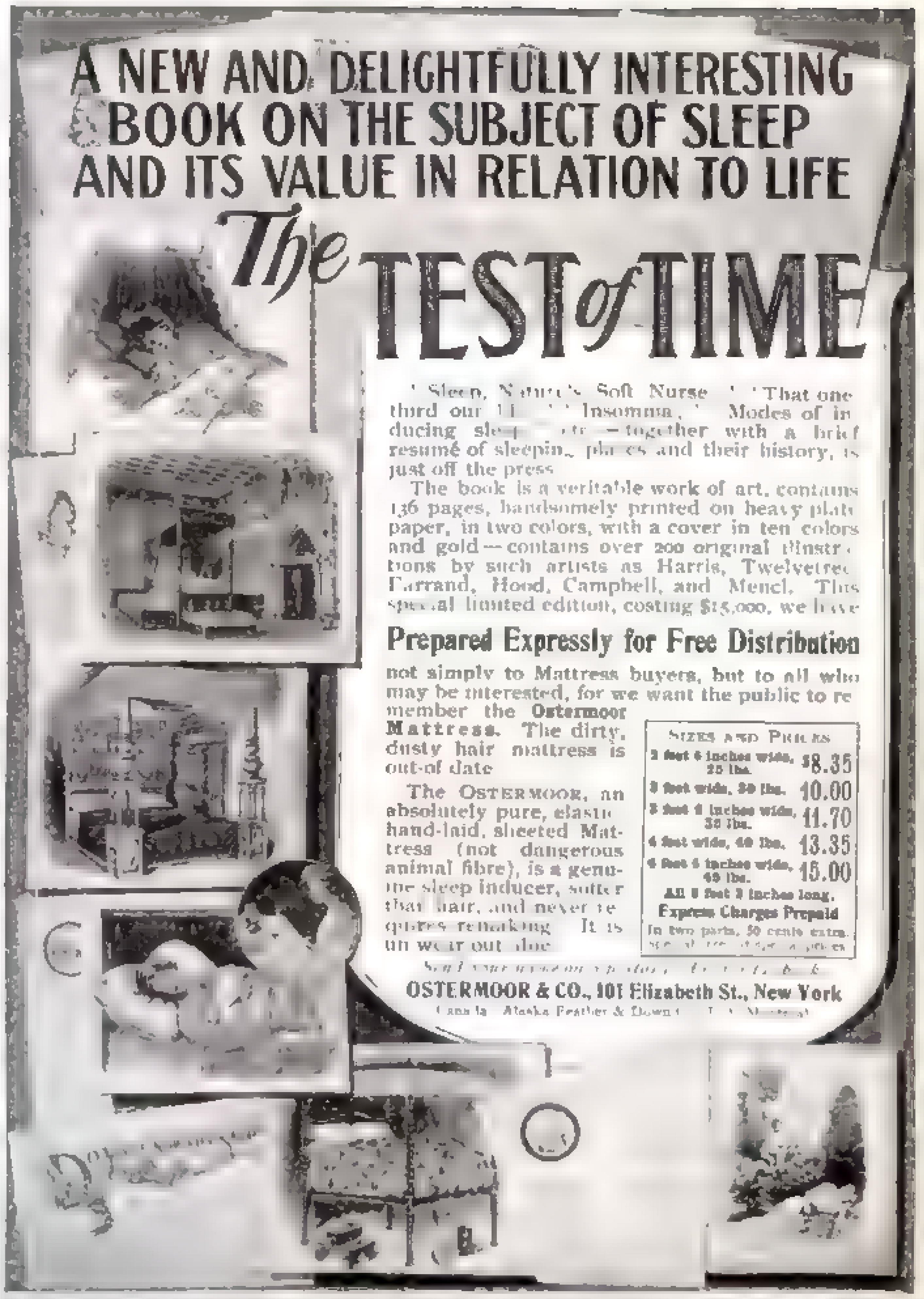

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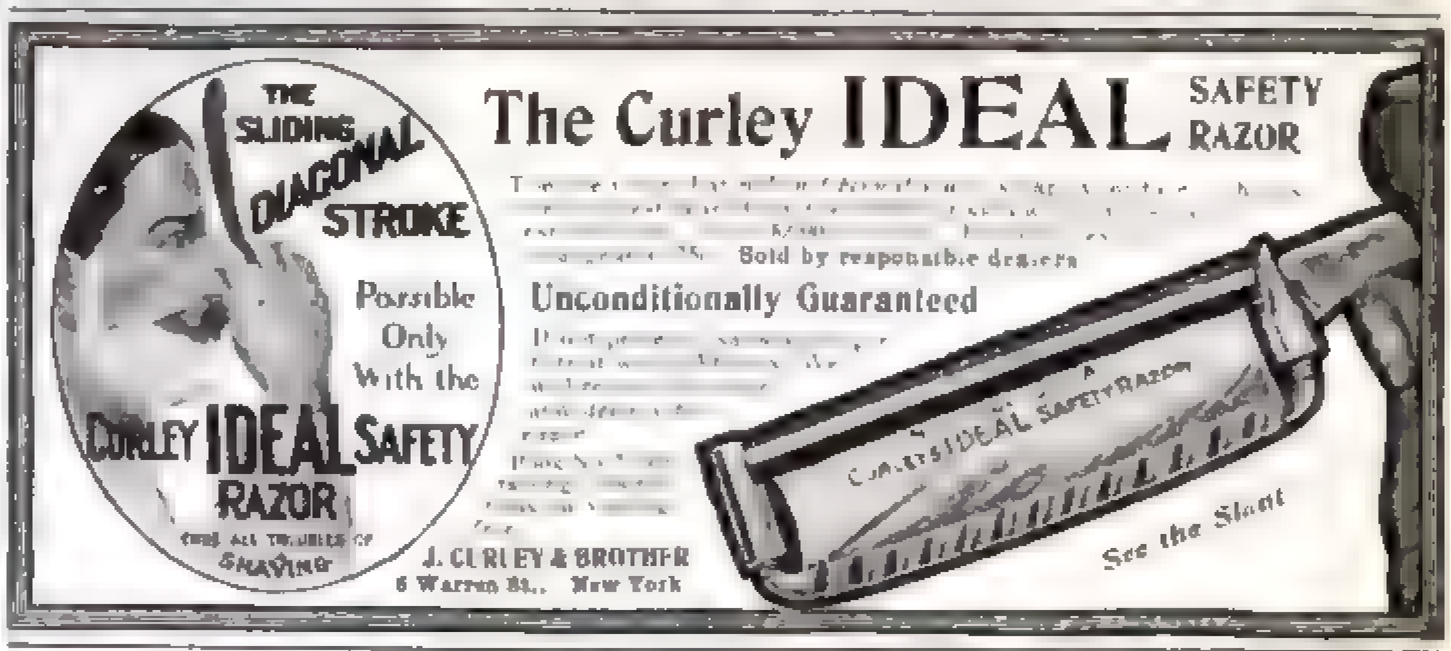

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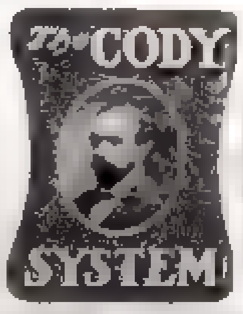

Zangwill Says

Of Sherwin Cody's "How to Write Fiction," reprinted in his Art of Writing and Speaking the English Language [illegible] help[ful] advice and instruction by mail.

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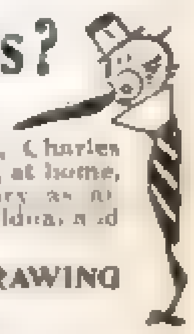

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"OUR President has taken the whole people into his confidence. Incapable of deception, he has put aside concealment. Frankly and without reserve, he has told them what their government was doing, and the reasons. It is no campaign of sounding words and specious pretenses, for our President has told the people with frankness what he believed and what he intended. He has meant every word he said, and the people have believed every word he said, and with him this convention agrees because every word has been sound Republican doctrine. No people can maintain free government who do not in their hearts value the qualities which have made the present President of the United States conspicuous among the men of his time as a type of noble manhood. Come what may here — come what may in November, God grant that those qualities of brave, true manhood shall have honor throughout America, shall be held for an example in every home, and that the youth of generations to come may grow up to feel that it is better than wealth, or office, or power, to have the honesty, the purity, and the courage of Theodore Roosevelt." —**Elihu Root.**

A Sturdy Character

"HE IS no slender flower swaying in the wind, but that heroic fibre which is best nurtured by the mountains and the snow. He spends little time in review, for that, he knows, can be done by the schools. He believes in going ahead. He believes that in shaping the destinies of this great Republic hope is a higher impulse than regret. He believes that preparation for future triumphs is a more important duty than an inventory of past mistakes. A profound student of history, he is to-day the greatest history-maker in the world With the instincts of the scholar he is yet forced from the scholar's pursuits by those superb qualities which fit him to the last degree for those great world currents now rushing past with larger volume and more portentous aspect than for many years before."

—**Ex-Gov. Frank S. Black.**

President Roosevelt and the Canal

"THE work of Canal construction will be speedily inaugurated and pushed with the energy and resources of this Government to the earliest practicable completion, a consummation long dreamed of by statesmen and long prayed for by mariners. It is not to be expected that the harsh voice of criticism will be hushed until next November. That need not and will not disturb the President. He may take to himself with exultant pride the safe assurance that this triumph in executive achievement which he has wrought for his country, for the South American Republics, and for the enduring foundation of his fame; and it will not be forgotten by history in praise of him that out of his prompt and wise action there has also come, without breach of national tradition, violation of national or international law, a new Republic, affording to a long-suffering people on the Isthmus opportunity of life, liberty and prosperity. For it all he deserves and will receive not only the plaudits of thoughtful men of our own day, but the grateful remembrance of posterity." —**John C. Spooner.**

Appeals to Men of All Parties

NEW YORK, July 18, 1904.
Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, Oyster Bay, N. Y.

MY Dear Mr. President: Though I have always been a liberal Democrat, latterly a Cleveland Democrat, my admiration for your fearless devotion to right in its highest sense, and my esteem for your wisdom and courageous executive conservatism, make it a privilege no less than a duty to dedicate my best service to your election.

Faithfully yours, **Oscar S. Straus.**

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A Democratic Tribute

CONCERNING President Roosevelt's action in the coal strike Judge George Gray said, in an interview in the New York World, October 1, 1902: "I do not think any President ever acted more wisely, courageously or promptly in a national crisis. Mr. Roosevelt deserves unstinted praise for what he did."

With Wisdom and Courage

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT has addressed himself to the duties of his high office with wisdom and courage. He has had no secrets from the American people. He has spoken to them out of the abundance of a brave and honest heart. He has addressed himself fearlessly to the difficult problems which have arisen since he succeeded to the Presidency and those which came down from his predecessors. We approve what he has done already and what he has declared that he intends to do hereafter. Massachusetts sustains and supports his present Administration and intends to sustain and support him in another."
—**George F. Hoar.**

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"OF GENTLE birth and breeding, yet a man of the people in the best sense; with the training of a scholar and the breezy accessibility of a ranchman; a man of the library and a man of the world: an athlete and a thinker; a soldier and a statesman; a reader, a writer, and a maker of history; with the sensibility of a poet and the steel nerve of a rough rider; one who never did, and never could, turn his back on a friend or an enemy. A man whose merits are so great that he could win on his merits alone; whose personality is so engaging that you lose sight of his merits. Make their fight on a man like that. What irreverent caricaturist was it that called them the Stupid party?"—**John Hay.**

We Press Steadily Forward

FROM President Roosevelt's letter accepting the Republican nomination:

"We, who are responsible for the administration and legislation under which this country, during the last seven years, has grown so greatly in well-being at home and in honorable repute among the nations of the earth abroad, do not stand inertly upon this record, do not use this record as an excuse for failure of effort to meet new conditions. On the contrary, we treat the record of what we have done in the past as incitement to do even better in the future. We believe that the progress that we have made may be taken as a measure of the progress we shall continue to make if the people again entrust the Government of the Nation to our hands. We do not stand still. We press steadily forward toward the goal of moral and material well-being for our own people, of just and fearless dealing toward all other peoples, in the interest not merely of this country, but of mankind. There is not a policy, foreign or domestic, which we are now carrying out, which it would not be disastrous to reverse or abandon. If our opponents should come in and should not reverse our policies, then they would be branded with the brand of broken faith, of false promise, of insincerity in word and deed; and no man can work to the advantage of the Nation with such a brand clinging to him. If, on the other hand, they should come in and reverse any or all of our policies, by just so much would the Nation as a whole be damaged. Alike as lawmakers and as administrators of the law we have endeavored to do our duty in the interest of the people as a whole. We make our appeal to no class and to no section, but to all good citizens, in whatever part of the land they dwell, and whatever may be their occupation or worldly condition. We have striven both for civic righteousness and for National greatness; and we have faith to believe that our hands will be upheld by all who feel love of country and trust in the uplifting of mankind We stand for enforcement of the law and for obedience to the law; our Government is a government of orderly liberty equally alien to tyranny and to anarchy; and its foundation stone is the observance of the law alike by the people and by the public servants. We hold ever before us as the all-important end of policy and administration the reign of peace at home and throughout the world; of peace, which comes only by doing justice."

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AUTOMATIC
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IOLE

(Continued from Page 3)

"Not in your case—no, not in your case *I* can do that; I have done it. No, your sacred mission is simply to forget that you are wealthy. That is a very precious thought, Mr. Wayne—remain a Crœsus and forget it! Not to eliminate your *wealth*, but eliminate all *thought* of it. Very, very precious."

"Well, I never think about things like that except at a directors' meeting," blurted out the young fellow. "Perhaps it's because I've never had to think about it."

The poet sighed so sweetly that the atmosphere seemed to drip with the saccharine injection.

"I wish," ventured Wayne, "that you would let me mention the subject of business"—the poet shook his head indulgently—"just to say that I'm not going to foreclose." He laid a packet of legal papers in the poet's hand.

"Hush," smiled Guilford, "this is not seemly in the house beautiful. . . . *What* was it you said, Mr. Wayne?"

"I? I was going to say that I just wanted—wanted to stay here—be your guest, if you'll let me," he said honestly. "I was cruising—I didn't understand—Briggs—Briggs——" He stuck.

"Yes, Briggs," softly suggested the poet, spraying the night air with more sweetness.

"Briggs has spoken to you about—about your daughter Vanessa. You see, Briggs is my closest friend; his happiness is—er—important to me. I want to see Briggs happy; that's why I want to stay here, just to see Briggs happy. I—I love Briggs. You understand me, don't you, Mr. Guilford?"

The poet breathed a [illegible] breath.

"Perfectly," he murmured. "The contemplation of Mr. Briggs' happiness eliminates all thoughts of self within you. By this process of elimination you arrive at happiness yourself. Ah, the thought is a very precious one, my young friend, for by elimination only can we arrive at perfection. Thank you for the thought; thank you. You have given me a very, very precious thought to cherish."

"I—I have been here a week," muttered Wayne. "I thought—perhaps—my welcome might be outworn——"

"In the house beautiful," murmured the poet, rising and waving his heavy, white hand at the open door, "welcome is eternal." He folded his arms with difficulty, for he was stout, and one hand clutched the legal papers; his head sank. In profound meditation he wandered away into the shadowy house, leaving Wayne sitting on the veranda rail, eyes fixed on a white shape dimly seen moving through the moonlit meadows below. Briggs sauntered into sight presently, his arms full of ghost flowers.

"Get me a jug of water, will you? Vanessa has been picking these and she sent me back to fix 'em. Hurry, man! She is waiting for me in the garden." Wayne gazed earnestly at his friend.

"So you have done it, have you, Stuyve?"

"Done what?" demanded Briggs, blushing.

"It."

"If you mean," he said with dignity, "that I've asked the sweetest girl on earth to marry me, I have. And I'm the happiest man on the footstool, too. Good Heaven, George," he broke out, "if you knew the meaning of love! if you could for one second catch a glimpse of the beauty of her soul! Why, man of sordid clay that I was—creature of club and claret and turtle—like you——"

"Drop it!" said Wayne sombrely.

"I can't help it, George. We were beasts—and *you* are yet. But my base clay is transmuted, spiritualized; my soul is awake, traveling, toiling toward the upward heights where hers sits enthroned. When I think of what I was, and what you still are——"

Wayne rose exasperated:

"Do you think your soul is doing the only upward traveling?" he said hotly.

Briggs, clasping his flowers to his breast, gazed out over them at Wayne.

"You don't mean——"

"Yes, I do," said Wayne. "I may be crazy, but I know something," with which paradox he turned on his heel and walked into the moonlit meadow toward that dim, white form moving through the dusk.

"I wondered," she said, "whether you were coming," as he stepped through the long, fragrant grass to her side.

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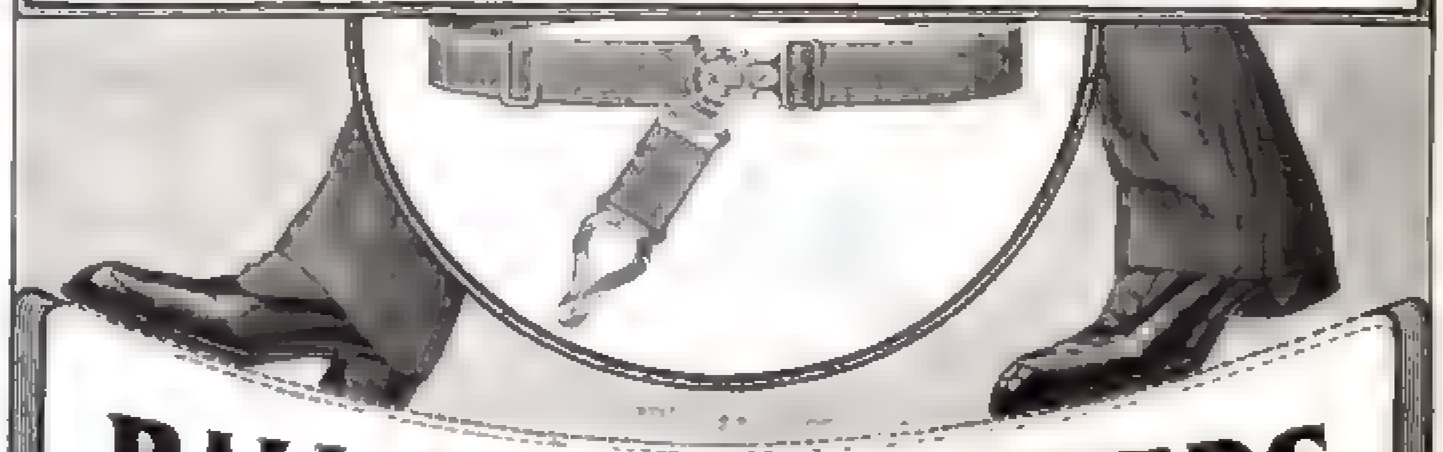

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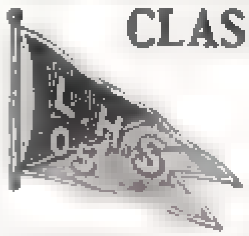

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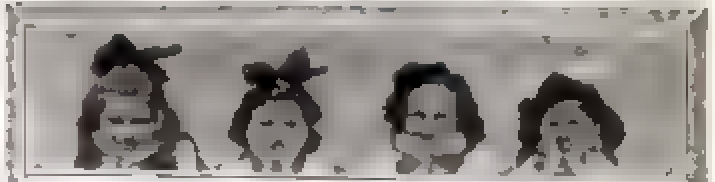

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"Yes, that is true. This moonlight is too wonderful to miss," she added without a trace of self-consciousness.

"It was for you I came."

"Couldn't you find my sisters?" she asked innocently.

He did not reply. Presently she stumbled over a hummock, recovered her poise without comment, and slipped her hand into his with unconscious confidence.

"Do you know what I have been studying to-day?" she asked.

"What?"

"That curious phycomycetous fungus that produces resting-spores by the conjugation of two similar club-shaped hyphæ, and in which conidia also occur. It's fascinating."

After a silence he said:

"What would you think of me if I told you that I do not comprehend a single word of what you have just told me?"

"Don't you?" she asked, astonished.

"No," he replied, dropping her hand.

She wondered, vaguely distressed; and he went on presently: "As a plain matter of fact, I don't know much. It's an astonishing discovery for me, but it's a fact that I am not your mental, physical or spiritual equal. In sheer, brute strength perhaps I am, and I am none too certain of that, either. But, and I say it to my shame, I cannot follow you: I am inferior in education, in culture, in fine instinct, in mental development. You chatter in a dozen languages to your sisters; my French appals a Paris cabman; you play any instrument I ever heard of: the guitar is my limit, the fandango my repertoire. As for alert intelligence, artistic comprehension, ability to appreciate, I cannot make the running with you; I am outclassed — hopelessly. Now, if this is all true — and I have spoken the wretched truth — *what* can a man like me have to say for himself?"

Her head was bent, her fair face was in shadow. She strayed on a little way, then, finding herself alone, turned and looked back at him where he stood. For a moment they remained motionless, looking at one another, then, as on some sweet impulse, she came back hastily and looked into his eyes.

"I do not feel as you do," she said; "you are very — good — company. I am not all you say; I know very little. Listen. It — it distressed me to have you think I held you — lightly. Truly we are *not* — not apart."

"There is but one thing that can join us."

"What is that?"

"Love."

Her pure gaze did not falter nor her eyes droop. Curiously regarding him, she seemed immersed in the solution of the problem as he had solved it.

"Do you love me?" she asked.

"With all my soul — such as it is, with all my heart, with every thought, every instinct, every breath I draw."

She considered him with fearless eyes, the beauty of them was all he could endure.

"You love me?" she repeated.

He bent his head, unable to speak.

"You wish me to love you?"

He bent his head, utterly unable to move his lips.

"*How* do you wish me to love you?"

He opened his arms; she stepped forward, close to him.

Then their lips met.

"Oh," she said faintly, "I did not know it — it was so sweet."

And as her head fell back on his arm about her neck she looked up at him full of wonder at this new knowledge he had taught her, marvelous, unsuspected, divine in its simplicity. Then the first delicate blush that ever mounted her face spread, tinting throat and forehead; she drew his face down to her own.

The poet paced the dim veranda, arms folded, head bent. But his glance was sideways and full of intelligence as it included two vague figures coming slowly back through the moon-drenched meadow.

"By elimination we arrive at perfection," he mused; "and perfection is success. There remain six more," he added irrelevantly, "but they're young yet. Patience, subtle patience — and attention to the little things." He pinched a morsel of air out of the darkness, examined it and released it.

"The little things," he repeated; "that is a very precious thought. . . . I believe the sea air may agree with me — now and then."

And he wandered off into his "den" and unlocked a drawer in his desk, and took out a bundle of legal papers, and tore them slowly, carefully, into very small pieces.

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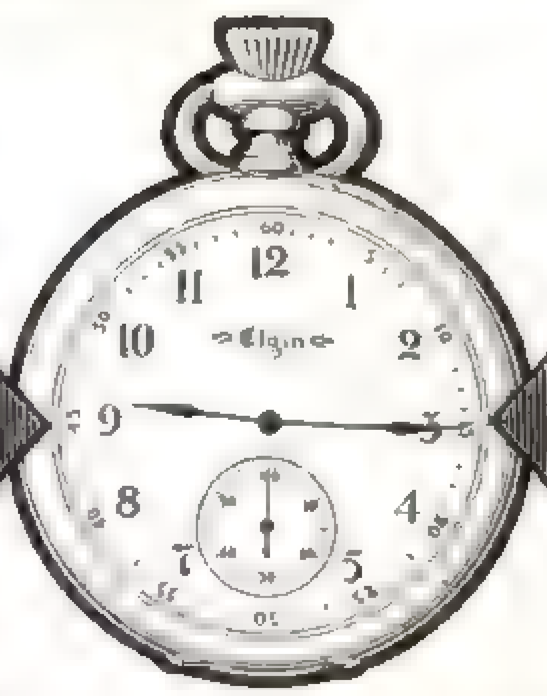

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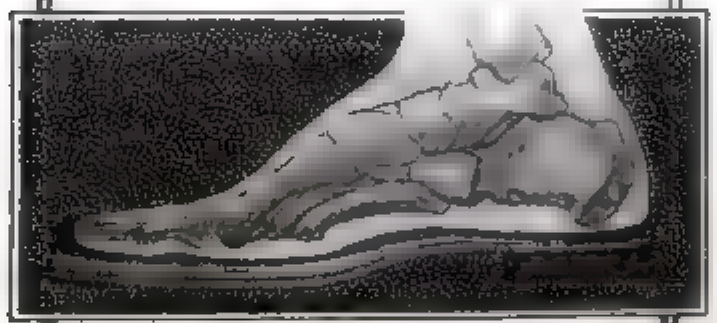

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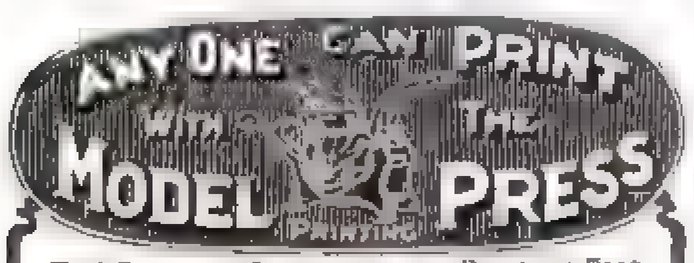

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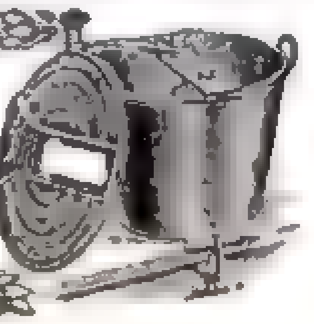

A LINK IN THE GIRDLE

(Continued from Page 13)

time," mused the chief. "Still, we'll send word over to the officers at Palos. As for this"—he looked down at the already dead body—"we'll bury it at breakfast time to-morrow."

"Will you have a service?"

"Yes."

They paused, both gazing down. "Horrible looking animal," said the younger man with a slight shudder. "Where do you suppose he has gone to, Mr. Carhart?"

The chief looked up in genuine surprise at this abrupt question.

"Heaven or hell?" pursued Young Van, staring fixedly down. "Or hadn't he soul enough to go to either? I've wondered—— These men——" He paused, and shuddered again.

"Come, Gus," said the chief gently. "Come away from here." And he took the arm of his assistant and led him out into the open air.

At six the next morning a long procession filed out of the camp. At the head went the rude coffin, on the shoulders of eight Mexicans. Paul Carhart and his associates followed, the chief with a book of prayers in his hand; and then came the men. The grave was ready. The laborers and workmen bared their heads to the young sun, standing in a wide circle. Carhart opened the book and slowly turned the pages in a quiet so intense that the rustle of the leaves could be heard by every man of the five hundred. For the ungoverned emotions of these broken outcasts were now turned to thoughts of death and of what may come after, just as the evening before had seen them bent on drink and riot.

"I am the resurrection and the life."

Carhart read the immortal words splendidly, in his even, finely modulated voice.

"I know that my Redeemer liveth . . . yet in my flesh shall I see God. . . . We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. . . . For man walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth himself in vain; he heapeth up riches, and cannot tell who shall gather them."

Young Vandervelt raised his eyes involuntarily, and glanced from one to another of the lustful, weak, wicked faces that made up the circle.

"It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption: it is sown in dishonour; it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness; it is raised in power. . . ."

Could it be that these wretches were to be raised in incorruption? Was there something hidden behind each of these animal faces, something deeper than the motives which lead such men to work with their hands only that they may eat and drink and die?

". . . for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For . . . this mortal must put on immortality."

The service was over, the men were slowly turning away. Young Van was looking about, on an impulse, for his brother—when he heard a gruff, familiar voice behind him.

"Look here, Gus, don't you think you've been sort of a d——n fool about this business?"

The young fellow wheeled around with a glad look in his eyes. He saw that his brother was scowling, was not even extending his hand, and yet he knew how much those rough words meant. "Yes," he replied frankly, "I think I have."

Old Van nodded, and they walked back to breakfast side by side.

At seven o'clock the whistle blew, the sobered workmen swarmed out over track and grade, and the sounds of locomotives, of sledges on steel, of shouted commands, were again in the air. For the advance of the track was irresistible, pressed on by the great material civilization behind it. Indeed, by this time the thin, insensible double line seemed to have gathered a momentum of its own, as did the locomotives that ran over it. Death could not stop this advance—money, men, materials were fed to it, swallowed and assimilated by it; still, always hungry, it grew and grew. At first, engineers and laborers had pushed grimly forward; now they found themselves pulled forward as grimly. Days and weeks were consumed and left behind along the line. Now and then Young Van drove ahead with timber-laden wagons, and in one, or two, or three days completed long high trestles. It was not an uncommon thing to see the iron

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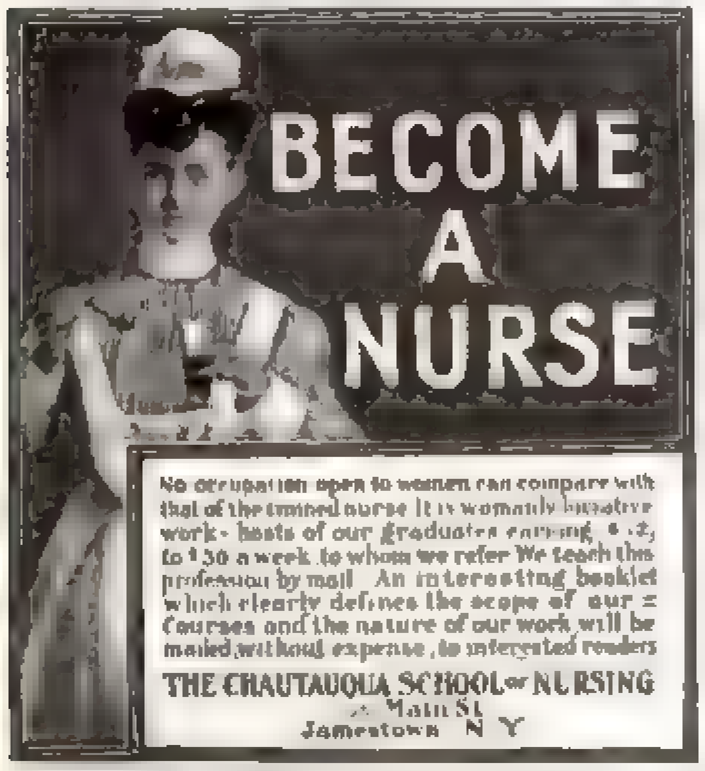

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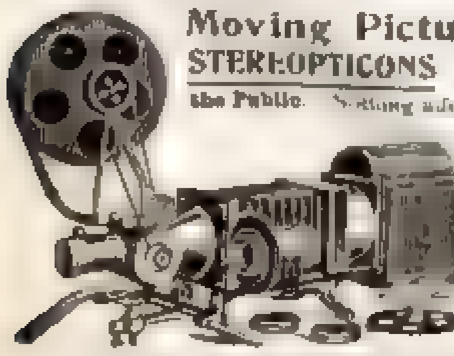

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squad laying the first rails on a trestle while the bridge squad was driving the last spikes home.

The track burrowed through mountains like a mole. Cuts fifty feet deep were attacked in the spirit with which men carry a breastwork. Coming on the job at these times one would have seen the track laid up to a terraced wall. On perhaps a dozen steps would be a dozen lines of laborers, packed almost as close as they could stand. Each line, as it ate into the hill, threw the earth to the terrace next below, until at last, dumped in heaps at the bottom, it was shoveled on flat cars and hauled out and away.

Still no word came from the sickly, indomitable, exasperating Flint. They were now but twenty five or thirty miles from the La Paz River. Young Van thought that they should send forward and open communications with him; but there was sickness in camp, and the chief, short handed, did not wish to spare the men. To the surprise of the young man even Old Van seemed to share Carhart's unshakable faith in John Flint. It was now the seventeenth of July.

They were sitting at dinner, entertaining a party of plainsmen who were passing eastward. During the talk a question occurred to Young Van, and he put it.

"You men must have come from the river," he said.

"The La Paz? We crossed it."

"Did you see our bridge?"

The plainsmen looked at one another. "Oh," said one, "I see. That was your bridge."

"Yes. Were you near it?"

"Not very. We crossed a dozen miles above, but we heard some talk about it. Sort of hard luck, wasn't it?"

"Hard luck? What — when ——" Young Van's voice failed him.

"Then you didn't know?"

"Not a word."

"You don't mean that you've been depending on that ——"

"That's just what we've been doing."

"Well, now, that *is* tough."

Old Van here cleared his throat and spoke with unexpected emphasis. "Speak out, man!" he cried. "What's the matter?"

"Well — of course, we don't *know* anything about it. It's only what we heard coming across. There's quite a lot of talk, you see, up and down the river."

"*What did you hear?*"

"I guess the trouble is, you didn't know that the man you sent to build it — Smith — Blunt — What's his name ——"

"Flint. Go on!"

"Flint — that he was a lunger. As they tell the story he got along all right with the abutments, but when he came to the piers the whole business took to sinking in the quicksands — and just more than sinking — one pier after another. And then it — but I don't *know* this, you understand. It ——"

"Go on!"

"Well, the story goes that it upset him so — he being a lunger — that he took to having hemorrhages, and — I guess that's about all we know, isn't it, Bill? We didn't hear that he was dead — not yet, anyway. That's right, isn't it, Bill — he hadn't died then?"

Paul Carhart had been watching the speaker without a word. Now he abruptly pushed back his chair and left the tent. "Joe," he said to his hostler, "saddle my horse at once. And tell Charlie to put up a lunch for me. I shall want it in ten minutes."

He turned back to finish his dinner, and found that Young Van had followed him.

"You aren't going to ride alone, Mr. Carhart?"

"Yes. Come back and eat the rest of your dinner."

"I can't. It's no use — I can't."

"Try it, Gus. This is no time to stop eating."

A few minutes later, before one o'clock, Paul Carhart, with a revolver in each holster and a few sandwiches in his pockets, galloped off toward the La Paz River.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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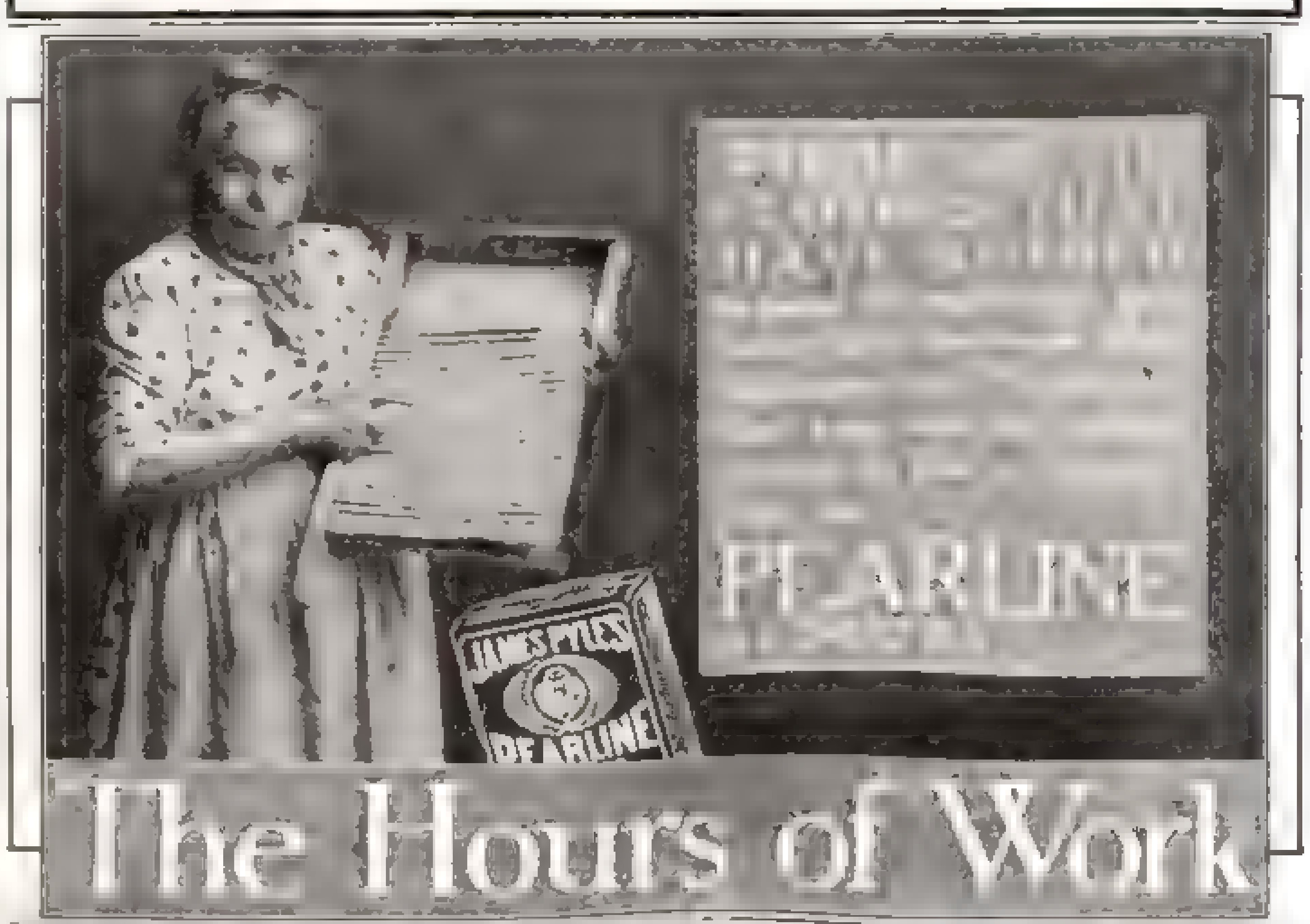

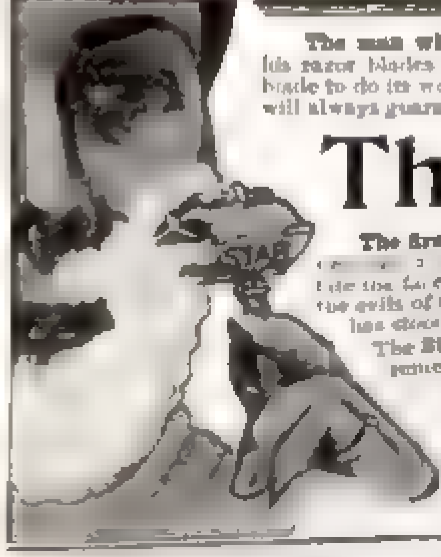

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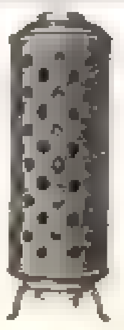

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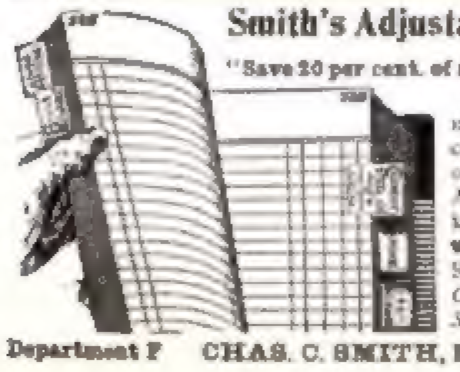

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Daffy's Wedding Dress

(Continued from Page 9)

in that moment of bewilderment something within him asked what Daffy would think should he lose the wedding gown. They were in an earthslide that had rolled down from Puma Point. The 1202 had driven almost through it, and now lay upon her back with her drivers in the air. The train, stretched in the mucky stuff, twisted and toppled grotesquely; the coaches rang with human cries. The Pintsch lights were burning in some of the coaches, perhaps the red lamps were aglow at the rear; but evidently the conductor and brakemen were struggling somewhere in the half-buried wreck.

Something, a kind of lightning, blazed through the fireman's brain: In three or four minutes Number Two, an inconceivable weight of iron and wood and humanity, would rush down Puma Grade and drive into the helpless mass in the cut. He seemed suddenly baptized in fire. He threw a glance about him; there was no lantern or means of signaling at hand. Like a swimmer who blows back engulfing waters with long breaths and fights toward some point whereon life waits but a moment beckoning, he began crawling madly ahead along the track, dragging the torn box and his dangling leg after him. If he could but reach the western end of the first bend, some three or four hundred feet distant! Beyond that there was a little stretch of straight track, and, could he set the wedding gown on fire, McBinn might possibly see the signal in time to get his train under control before he struck the hapless coaches in the cut.

He went like an insane man. Back of him there was yelling and a turmoil of noise; away in front of him a mighty, jostling thing was roaring down the grade; but he heard nothing, only his breath gasping and pulses pounding and the bones of his broken leg rasping. The pasteboard box went entirely in pieces; he flung the lacy gown back over his shoulders and scrambled onward over the ties. Though it seemed a monstrous stretch of years, in three minutes he was at the end of the curve. He looked up and saw the headlight of Number Two half a mile away; he glanced back at the wrecked express: it seemed fearfully near. But he could do no better. With trembling hand he tore some matches from the "pipe" pocket of his flannel shirt and raked a bunch of them along one of the rails. He drew the beautiful gown before him and thrust the blazing matches among the lace. Flames leaped up as from ignited corn-silk; the gauzy fabric began to writhe and flash. Seizing it in both hands he rose on the knee of his uninjured leg and waved it wildly to and fro above his head. The flames of it burned him, the curling laces trickled down upon him like melting lead, but he felt nothing, heard nothing, only lashed the blazing gown back and forth, yelling with all his lungs.

Piled against the western stars, the mountain masses seemed to sway, the headlight of the oncoming train rocked and dipped fantastically, then to the young fellow on the track it began to whirl in vast circles like a stupendous coal of fire, then, as with a wink, it snapped black and all was darkness. In his brain for an instant wavered a dying impulse, a feeling that he was still on his knees flinging the flaming robe back and forth above his head, but in truth he was lying flat across the right-hand rail with his face between the ends of the ties and his scorched fingers clutching the dirt.

On passenger Number Two fright and commotion had fallen; down in the gloom the iron way had suddenly spouted waving flames. The fire was white — but look at its motion! The engine's chime shrieked once like a bursting trumpet, the reversing lever went over with a crash, air leaped through the pipes, and the brake-shoes jammed their gritty soles against the flying wheels until the rails flickered with spattering fire, passengers smote the seats in front of them with face or breast, drawheads battered and split, and from end to end the train surged and snarled and shook. Addicks, thrown forward upon his knees, stared ahead with his grizzly face suddenly white as chalk, McBinn leaped into the gangway ready to jump, the fireman forgot his mangled hand and lowered himself to the step, posing to spring. All seemed accomplished in a moment, almost in a breath. The train, skating in fire, quivered and jostled down toward the sputtering wedding gown and the limp form sprawling across the track. It approached close, almost touched

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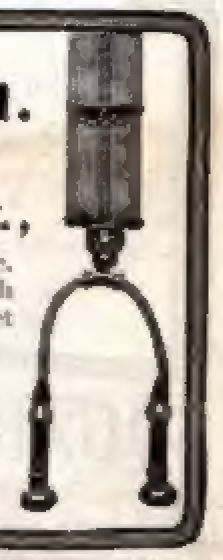

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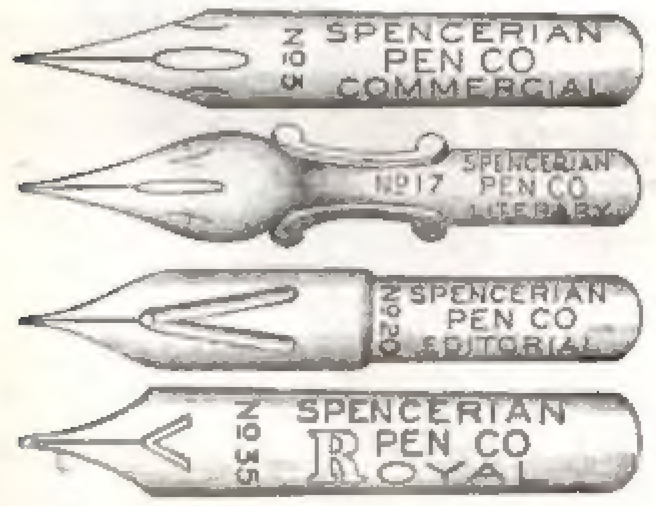
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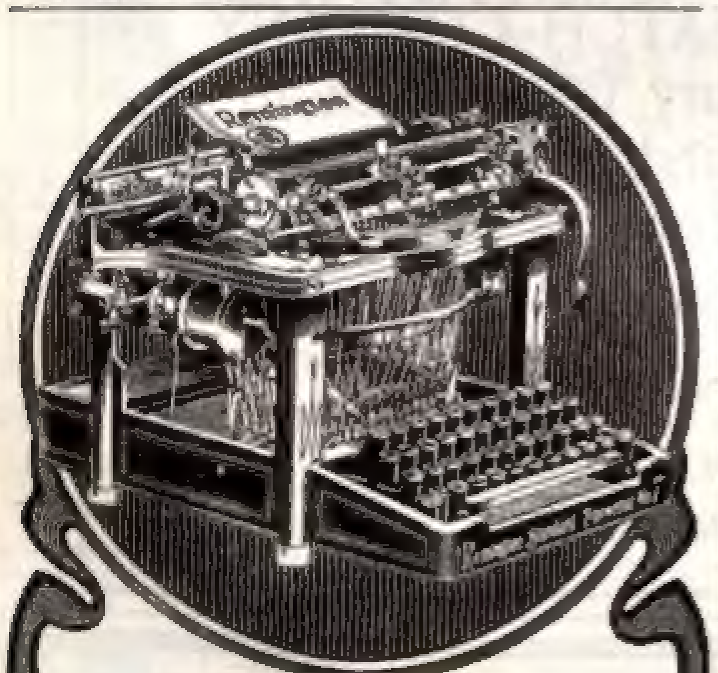

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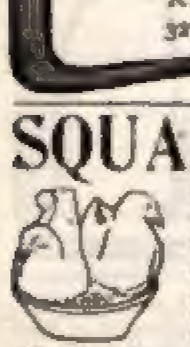

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them, then, with a tremor and backward heave of the whole fabric, the train stopped and fell quiet.

McBinn, lantern in hand, was the first man to reach the muffled, muddy figure, but the master mechanic was at McBinn's heels and his arms were the first to encircle the prone shape. He turned the young fellow's face to the light; it was streaked with blood and smeared with wet earth. Addicks' lips worked in his beard. A brakeman and a postal clerk from the express came up, panting and trying to talk.

"What's happened?" growled Addicks.

"We're in a slide. Lot of folks bruised and hurt, I guess; don't think anybody's killed," said the brakeman.

"I stumbled over Pap Gundy by the engine. I'm afraid Pap—he didn't look right," said the postal clerk. The speaker looked pallid in the glare of the headlight.

Addicks was tenderly wiping Wadd's face with his handkerchief, his mouth still working in his beard. Suddenly the eyes in the soiled face opened, widened wildly; the figure began to twist and struggle.

"Stop her! Hold Number Two!" the muddy lips cried.

"Shut her off, McBinn! Plug her! Throw her over—throw her over! Give her——"

"There—there!" said Addicks, stroking the young fellow's hair back from his forehead; "Number Two is all right. McBinn is here. I was at the throttle myself and got your signal. Number Two is right here on the track."

Wadd looked around at the men oddly, up at the front of Number Two's engine, then sank back limply and began to laugh. "H-o-o-rah!" he said weakly, "pick the hymn and I'll sing the tenor part! Say, be careful, one of my legs is busted, I guess. Touch her lightly, please. Say, I had to burn Daffy's dress; couldn't help it. She simply won't do a thing to me!" The young fellow set his jaws rigidly as the men began to lift him.

"Dress—Daffy's dress!" said Addicks. "Where did you get—what do you mean, boy?"

"Weddin' gown," muttered Wadd through his teeth.

"You set it on fire?"

"Burned her up," grated Wadd.

The master mechanic was silent a moment.

"I see," he said. "Well, I'll buy her the next one myself. Another thing, son, when the 1202 has been put through the shop you can have her."

"The engine or the girl?"

"Both."

◆

Trees Raised on the Bottle

SOME remarkable experiments in the feeding of trees are being made at the agricultural station in North Dakota, where the botanist in charge is "trying out" a theory to the effect that young trees which appear to be poorly nourished may be supplied with sustenance by artificial means, and that it may be possible so to medicate the stuff administered as to cure the "patients" of diseases or render them immune to attack by hostile germs.

The method adopted is to bore a small hole in the body of the tree, deep enough to reach the heart-wood, and to attach above the opening a feeding-bottle—a jar of considerable size, which is fastened to the trunk, upside down, by a strap. From the mouth of the bottle a rubber tube passes into the hole, and the tree is expected to absorb the fluid contained in the receptacle.

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Many a story has been told of farmers who grew huge squashes that won prizes at county fairs by feeding them with sweet milk or water, which was sucked up through a cut-off branch nearest the joint that bore the swelling vegetable. Only city folks believe such yarns, and yet the experiments here described do certainly give an interesting verisimilitude to the oft-told legend.

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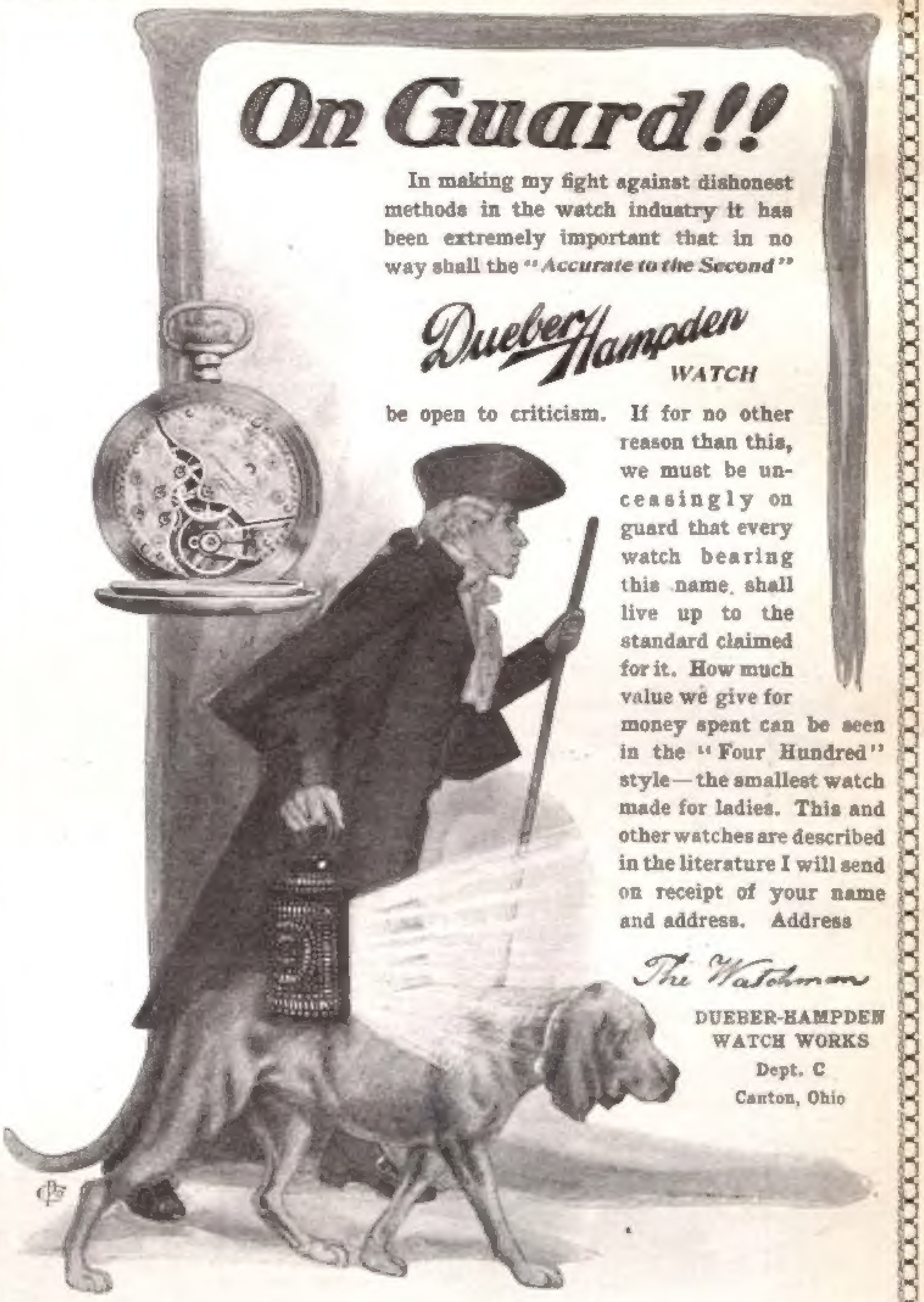
Pettibear swung out in the air — it was a jolly joke!
But just as he swung back again, the swing rope broke!

But Pettibear was not undone. He landed on Bob's back,
And laughed to see the upset bench fall on the Cub, ker-whack!



On Guard!!

In making my fight against dishonest methods in the watch industry it has been extremely important that in no way shall the "*Accurate to the Second*" Dueber Hampden WATCH be open to criticism. If for no other reason than this, we must be unceasingly on guard that every watch bearing this name shall live up to the standard claimed for it. How much value we give for money spent can be seen in the "Four Hundred" style — the smallest watch made for ladies. This and other watches are described in the literature I will send on receipt of your name and address. Address

The Watchman

DUEBER-HAMPDEN
WATCH WORKS
Dept. C
Canton, Ohio

Too many advertisers lose sight of the fact that all advertising must be based upon what has gone before. If advertising stops, the effect is lost, while if it continues month after month and year after year in the same mediums, its effect is cumulative; therefore, great caution should be observed in shifting from one advertising medium to another.

Keep up some advertising even in Summer, and make that little effective. If well done, the cumulative effect in the Autumn is increased. Perseverance in a good cause seldom fails of its reward. Sticking to one thing tenaciously and persistently almost invariably brings success.

The present million circulation of The Ladies' Home Journal is the cumulative result of twenty years' continuous advertising.

We began with an expenditure of $400. We have spent more than $300,000 in one year.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA
NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO

I WILL
CHICAGO

Study LAW High grade instruction by correspondence. Established 12 years. Our

Regular Course

prepares for the bar of any state. Text books used are same as in resident schools. Our

Business Law Course

covers the law met with in every-day commercial life. Write to-day for particulars.

Chicago Correspondence School of Law
Reaper Block, Chicago

WHITE ROCK
LITHIA WATER
WAUKESHA WIS.
U.S.
50 Quarts
"For we have friends that purpose merriment"
Merchant of Venice Act 2, Sc 2.

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50 Years

experience, the best materials, and a superior, exclusive process, make

TORREY STROPS

the standard of the world. Made in all desirable styles and sold at popular prices from 50c to $2.50. Catalogue, containing valuable information for all who shave, free.

J. R. TORREY & CO.,
P. O. Box 35, Worcester, Mass.

Don't Drive a Tack With a Sledge

Don't *write* with the *wrong* pencil. It's so easy to *know* the *right* pencil.

DIXON'S PENCIL GUIDE

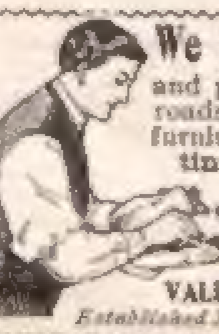
Indexed by vocations, indicates a pencil for every work — yours is mentioned. Get a copy and you can't go wrong. *Free*, if you'll ask for it.

Department X
Joseph Dixon Crucible Co.
Jersey City, N. J.

AN EDUCATION WITHOUT CASH

The Saturday Evening Post offers a full course, all expenses paid, in any college, conservatory or business school in the country in return for a little work done in leisure hours. You select the school — we pay the bills. If you are interested, send a line addressed to

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Philadelphia



We Teach Telegraphy Quickly

and put our graduates at work. Railroads write us daily for operators and furnish **Railroad Passes to Destination.** Expenses very low and students can earn their board while attending school.

50-page book telling about it — Free.

VALENTINE'S SCHOOL OF TELEGRAPHY
Established 32 years. JANESVILLE, WIS.

The Crawford Shoe

For Men & Women, $3.50

Broadway Styles by Mail

Do you realize that a man living in Alaska can get fitted in the latest New York City styles in shoes at an extra charge of only 25 cents a pair?

The Crawford Mail Order System made this possible.

Standards of shoe fashions are fixed by the custom makers of Broadway. Every city on the globe looks to New York for fashions in footwear.

We are the only large makers of $3.50 shoes with headquarters in New York City.

That is why the Crawford Shoe instantly reflects the ever-changing styles.

You see them in Crawford shops the day they appear among Broadway custom makers.

Through our Mail Order Department and agencies we have brought New York fashions within reach of anyone living in any part of the world.

Should Crawford Shoes, bought by mail, prove unsatisfactory in any respect, we will gladly exchange or cheerfully refund your money.

To insure satisfaction to our customers, so that they will re-order every season, we originated a Mail Order System that guarantees a pleased customer in every case.

Our Mail Order Manager—an expert in fitting by mail, gives your order direct attention. He personally selects the shoe in accordance with your wishes.

They are packed in travel-proof boxes and shipped by mail or express to any part of the world.

The Crawford System practically brings a Crawford store to your door, no matter where you live. By mail you get the same style and the same direct service as if you visited one of our own stores on Broadway.

Thousands of men and women, in every part of the world, buy Crawford Shoes by mail and express their satisfaction by re-ordering every season.

Try Crawford Shoes.

We want to prove to you that every pair of Crawford Shoes is an advertisement that pays us better than volumes of newspaper talk.

New Fall Fashion Book

Send for it to-day. It shows the newest Crawford Styles for men and women.

It tells how to order Crawford Shoes by mail and explains our perfect system of handling mail orders.

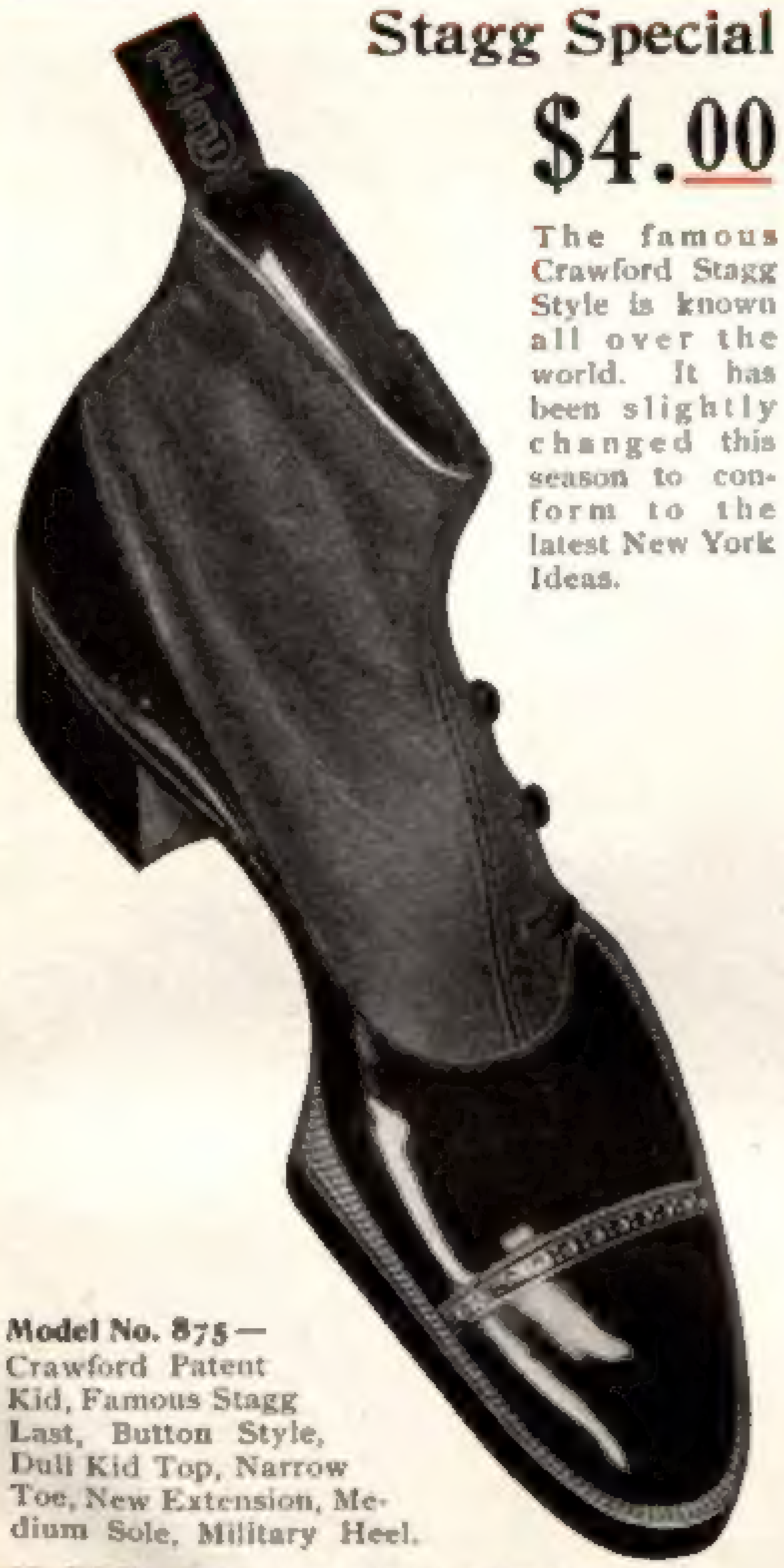
Send us your name and address on a postal card and we will send you the new Fashion Book free. We will also put your name on our Free Subscription list, entitling you to copies of our Fashion Books as often as they are issued.

They keep you up-to-date on New York Custom Styles in shoes.

Stagg Special

$4.00

The famous Crawford Stagg Style is known all over the world. It has been slightly changed this season to conform to the latest New York Ideas.



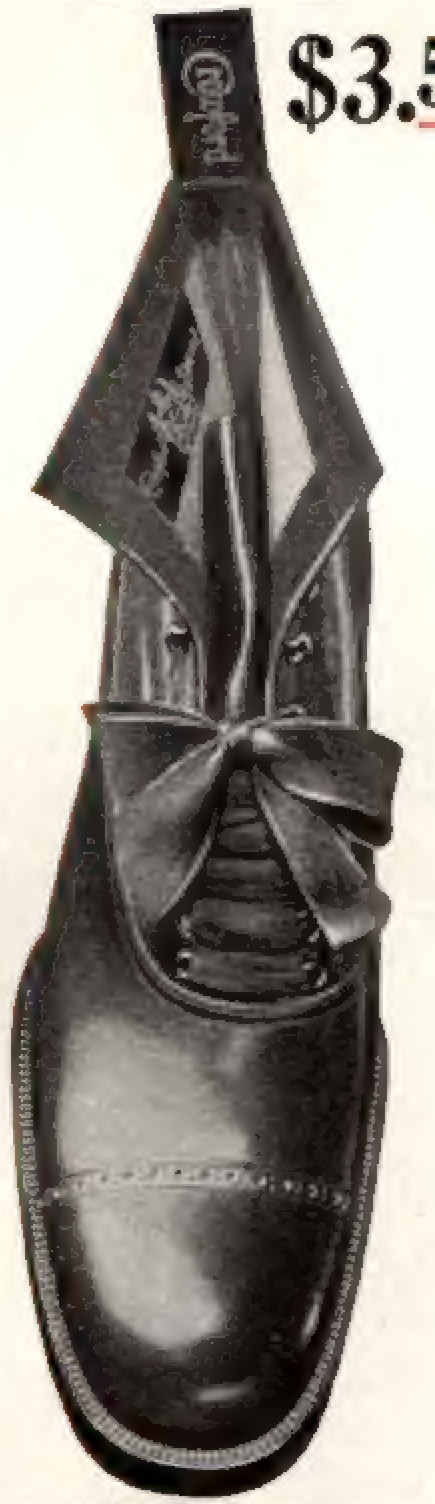
Model No. 875—Crawford Patent Kid, Famous Stagg Last, Button Style, Dull Kid Top, Narrow Toe, New Extension, Medium Sole, Military Heel.

Model No. 809—Same in Lace Style.

Crawford Special—$4.00 per pair; **25** cents extra by Mail or Express.

The Critic

$3.50

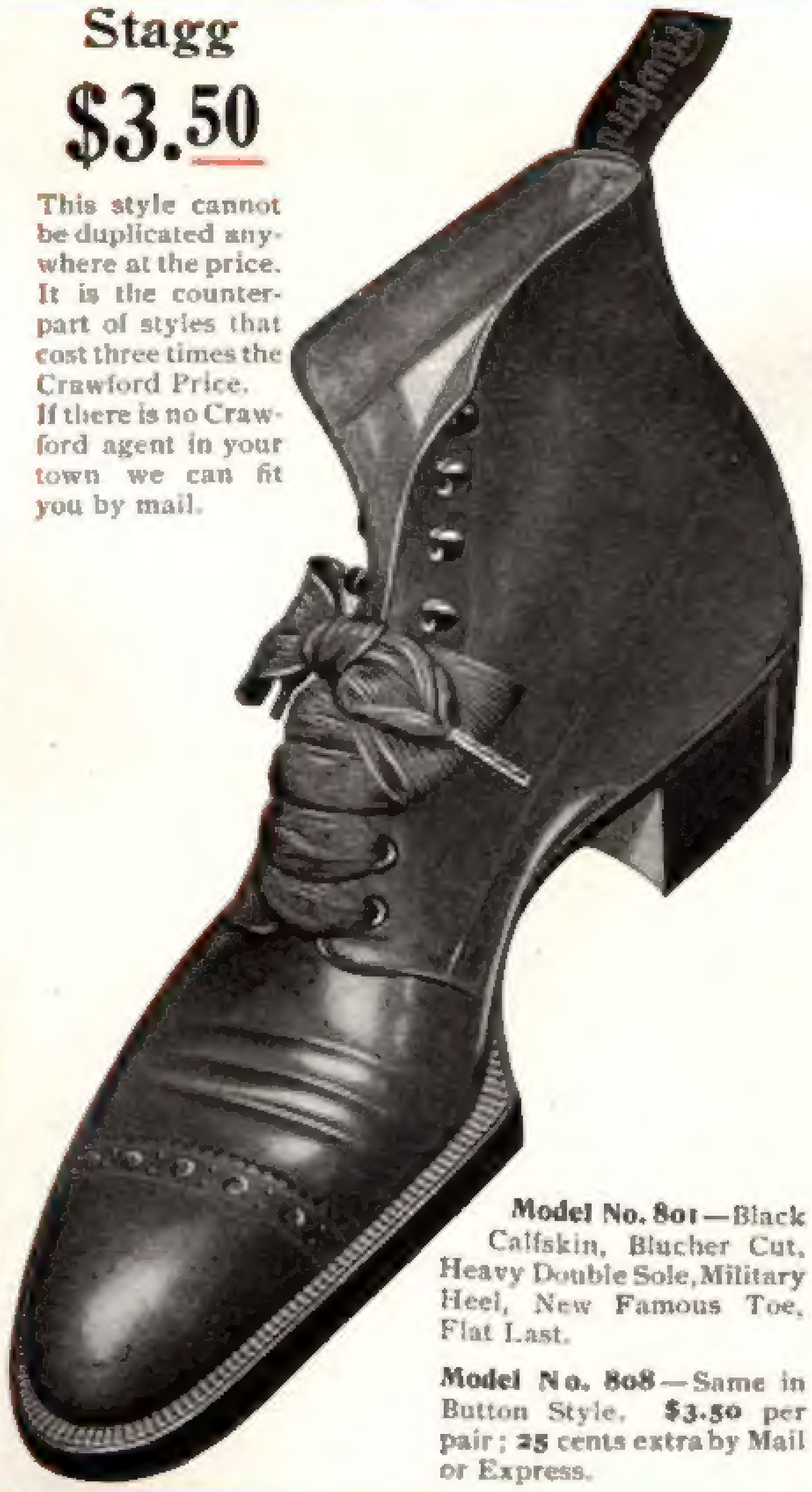


Model No. 8131—Crawford Vici Kid, Double Sole, Straight Last, Cottage Toe, Regular Heel. **$3.50** per pair; **25** cents extra by Mail or Express.

Stagg

$3.50

This style cannot be duplicated anywhere at the price. It is the counterpart of styles that cost three times the Crawford Price. If there is no Crawford agent in your town we can fit you by mail.



Model No. 801—Black Calfskin, Blucher Cut, Heavy Double Sole, Military Heel, New Famous Toe, Flat Last.

Model No. 808—Same in Button Style. **$3.50** per pair; **25** cents extra by Mail or Express.

Crawford Shoe Makers, Headquarters and Mail Order Dept., Section 38, 138 Duane St., New York

MEN'S STORES

New York—93-95 Nassau St.
" 1363 Broadway.
" 150 W. 125th St.
" 825 Broadway.
Brooklyn, N. Y.—433 Fulton St.
" " 189 Broadway.
Washington—903 Penna. Ave.
Richmond, Va.—23 W. Broad St.
Troy, N. Y.—314-316 Fulton St.
Schenectady, N. Y.—265 State St.
Providence, R. I.—149-153 Westminster St.
Easton, Pa.—342 Northampton St.
Denver, Colo.—1220-1228 16th St.
Albany, N. Y.—73 State St.
Springfield, Ill.—105 W. Side Square.

WOMEN'S STORES

New York—150 W. 125th St.
" 137 Fulton St.
" 825 Broadway.
" 1363 Broadway.
Brooklyn—433 Fulton St.
" 189 Broadway.
Washington—903 Penna. Ave.
Providence, R.I.—149-153 Westminster St.

FACTORIES: NEW YORK CITY: BROCKTON, MASS.

All Requests for Agencies Should be Sent Direct to the Factory, Brockton, Mass.

BECK-Phila